

Chceridi o Phonos'j

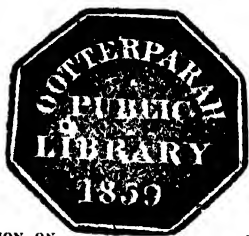
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A BRIEF DISSERTATION ON

CHÆRIDIOPHONOSY,
OR, SUISCIDE.

EDITED BY J. GRANT, ESQ.*

Immolet hic porcum.—*Hor. Sat. lib. II.*

Wrap thee up as I may, still, O! my subject, art thou difficult to handle! To produce thee at once in thy nude state before the reader, I find, is impossible. As an epicure turneth over and over with his silver fork the viand upon his plate, and hath fastidious doubts whether he will venture upon it at all, so do I hesitate delicately with my subject at the very commencement. In order to introduce it gently,—to hint it afar off as it were, to the gentlemen, I have upon profound reflection given

* It can be of little consequence to the public to know how this *dissertation*, as the author quaintly entitled it, fell into my hands. The author was a clerk in one of the houses of business here, and suddenly disappeared a short time ago and no one can tell what has become of him. In appearance he was a lanky, withered looking, pale faced man, with a scar across his nose, a cast in one eye, and stammered much. He had on when last seen a thread-bare black coat, a scarlet waistcoat, sky-blue inexpressibles and yellow boots. Of his hat I can say nothing myself; but I am informed it was a shocking bad one, minus the lining and the name of *Townend* being legible at the bottom. He has left behind him a poor little girl wholly unprovided for, but whom two or three humane individuals are seeking to place in the *Martiniers*. The publishers of the *Bengal Annual*, too, on hearing that her father had left some papers behind him which had fallen into my hands, very considerably, and generously offered, if I undertook to make them presentable to the public, to place any

it a title redolent of ambiguous Greek and Carthaginian* Latin. But the ladies! Ah! there's the rub for how to get over the introduction of the matter to them, in plain English,—how to lessen the awkwardness of the popping out of an abomination that must nevertheless be revealed, puzzles the will.

Worthy reader, hast thou ever had to introduce to a friend a gentleman with some shockingly ugly name soldered

Destiny to his existence, like copper to gold? You dread to pronounce, that is, to attempt to pronounce, *the* name, for fear of consequences. O the inextricable horror of such a situation! Never, dear Agnes, shall I forget thy quick but unconscious look of surprise, when I read aloud the name on the card of that stout gentleman, who was in the room almost as soon as his card. The look plainly expressed "Mister *uhut*, in the name of goodness;" for the name was really a tremendously ludicrous one. Most awkwardly did I perform my task of introduction! I could only screw up courage to look at *her* once, for I could perceive by the hundredth part of a glance which I dared to give, that there was mischief working about the corners of that quiet mouth. However, she by a sublime effort of volition overcame the temptation. As for me, I am free to confess that a downright equestrian cachinnation would have been, O! such a relief! But even at such a terrible moment, an imperious sense of propriety constrained the excita-

surplus that may accrue from the sale of this year's *Annual* to the credit of the young Fudgiana, in the Government Savings' Bank.

My task has been principally to condense and prune. I have accordingly cleared the text of much extravagant matter, though enough remains in all conscience. Of the balaam rejected, there was a long digression about the Oglanders, whom he inferred to have been emigrants from the land of Canaan; another inferring that most of the Roman gentlemen drove their cabs, from the word *cabellus*! In another passage he rendered *bos pig-er*, a pig-like ox—but enough of such trash.—J. G.

* *Quasi punicæ.*

tion to evaporate in sundry anomalous little grunts, and clearings of the throat as it were. My friend ever after was unable to accomplish the desperate orthoepy of that gentleman's surname, and to this day alludes to him as, "the man with the name."

Would not such a title as that of *the Man with the name*, be a capital one for a novel or romance? We have already "the man of feeling," "the man of refinement," and I know not how many *mans* besides; but "the man with the name"—O Colburn, thou Mæcenas of Publishers, thou wouldst give me, I am sure, three hundred pounds sterling for such an idea fully worked out into three volumes, taking care, however, to hint darkly that the work was confidently reported to be the production of a certain lord, or the son of a peer, at least. On my life, the very conception of such a work, and the three hundred pounds, is refreshing. Imagine my hero sojourning onwards, through a series of most intensely brilliant and interesting adventures, to near the close of the third volume; but his name as yet, for reasons most cogent, a profound secret. He should be most brave, but yet most gentle. He should be altogether handsome, fascinating, superb in his conversational powers, particularly well versed in languages, highly informed and accomplished, altogether loveable and most loving; but then, as sure as fate, and as fixed as the Styx-sworn oath of Jove, his name should be FITZ BRUMMAGEM BRIMSTONE MACFIDDLESTICK! yes, and he should be under a vow never to change it. Reader, I am most serious when I tell thee that this romance should end with as deep and tragical a pathos as the "Bride of Lammermoor." All should advance pretty prosperously until the moment of declaring the name at the altar. There is deep silence and hushed expectation. At length with an effort of desperate calmness, delibe-

rately and slowly, the hero opens his lips and perpetrates the cacophony. O! what a group for a pencil like Reitch's! The bride gives one shriek of shrill horror. Fitz-Brummagem—but I am overpowered by my feelings and must reserve the full catastrophe for a more befitting occasion.

The lamented Charles Lamb has sketched out a similar idea in a lighter vein, in his pleasant little comedy of Mr. H. It is really no affectation on my part, when I declare that I experience about as much reluctance to come to the point and plain English of my subject, as Mr. H. did to disclose his own frightful cognomen in all the repulsiveness of its full length. I am like one who has a favor to ask, and hums and haws awfully about it. You know by the pliancy of the knee of such a person and his mode of taking a chair, that he has something most likely of an impossible nature to solicit. He asks the kindest questions respecting your health, and that of your wife, child, sister, mother, grandmother, and even great-grandmother if you have one. His anxiety after their welfare appears to be exceedingly great. He is most genealogically pestiferous in his enquiries; but nevertheless you are aware of him. You perceive in yourself an instinctive *phobia* of what's to come, —a sympathetic shrinking of the nerves. At last out bolts the atrocity! He wants an introduction to some person peculiarly exclusive; or he wishes you to digest a huge heap of papers and draw up a memorial for him of his endless, headless and tailless case of wrongs, grievances, sufferings, oppressions and Peter-Peebleisms; and a letter of recommendation of the same, and of himself, to some judge, or secretary, or board, or head of a department, or even to still higher powers whom in such a humble individual as myself,

“E'en to name would be unlawful.”

How I do dilly-dally with my subject, like a terrier with a

musk-rat in the corner, which he knows cannot escape him, but which he abhors the idea of coming to closer quarters with, not that he fears its power, but that he has a repugnance to that "curious perfume." At length the rat makes a bolt to be off—but it is all in vain; there is heard "a melodious twang," commonly yclept a squeak, and the business is settled. Were it not that it might involve a charge of plagiarism, this paper most assuredly would have been entitled "**HORROR MYSTERIES.**" Even still, I have vacillating thoughts of maintaining a profound mysteriousness through a goodly number of pages, keeping the curiosity of the reader on the constant screw by a sort of half intimated promise, that his curiosity shall eventually be satisfied; and just as the veil is about to be raised, vanishing at once like a ghost at cock-crowing.

But I will not act by thee in this unhandsome manner, most indulgent reader, for such I expect to find thee. No. Behold I make a magnanimous effort, but do not thou faint outright when I tell thee honestly, and without further circumlocution or digression, that the subject of this paper is *killing your pig*. Of course you will understand me as using the phrase not in the professional sense in which it would be understood by the formidable *artistes* of the Tiretta Bazaar; but metaphorically, metaphysically and poetically. Guarded as this disclosure is, I fear you will at first be shocked at my having chosen at all what you may be pleased to deem such a low subject. But "patience and shuffle the cards;" nothing that bears upon human comfort and the reverse, or on the condition of masses of our fellow creatures, can fall below the dignity of grave research.

I beg most distinctly that I may not be misunderstood by sportsmen who rejoice in the noble and beautifully designated science of "pig sticking," as meaning any, the slightest, covert

offence against them. I protest also against any supposed joke at the expense of the, so called, "swinish multitude," not even excepting a single "*epicuri de grege porcum*." Neither let it be supposed, I entreat, that any person whatever, having a trace of the cloven foot in his name or patronymic, from Friar Bacon to Lord Verulam and the Ettrick Shepherd, is aimed at in these speculations. Moreover, should any of the descendants of "the Boar of Ardennes" be in existence here or elsewhere, I trust to be readily credited when I state that not a single allusion personal to them has been contemplated by the author of this brief dissertation.

These disarming remarks, it is to be hoped, will have the effect intended, and so I proceed at once to the consideration of that old and curious art, killing your pig. The origin of the phrase itself, is scarcely to be traced through the darkness of by-gone ages. I found in the course of my enquiries respecting the important point of its etymology, some commentators inclined to the opinion of its being derived from the word *pique*, as much as to say that the just perceptible feeling of displeasure you had towards another, was brought to an abrupt, if not violent, issue. Others deem that we are to look to the ancient Ierne or Erin and Caledonia, for the origin of the phrase, since *pigge* is the Celtic for the jar or pipkin in which the water is contained. I hate all corruptions, and the word *whisky* is a vile corruption. Johnson very satisfactorily sums up the whole question in these words—"a spirit drawn from barley." Now the real word is *Uisge* pronounced *Uiskh* with an aspirate; and out of this *whisky* has been manufactured. But *Uisge*, or water, is only half the word; the other moiety is *beatha*, (or life) pronounced something like the *Be* of the Arabians, uttered rapidly and with an aspirate. "Water of life—how poetical! how Oriental!—of itself it is quite satisfac-

tory as to the origin of the Gael, being anterior even to the Pelasgi. That, however, is not the point, but the word *piggs*. Now the consternation that would be caused by the falling down of a messenger carrying a pipkin of the "*Uisge*"—smashing the same and losing the precious contents (not by military, or other human "absorption," but that which is the least relished of all, the terraqueous;) may easily be conceived. Such a person might well be said to kill his *pigge*.

At first I felt rather disposed to reject with patriotic indignation what I considered the somewhat disparaging theory propounded by a friend, (embalmed be thy memory Lord Castle-reagh, for the felicitous comprehensibility which your habitual use of that convenient term has given it!) *hinging* upon St. Andrew and his pig. I have since, from the force of honest conviction, been constrained to give this matter more serious consideration. Pigs when young, no one can justly deny to be pretty; and we find the word "*pigsney*," used by Chaucer as a term of endearment. All young things are pretty, save unfledged crows, and the frog infants we call tadpoles. An amiable pigling, or a learned one of a more advanced age, might become a pleasant companion, especially at a mofussul station, or in a hermitage. Fancy, however, the horror of your recognizing the first (your own particular pet) *couchant* upon a massive dish with its "*crackling*" done to the very turn that would please ELIA, and a lemon in its mouth; or the head of the latter *cubosh'd* (as Herald King at arms would say,) and pickled, borne upon a dish of silver! Observe that I mention the lemon in the mouth with respect. Some writers would say "*stuck in his mouth*"—I protest against the supposition of ever dreaming even, of the impropriety of such an expression; for, considering my perhaps peculiar and grave impressions on that point, the expression would be unbecoming. Why, I would fain ask the

candid reader, has a roasted pig a lemon always (aye ever and without exception) in its mouth? Aye; answer me that, and thou shalt be to me as Great Apollo; for since ever I could reason, this has been to me one of those impenetrable mysteries that haunt the mind, and stretch it upon the very rack of curiosity. Strange to say when you deem that lemons are nowhere procurable, when you suppose that such things have vanished from off the face of the earth, up comes your roasted pig grinningly, with one between his masticators; and looking as proud of the prize, as we may conclude Venus to have done when Paris with a profound and peculiar smile, handed her that awful apple. How the lemon comes there I never could discover, and after many years' deep cogitation, I feel bound to express my solemn belief, that the cook and khansamah have nothing whatever to do with it. No; there is some inexplicable, and even supernatural, agency in the whole affair. If I cannot say *how* it came there, as little can I venture to assert *why* it came there, or what becomes of it afterwards; for such a lemon disappears as it comes, between the creature's jaws and is seen no more. May there not be something deeply Egyptian and Hieroglyphical in the thing? I wonder the Asiatic Society do not offer a medal for the best Essay on the subject. With the assistance of those erudite and distinguished members of the Royal Asiatic Society, Maha Rajahs Runjeet Sing and Kali Kissen, we might possibly get at the root of this mystery. Is there any passage in the works of those eminent Archæologists, Dr. Young and M. Champollion, (for I have not them at hand for reference) that would throw any light on the question? It is well known that a celebrated hero of the "Highways and Byeways" of England in other days, proceeded to Tyburn sucking an orange. Whether Avershaw did this in respectful adherence to the

etiquette on such occasions by his peers had and observed, or in conformity to the example of other illustrious characters of his class, it is not easy to decide; but the probability is, that he had precedent and high authority for it, for Avershaw, hap what might, was a man "to stand by his order." Here also there might have been shadowed forth a deep meaning, a sort of demonstration of dying in the profession of Orange principles. Be that as it may, in respect to the lemon, I have in vain consulted Lord Bacon's essay on the wisdom of the ancients for the elucidation of the matter; but leaving that for the present undecided, I must confess, that I never have seen a four-footed living pig, with a lemon in its mouth.

As respects the pig which tradition has vested the proprietorship of, in the tutelar Saint of Scotland, we can only picture to ourselves the consternation among his flock at its being missed, and then discovered, as was most likely to be the case, to have been stolen and slain by some rural Caccus. We can further suppose the horror of the people lest a morsel of the Saint's pet should perchance find its way into their cooking pots or their mouths. To this simple fact most likely is attributable the natural repugnance, even to this day, of the Scottish, to the annual living or dead; you never see one on the table, at the anniversary feast of the tutelar Saint.

May not tithes have had something to do with the origin of the phrase killing your pig? That, however, in these ticklish times, when party spirit runs so high upon it, is too delicate and too difficult a subject for me to meddle with in any way. Without incurring a risk of giving offence, I may nevertheless suppose a nice fat tithe pig set apart for his Reverence. Roger has the very responsible charge of seeing it home to the Parsonage from Farmer Bloomfield's. A pig, be he a tithe one or otherwise, has, of all creatures, a decided aversion to

proceed in a rectilinear course. To the great puzzlement and even terror of honest Roger, the pig under consideration, flounders into a river and is drowned, or falls over a precipice, and is thus, in either case, spoilt for all purposes of *recherche* cookery. Who can deny that Roger, in the case supposed, has killed his pig with the Padree Sahib?

Conversing one evening with Mr. —, the extent and variety of whose research into historical lore (especially relative to England) are well known; he asked me if I had ever read the curious little old M. S. biographical sketch, in black letter, of his patron the Knight of Fenchester by Friar Mendez de la Bunce.*

Not having been so fortunate, I of course replied in the negative, on which Mr. — sat down and (such is the vigour of his memory when any thing makes an impression on it) wrote the following extract from recollection; premising that Mendez de la Bunce was a personal friend of Matthew Paris whom he survived many years; that he had modernized the style of spelling a good deal in order to render it more intelligible; and that the original tract belonged to the library of that very eminent antiquary Sir Robert Cotton, which was so unjustifiably seized upon by that political Janus, (these are Mr. —'s own words not mine,) King Charles I. When the books were returned to the injured Knight, de Bunce's M. S. dropped out at the foot of the stairs, and was found by the butler, who showed it afterwards to the Chaplain who—— but why pursue the progress of the tract from that time to this till the period of its being deposited in the British Museum, where Mr. — assures me it is now to be seen? It would be a sheer work of supererogation. I have Mr. —'s word

* He was a cadet of the ancient family of the Bounces of Lancashire.

for it, and if others should not be satisfied, let them go to the British Museum and judge for themselves.

"It was after the battle of Evesholm which rescued the King, his grace, out of the handes of Leicester and restored a prospect of prosperity and joyaunce to the kindome, that Prince Eduarde as well as the King so-journed at Lundonne. There was upholden in the Prince his *especialle* fratre Riginald de la Picque, Esquire to the vauliaunte Knight of Penches-ter. The saide Esquire was a manne of a cunlike and stalworth presauce, and of wantonne and mery aspect. He hadde wandred through many a fayre and farrre cuntry and been to Hierusalem and Saynt Peter his shrine and many mo. The Prince did ytake grote delighte in his tales of cheva-lerie and jonglerie, and of feates of outrance in the Hollie Lande. The Esquire had, moreover, moche skylle of right mery syngyng of madrigals and melodies, with ne lesse knowlege of fantasies and rehersing of the old poetries. These the yonge maydens alwayis moche affected and it was his wonte to make unto them gyses of frontlettes, syllettes, partlettes and bracelettes. Now this was mighty pleasaunte for a tyme with the yonge wim-men but grot dolour begotten of it was to one of them, Ederline to wit, daugh-ter of Empoun Ruffleridge an old Yeeman of the Kinge his garde. As oft as he meeteth her he salueth her worshipfullie and grot desyre had the wayne to be together. No wonder that the mayden shoulde holde him in moche estimacyon and at grot pryce for he was a fayre manne in his as-pect and havior and perfyt in his drynkyng. But soth to saie, bitter-nesse was the frute of their dalyaunce; but whether he by perjurie took the avauntage, or as was after mayntayned that he was secretly espoused to her, He that loketh unto the hart onlie well knoeth. It sufficeth that the damsel's condition gave token that she ere manie daies should become a nurrice, but to no aliene chylde, whereat her brother, a horse-breaker and monger about the court, became so wode and distraught, that he avouched fearfull vengeance—and one daie meeting him soddenlie as he was mounting his stede in companye with severall Knights and Esquires in attendance about the Prince Eduarde, (who was then preparing to join Sante Lewis in Africa) the saide manne by name Walterre, did drawe the knif or short swerde that was yhidden under his cloke with the which he ystabbed the unfortunate Esquire to the hart that he incontinently died upon the spot, before a messe coulde be saide for the comforte of his soule or the last onction of the Churche coulde be administered. The murderere did straightlie flee and quod the Prince—⁵⁴"The dog Walter Ruffleridge hath ykylled my poor de la Picque, run my mery men and kyll him like a curre for this most foule and blounde deede, afore he take to sanctuary." The men at armes soon getting on the kybes of the murderere did on the

spot requite him according to his deservings; but the Prince Eduarde was heavy and grieved morbe at the death of the companion who oft beguiled him of cayre; and from the dedlie displeasure of the Prince, and the sudden vengeance that followed the murder of de la Picque, it became a *shinge* about the Court that when a manne came to sudden disfavour "he had kylled his Pique "

I cannot tell what others may think of the above; but for one little circumstance I should myself have been satisfied with it. When I had finished reading it, (Mr. ——'s hand writing though not entitled to be considered as caligraphy, is very legible,) I happened to look up quickly, and there was a sort of equivocal smile on Mr. ——'s face which *did* cause a shade of suspicion to pass over my mind. I deem it proper to mention this circumstance, lest the reader should suppose that I was a party to any attempt at foisting a make-believe extract upon him.

The science of Suicide undoubtedly dates from the remotest antiquity. What is history itself, indeed, but one vast limbo of Suicide? Turn to any part of the world and it is the same. It is not my intention, however, to enter into details; but to satisfy myself with an illustration of the practice having been well understood in our own country at a period comparatively remote. In the third scene of the 1st Act of Macbeth the three witches enter amidst thunder. "Where"—asks the first witch of the second—"where hast thou been Sister?" The answer is splendidly comprehensive and to the point—"Killing swine"—just as if she had said in other words "engaged in Chceridio-phenosy." O! that the world were more indulgent to the *ideal* and less literal! Of that Egeria of the mind, as the author of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" beautifully calls it, he further exquisitely adds—

"Is not thy name Consoler? Do we ask
A gift, thou calm'st us with its guilded seeming.
Life is a wayward child—thy mother task
Is still to rock its cradle to sweet dreaming!
Exalter as Consoler! Dost thou not
Build altars in our hearts to the Sublime?"

There is much, much in the Tragedy of Macbeth which is not at all understood. How often have I been shocked at seeing the whole machinery, so to speak, of the weird Sisters, Hecate, white spirits and grey, and all that mingle may, converted into an unmeaning mask of low buffoonery! Consider the matter ideally, and you will view it in a different light. The fact is that you are to understand the weird Sisters as speaking with a degree of fore-knowledge—as three Sibyls in a manner. But lest there should be any mistake, I will further shew the result of deep study of the subject, and make it so manifest that he who runs may read. The cauldron is the Calcutta Press, the thunder is public opinion, and the witches are (saving their presence) the Editors of the daily papers. The one, observe, calls the other sister, and in Editorial language nothing is more common, and indeed, amiable than for one Editor to write of a cotemporary as “our brother.” To the question of where she has been, the answer has been already shown—“killing pigs,” that is to say, Editors must of necessity, in maintenance of public rights and freedom of discussion, be in the frequent commission of Chceridiophonosy. I appeal to themselves if they do not often find that they have killed pigs, even when they were not aware they were doing any thing of the sort. But let us proceed a little further with the true or cabalistical explanation of the shrewd truths, that lie in this passage as in a well.

*1st Witch—A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—Give me, quoth I :
Aroint thee, Witch! the rump-fed ronion cries.*

The sailor's wife is the Hon'ble Company, who from time immemorial has been looked upon by the natives of Asia as a mysterious sort of old lady, and that may well be called “the undying one.” The chesnuts which she had in her lap were

the China trade, and the commerce of India to a certain extent, the cotton, the saltpetre, the silk, etcetera, etcetera. At these the worthy dame "mounch'd, and mounch d, and mounch d" — and said "arount thee, Wit'h' whenever any of the conductors of the press wished her to be a little more social in regard to the cheenuts in her lap. One more illustration, and I tear myself away from this exceedingly interesting subject.

2d Witch—Show me show me

1st Witch—Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come

What can be plainer than this allusion to the petition of the Calcutta pilots to the Hon'ble the Court of Directors? The *first*, observe, was wreck'd "as homeward it did come"—that is, it miscarried in its object, from not having been approved of in the proper quarter, leaving the inference irresistible that the second will succeed, which I heartily hope it will.

The mode of committing Suicide is very various, and depends greatly upon the character or temperament of the killer and the killee. Ladies when in the humour of indulging a little in Choendiophonosy, use a visiting card, a crow quill, a pencil, a gold bodkin, a fan, a needle, a pin, a little rouge and so forth—with the gentlemen, the pen is a favorite implement. Taste, however, is endless in choice. Some prefer a keen razor and kill the pig so sweetly, that he is scarcely aware of being converted into a *Dulahan*, as I may say on the authority of my most entertaining and much respected friend Crofton ~~Quaker~~. Some less scrupulous, too often use the hatchet, careless of its being sharp or not. Indeed, for the most part they prefer the blunt side to the edge, and kill their pig as they would fell an ox. The death of many pigs depends upon the

* See his *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*

implements on which your ferocious Chærosophonist at the moment can lay his hands. Bottles, glasses, chairs, even a poker or a cleaver, all is one to him: he keeps hurling away until the pig expires, like poor Tarpeia under the bucklers of the savage Sabines, who paltered with her truly in a double sense.

When I say according to the adage, "kill your pig," the reader must not suppose from the use of the possessive pronoun that he has any real property in the ideal pig he kills. No, we say killed your pig, as we say killed your man, if you have obtained the wretched distinction of having done so in a duel. It is kill your pig and kill your man, because the act of slaying makes a tremendous difference in your relative positions; so much so that the poor fellow who yesterday was an independent and free agent, elastic with life and motion, lies now at your feet whence he cannot move. He can do nothing now! You have made him *yours*. Your unfortunate brother of humanity is now useless to all intents and purposes. *You*, *you* have made

"The sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit"—

There indeed is the rub! O! the dismal responsibility of feeling that the man has by a dismaying fatality of circumstance and logic, become *yours*. How you wish he were "himself again!" To kill your pig is bad enough, though it perhaps (as I mean presently to show,) may admit of resuscitation—but *your* man:

Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

Some pigs are very delicate and "die of a rose in aromatic pain." A lady's pig, as may be supposed, is much more susceptible of death than a gentleman's. To demonstrate the dangerous facility with which some pigs of exceedingly delicate idiosyncrasy may be killed, I beg to remind the reader of two tales in the ever delightful "Arabian Nights." With reference to the first of these, a luckless merchant on the fourth day of his rather hot journey, undertaken on pressing business, "under circumstances over which he had no controul," as our diplomatists say, from the callow-chick escaped from College and employed in some would-be-political department, up to the fledged kite (or falcon as the case may be) of a Resident; and the full blown eagle of ————— I must leave this sentence an eloquent blank, to be filled up as the reader's imagination or experience may direct—suffice it, that after my eagle, nothing less than a phoenix or a rok will do in the scale of the higher ornithology of rank and station. Well, on the fourth day of his journey, our heated and fatigued merchant found at the foot of a great walnut tree a fountain of very clear running water. Sitting down by it he took some biscuits and dates out of his wallet, and as he ate the dates, he threw the seeds about on both sides of him. He had scarcely done, when up popped a genie of a terrible appearance, with a scimitar in his hand, roaring at him "to prepare for instant death." The poor merchant, half frightened out of his wits, asked the genie of what crime he was guilty, that he should thus summarily be put to death. "You have killed your pig!" replied the genie; "for when you threw the seeds on each side, one of them did the business." I am aware that some will object to this reading of the passage; but I can assure them on the credit and critical knowledge of the original Arabic, of my friend Hadji Abdool Rahman Mahommed, that the read-

ing just given, is the proper and genuine one. To be sure the Hadji is no judge of muscular fibre, and now and then when he in a confidential quiet way, (perfectly private, mind,) consents to take pot-luck with me, he *does* make mistakes, and eats for mutton a slice of a peculiar animal which to beg is not ashamed, and *can* dig, and whose quarters are curiously smoked in Yorkshire and elsewhere. Aye, and cares not a whit if you give him coloured waters in mistake, for these *have* fragrance, and Zem-Zem lymph has none. If you, reader, have any doubts about my version of the story (which is the Hadji's, too,) look it out for yourself, you will then observe how ferociously the old genie behaved on that startling occasion. The whole is a fine shadowing forth of an important truth, that is, of the *unconsciously* killed pig. Of a piece with the vindictiveness of the fierce old genie, is the animosity of many with whom by unlucky chance you happen to kill a delicate pig. The thing is hardly, if ever, to be forgiven. The genie, however, was in the end, not quite so unreasonable, for he was evidently as fond of listening to strange stories and adventures, as the Sultan of the Indies himself, or Don Quixote; and there can be little doubt that he regularly devours the latest novels and romances, of fairy and genii-land as fast as they come out.

The other Arabian tale relates to a merchant of Bagdad, (there is a strong leaning to the mercantile interest in the "Arabian Nights' entertainments,") who after a spirited fashion and an agreeable courtship, fell in love with, and was accepted by, the favorite, or prima donna of Zobeide, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid's lady. Being smuggled into the palace after a manner so hazardous, as to cause even in the reading of the adventure a creeping sensation of the nerves, he prepares for his union with his charming mistress. All goes as "merry as a marriage bell" until that hour of the wedding night when he enters

the bridal chamber and the door closes upon the youthful pair. Goodness! heard you yon shriek? The friends burst in—the lady looks all horror and disgust—one hand stretched out as if waving away something fearful, and the other holding a vial of the most exquisite attur of roses to her pretty little nostrils—while the gentleman stands all amazement and terror! Yes, he killed his pig, unhappy man, with a vengeance—and how? He had eaten heartily of what he deemed a most savoury ragout with garlic in it, and instead of washing his hands as he ought to have done after pawing the viands in that *outré* style peculiar to the Asiatics, he contented himself with wiping them. Had he learned to bifurcate his ideas, or in other words, had he used a knife and fork, the result would have been very different. It is very easy, however, to make sagacious reflexions of this sort after the event. Let the Asiatics of our day look to the matter, and take care of their thumbs and great toes! Our Arabian bridegroom had good cause for regretting his not using a knife and fork, or having omitted manual ablution on that memorable night. The odour of the garlic appeared to produce a maniacal if not demoniacal effect upon the lady's temper. The upshot of the matter was, that she had her lord, (but not her master, alas! for himself,) most cruelly beaten and bruised, and his thumbs, and great toes cut off—and by whom? by her female companions and attendants. Ye Gods! defend us from Arabian maids-of-honor and chamber-maids!

Here we have an ingenious oriental apologue, showing that whatever other pigs you may knock on the head, killing the pig-matrimonial is no joke. It may be true enough that all ladies would not act so vindictively as the virago bride; but still there are many, I suspect, even now living, who after the killing of the dearest-in-the-world-little-pig, would ever after the casualty, regard the killer with a Dr. Fell sort of sympathy; nay, his

entrance into the same room with them, would ever after become the signal for sal-volatile to the nose, and the newest and most approved fashion of hysterics.

Some pigs take a good deal of badgering without a fatal result. You may give them sundry sly kicks under the table, pokes in the ribs with your cane, and cuffs on the snout in a quiet way, without causing harm; such is their hardy nature. Sometimes you even go away in the full belief that you have gone too far, and that you have *finished* the poor thing. To your great relief, however, on your very next visit, out it comes grunting pleasantly, as if nothing had happened.

Several pigs, like Byron's wolf, "die in silence;" or, as the romance writers say, when they mean to be particularly impressive, "without a groan." Others, again, great, robusteous, periwig-pated pigs, make a mighty fuss and outcry, before they exhale. They even alarm the neighbourhood, so that every one becomes on the *qui vive* to know all the particulars of the awful business, and the "admired disorder" of that especial *suiside*, is for weeks a subject of interesting discussion until the next catastrophe of the same sort drives the former from its stool. Perhaps all this time, dozens of pigs are *settled* for, in the next house, and nobody a bit the wiser.

Some pigs die from excessive coddling and cramming. Overfondness to a pig of delicacy is as fatal as the reverse. It is all well enough to be kind to your pig, but to be constantly dandling and fondling it before company, is prejudicial to its constitution, and is almost sure to end in unintentional Choeriodiophony. Neither must you fall into the opposite extreme, and grossly neglect your pig. O! believe me, pigs have great sensibility, and will pine away, and die, unless they are duly caressed and looked after. *In medio tutissimus*, is equally true in respect to pigs as to all other human concerns.

Many pigs are killed daily by mere accident, and there are unfortunate individuals who trample them to death unconsciously. They appear to be for the time morally blind and deaf, or rather in a state of reverie; for they never hear the faint, quickly-suppressed squeak of agony, and never note the little unelastic tail no longer curling with life. No; they ramble along dreamingly, ignorant of the mishap, until some day one of those very good natured friends, so feelingly adverted to by Sir Fretful Plagiary, informs them, to their consternation, that there is not a house in the neighbourhood where there is not a long debtor and creditor account of Chœr idiophonosy against them; and for months they dread to enter those mansions from feeling assured of being invited to share nothing but pork.

Your wanton slayer or practical joker, is very annoying. He kills for amusement, and delights to hold the poor struggling pig upright before you, and kill it in your face. He is not checked from pursuing this truculent course by any proprieties of time or place. At home, on all days, in the drawing-room, the dining-room or parlour, any where, 'tis all the same to him. Caligula and Commodus were terrible practical jokers, but the former killed his pig irretrievably with Cassius Cherea, and was killed in his turn for a poor jest. In the seventh novel of the eighth day of the Decameron, there is a forcible illustration of the tit-for-tat principle, in the way of wanton Chœr idiophonosy. A certain scholar, Rinieri by name, being in love with a widow named Helena, who is enamoured of another person, the wanton widow kills her pig with the former by directing him to come to her court yard at night and wait the result. He came accordingly, and she made him wait the whole night for her in the midst of winter, in the snow, until his toes became frost bitten. In return, he afterwards contrived that she should stand naked on the top of a tower on the banks of the Arno, in the middle of

July, exposed to the heat of the sun and to insects. Though the lady deserved a *leetle* punishment, the description of the whole scene is such, as I think, could have been only conceived and carried into effect by an Italian. In Bruno and Buffalmacco, Boccaccio describes much more pleasant practical jokers, and he who does not laugh heartily every time he reads their adventures with Calandriuo, and Master Simon, the Doctor, especially when the latter is initiated into the mysteries of the Rovers, and introduced to the queen of perfumes, the Countess, —can have no laugh in him.

Your metaphysical amateur kills his pig with you much after the fashion of children with a toy, to see what it is made of. It is from no malice that he commits suicide, but merely on account of the dissection: very few pigs are safe from him. Others of this class *burke* pigs without the slightest compunction.

The lover of mischief, though the cause of much suicide among others, keeps himself out of sight. He is a secret accessory before the fact. He delights in contriving to set two old friends by the ears, until in the whirlwind of angry excitement, they set to and kill each other's pigs without mercy. Aye, every one, head and hoof, and that too often irretrievably. This is always a sad business.

The killing of family pigs is equally dismal work if not more so. All the much-petted, and dearly cherished pigs and piglings of the family, may, on a slaughtering expedition of this sort, be heard squeaking in terror, and running for their lives from chamber to chamber; and every member of the family, man, woman and child, armed with destructive missiles at their heels. *Delendi sunt porcelli!* is the unanimous slogan of the hour; they cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war. Some of the pigs expire on the carpet, some on the ottomans, and there is scarcely an article of furniture but bears gory marks of the

feud. Some die on the stair-case, but others making one leap from top to bottom, escape into the street, but alas! in vain. The worst passions of the pursuers are roused, and in the tumult of fury, forgetful of the common decencies of life, they, to the surprise and disgust of all the bye-standers, butcher away frightfully till not a single pig is left alive to tell the tale.

Killing the pig musical is generally speaking an irretrievable affair. Poor Marsyas will immediately occur to the reader as the prototype of this species of suicide.

It is not difficult to kill the pig official. Indeed, suicide under this head, abounds more in India than any where else. I rather think there is more of it at Madras than here. Be that as it may, the official pig too often escapes out of the public department, and rushes to the private dwelling, being there killed at the hearth. This is very bad.

The pig editorial is a most fearful one, and its screamings, or rather roarings, may be heard over a vast extent of country. The public, however, soon vote it a *boor*, and feel relieved when expressive silence proves that the suicide is complete.

Your steam pig is a very curious one, and when killed, there is ever a great mystery as to the relative pronoun, the who, which, what, of the business. The thing, however, remains as occult as ~~any~~ as the identity of the murderer of Begbie, the unfortunate porter of the Bank of Scotland, who was stabbed to the heart at noon day, but by whom has never appeared.

The vostry pig is a very tough one, and sometimes requires even gigantic force, to give it the *coup de grace*. I have seen the truncheon, the mace, and the crook hurled at this extraordinary pig, without taking the grunt of life out of it.

Sundry other pigs will occur to the ingenious reader, which to touch upon more particularly, would be only superfluously taking up time and space. The only pig which it is really

pleasant to smother now and then, a *la Desdemona*, is the amatory one, for it is quite pretty to see it come alive again—and this brings me to the resuscitation of such pigs as *can* be restored to life. In order to know how to act, you must first study the signs by which you understand that you have committed suicide. Your being “Sir’d,” ever and anon, is almost always a sure sign. The party somehow never catching your eye to bow to you, or to take wine with you, is another. You are remembered also to be forgot, in the house list of all invitations, save those of such a very *oi polloish* sort that you could scarcely be overlooked with decency. Some accustomed amenity, better understood than expressed, is dropped, you at once recognize that undefinable *poco-curantish* and “*díel má care*” sort of bearing and manner, which are emphatically redolent of a dead pig. Surely it is unnecessary for me to dilate upon the appearances by which you may judge, since they must be familiar to every person of sense! Having discovered that you *have* killed your pig, you must set about finding out how you killed, and when you killed it, and which pig it was. Having done so, you next provide yourself with some of the *oleum Benignitatis*, and this is not difficult if you set about distilling it in earnest. You then proceed to the person whose pig you killed, and you begin to rub the region of the dead pig’s heart in a pleasant manner, and anon, up it starts and bounds about, as full of life and spirits as ever.

Your rancorous pig killer is to be dreaded the most of all. *CHEROSPHAGUS* in regard to pigs is a perfect Nero. Nothing less than the sacrifice of the whole farrow with dam and sire included, will satisfy him. It is his amusement even to kill pigs in his own family,—but this is not all, for he is constantly on the watch to massacre all those of his neighbours and acquaintances. He goes out of his way, and into holes and corners, to get at

them, perfectly indifferent to the opinion of the world, provided he is engaged in his peculiar pastime. When he catches a pig, he is not satisfied with common modes of killing it, but scalds it to death with boiling water. But he is not even yet satisfied, but turns every bit of the dead pig to account. He bastes it, roasts it, boils it, broils it, bakes it, fries it, grills it, stews it, pickles it, makes hams of it, dresses the pettitoes, and makes irritating unguents out of its lard. Nay, he keeps the bristles, and of them makes very hard shaving brushes and blacking brushes of all sorts and sizes for his friends—but if I lengthen this paper much longer, I fear I shall in my turn kill my pig with the Editor and readers of the *BIVOL ANNUAL*, if I have not done so already.

THE STARS.

By THE LATE H. L. V. DI ROVIO, Esq.

Hast thou e'er held communion with the stars
 In midnight's silence deep, and never felt
 A wild uprising of the soul, as 'twould
 Have sprung to bring those wonders from their sphere,
 Or mixed itself with their celestial rays ?
 Oh ! they are eloquent of things, which make
 Man's nature half divine, and to his soul
 Speak the high language of another world !
 They wake from out the wilderness of thought
 Those visions that eternalize the mind,
 Then leave it in a darker, earthlier hour
 To wonder at its own omnipotence !

A VISION OF THE RED SEA.

By H. M. PARKER, Esq.

I.

By the Red Sea I stood alone,
Before me heaved the sullen tide,
Around me spread the desert wide,
Stern desolation's throne.

II.

I stood upon the Red Sea's strand,
The fiery sunset cast a flood
Of light which tinged the waves like blood,
As slow they rolled to land.

III.

Slowly they sank upon the beach,
And with a hollow murmur broke,
As if some gloomy spirit spoke
From the cold depths of each.

IV.

The wind, whose burning gusts all day
Had whirled the desert sand on high,
And woke the waves' wild revelry,
Had moaning died away.

V.

And scarcely to mine ear was borne
A sound—save, when from far came past
On the still air, the mournful blast
Of the rude Arab horn.

VI.

Except when sudden through the gloom,
The unrepeatèd scream came shrill
Of the wild sea-bird, all was still
As some fane's lone tomb.

VII.

The hour brought sadness to my soul,
And solemn thoughts of other days
Rose dim, as o'er the new moon's rays
The desert vapours roll.

VIII.

I pondered on the mighty host
Which slept beneath those purple waves,
The despot, and his countless slaves,
In that abyss all lost.

IX.

The wise, the potent, and the brave,
The prince, the warrior, and the seer,
The chariot, and the charioteer,
In that tremendous grave.

X.

And ivory and gems and gold,
And hollow armour, circling bones,
Fast wedged 'midst weeds, and shells and stones,
In caverns dim and cold.

XI.

Sudden arose an awful form—
A shadowy crown it seemed to bear,
Whose gems glanced in the lurid air
Like meteors in a storm.

XII.

A shadowy sceptre and a crown ;
And regal robes of ample fold,
Gorgeous with purple and with gold,
A kingly port and frown.

XIII.

A kingly frown—too frequent born
Of power in those servile lands,
Where tyranny wild deeds commands,
Less moved by wrath than scorn.

XIV.

Before me thus the spirit stood ;
While deeper still the twilight fell,
And darker heaved the heavy swell
Of that mysterious flood.

XV.

A voice then broke upon my ear—
’Twas like a midnight trumpet call
From some beleaguered city’s wall ;
Solemn, and deep, and clear.

XVI.

“ Mortal !—three thousand years have passed
Above these sullen waves,
Since with a mighty sweep they cast
Our bodies into caves ;
Which ne’er before or since that hour,
Drank in the daylight’s silver shower.

XVII.

No host like ours, before or since,
E'er gathered for an Empire's wars :—
A thousand leaders, each a prince,
Sate throned in adamantine cars :
A moment—and that vast array
Was dust—the shark and sea-dog's prey.

XVIII.

Broad as the valley of the Nile,
In front a mighty path-way lay ;
The Red Sea in its great recoil,
Had passed from human ken away,
Nor from the loftiest mountain height
Could we discern its azure light.

XIX.

We plunged into that path-way wild,
'Midst many an uncouth pyramid
Of rock and sea-weed, high up-piled,
Within whose depths sea monsters hid
Their scaly bulk, as on the blast
The thunder of our march rolled past.

XX.

Wearied the way ; but in that host
Were men with iron frames and minds,—
Men who from youth to age had tossed
Their battle-banner to the winds,
And loud they shouted when afar
We saw the camp of Israel's war.

XXI.

Loud was the shouting—louder pealed
 A thousand drums, the trumpet's roar ;
 What, though yon glittering cloud revealed
 A presence we had felt before !
 We looked but on that wide array
 As lions look upon a prey.

XXII.

At once, like lightning, onward came
 The sea—but not the sea alone,
 For it was fringed with llickering flame,
 While darkness made the waves her throne—
 High as the clouds, above each head
 Inevitable death was spread.

XXIII.

And from the darkness, Seraphim
 Star-crowned, with burning forms and swords,
 'Midst thunders volleying o'er the brim
 Of that vast wave, proclaimed the words,
 ' Thus saith the Lord !—I made man free,
 Who strives to enthrall him, wars with me !'

XXIV.

Mortal !—Those words, to us a curse,
 Linger from that tremendous hour
 Upon the peopled universe.
 Go ;—tell the rulers who would bind
 By force or fraud the human mind,
 The ruled, who combat lawless power,
 That words, which here in thunder broke
 When Israel baffled Egypt's yoke,

Still sound to hearts and minds which dare
 The ever living voice to hear—
 To them God says ' I made men free,
 Who wars with freedom, strives with me.' "

XXV.

The shadow faded from my sight,
 The deep voice died away,
 And silence and the mists of night
 Upon the Red Sea lay ;
 No star was in the ebon sky,
 No murmur on the wave,
 Silence and night and mystery,
 Met by that mighty grave.

H. M. P.

SONG.

By ALEXANDER ALLANSON, Esq.

Once I met my own dear maid,
 And unto her thus I said :
 Grant me, dearest, only this,
 Grant me but a single kiss.

Shily thus my fair replies,
 Arched sparkling in her eyes :
 Why ask you so small a store
 When you know you may have more ?

Misers cold may count their treasure,
 Merchants number all their gain ;
 But who yet could tell the pleasure,
 When in love you're loved again ?

PYTHAGOREAN REMINISCENCES;

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM A BUNDLE OF OLD WORM-EATEN
MANUSCRIPTS FOUND AT A DESERTED INDIGO FACTORY.

Oh India ! India ! How have I wept to behold thy fallen state ! How hath my spirit sighed at the degradation of thy sons !

Where now are thy regal cities—Ayoodhya, Gour, Patalpootra, Hastinapoor, Kemouj ? Where are their marble palaces with their gardens and terraces, their groves and fountains ? Where are the superb temples glittering with gold and gems, the magnificent halls in which assembled the sages of the world, “ the wise men of the East ? ” Where are the thousand princes who once ruled the fertile and luxuriant land, and where are the noble and intrepid bands who opposed the armies of Sesostris and Alexander ? Alas ! thy cities are level with the dust—their very sites unknown or known only by their ruins—thy gardens are tenanted by the tiger, the elephant and the rhinoceros—thy wise men have sunk to the supporters of a miserable superstition, and the descendants of thy princes and those whom they ruled over, are alike the slaves of the foreign merchant.

Often, while wandering among the broken pillars and deserted walls of some ancient city, has my imagination carried me back to the days when my spirit remembered it to have been the seat of splendour and prosperity. Again I have beheld its lofty and superb buildings glowing in the last rays of the setting sun, while a thousand various instruments and ten thousand voices paid adoration to the departing lord of day. Again have the streets been peopled with brave men and beautiful women,

while hundreds of elephants, horses and chariots added to the animation of the scene. Again have I been present at the magnificent feasts where the daughters of kings bestowed their hands on whomsoever they chose, at the great chariot races where the rolling of a thousand wheels shamed the thunders of Indra, or at the solemn horse sacrifice, where a hundred thousand voices united in one magnificent chorus. The howl of the jackal or the rustling of the snake recalls my wandering thoughts, and I turn from what thou wast to what thou art.

Wonder not, gentle reader, that I should thus apostrophise what is now a foreign country, for the greater number of bodies tenanted by my soul since the word of the Omnipotent first called it into existence, have been inhabitants of this once glorious land, and never, never shall that soul forget the days of peace and prosperity which once blessed it, and which are gone, alas! for ever.

At some future period I may relate the manner in which I obtained the wonderful knowledge I possess—the knowledge of the past—remembrance of events which even time has forgotten, and which not a vestige remains to record, at present I will string together a few fragments of one of my most happy.

The birds had awoke, the stars had faded, and the faint light in the East had slowly given place to a more rosy glow ere I mounted the chariot which was to convey me into the holy city of Kashyap. With the vanity of youth I had decked myself in the most costly habiliments; even my crimson quiver was studded with jewels, and my shield glittered with bosses of gold and steel; my chariot was covered with purple velvet with silver ornaments, and bells of that metal adorned the trappings of the three jet black horses, whose impatient prancing and snorting told how uneasily they bore the restraints of the rein.

"Away!" said I, leaping into the car and taking the reins from the hands of my charioteer, who was my foster-brother also. The noble animals bounded forward with delight, and the next moment we were among the crowd, who, like ourselves, were journeying to the approaching festival. We started at a rate which would soon have brought us to the end of our journey, but I had no wish to be so hasty; I was too young and too proud of my handsome person, elegant car and beautiful horses not to take every opportunity of exhibiting them. Reining in my eager steeds to a more easy pace, I gazed with unalloyed pleasure on the lively scene which the road presented. Numerous chariots, covered and uncovered; elephants loaded with heavy trappings and large bells at their sides; richly caparisoned horses and pedestrians of every description, were proceeding slower or faster in the direction of the city.

We had proceeded some miles, amusing ourselves in remarking on the various novel objects presented to our view, when our attention was drawn to the front by the rattling of wheels, approaching at a most rapid pace, and the next moment beheld a four-horsed chariot coming towards us with fearful velocity, the reins flying among the horses' heels and the passengers, two females only, shrieking with terror. To stop them, as I could have done, by placing my chariot across their path, would have been fraught with danger, perhaps certain destruction to all. Adopting, therefore, the only course likely to succeed, I turned my horses' heads and giving them the rein they retraced their steps at a pace little less rapid than that of the guileless car behind us. The latter soon came up with us, and we then flew side by side along the road; when, causing my chariot to approach as near as possible to the other, I gave the reins to my companion and sprang to the side of the terrified females, and addressing a few words to mitigate their fears, grasped the front

rim of the chariot and throwing myself half over, succeeded in regaining the reins, and in a few moments obtained complete mastery over the foam-covered steeds.

I now turned to gaze on those whom I had so fortunately rescued. They were both young, and by the fineness of their attire and the valuable ornaments on their persons, I knew they must be of rank. The elder of the two had thrown herself at my feet, and it took no little persuasion to induce her to rise, and even then she was most voluble in her thanks: the other, though she spoke less said far more; for her eyes, still glittering with the tears which terror had wrung from them, told most eloquently her heart's feelings as in a voice, as soft and gentle as woman's ever should be, she expressed her gratitude. She now veiled her face, but it was too late, for I had seen enough of her lovely features to retain their impression for ever on my heart. I would fain have known her name and family, but as she did not voluntarily make the disclosure I could not ask it; all I could with propriety do was to ask, as I turned the chariot towards the city again, whither it was her pleasure to be driven. The elder lady would have spoken, but her companion signed her to be silent. "We will," said she, "return slowly towards the city, and shall, I doubt not, meet our charioteer, who must be on his way to meet us, and you will then be relieved of your troublesome charge."

"Nay," said I, "you cannot think I can possibly so consider it; except for your own sakes I cannot regret the accident which has blessed me with the company of so much beauty."

She changed the conversation by asking if I had come as a competitor for the hand of the Princess! "Yes, lady," I replied, "the fame of the lovely Oasha has drawn me here, though I have scarcely the vanity to expect her choice will fall on one so insignificant as the poor Thakoor of Deogurh, when the Princes of

Ayoodhya and Hastinapoor, and other great and noble ones in the land, are here to choose from. Report says she is very beautiful."

"Report," observed the lady, "is often false, and tastes vary in beauty as in all things."

"Rather envious," thought I, but continued aloud; "they say, too, she is as good as beautiful."

"She may be so, but so few can know her real character that report must be mistrusted."

I had rather she had spoken otherwise; for few things are more unpleasant than to hear envious or detracting expressions from those whose beauty or accomplishments should place them above such feelings; and she seemed to be aware that her opinions were not the most generous, for she spoke with hesitation. I now addressed her companion and enquired how they had been placed in the dangerous situation in which I met them.

"Oh!" said she, half laughing, "you must know we are attendants on the Princess, and we came out this morning to amuse ourselves by observing the crowds flocking to the city. Not liking our covered chariot we changed it on the road for an open one; but our attendant, being in no such hurry as ourselves, allowed us to mount first, and no sooner were we seated than the wicked horses started off ere their driver could check them, and had we not been assisted by your courage and skill I know not what would have become of us. All we can do in return is to speak favorably of you to our lady the Princess, and doubt not we shall endeavour to persuade her that there is none more deserving her hand than the Thakoor of Deogurh."

"Brave stranger," interrupted the other lady, "we may chance to meet those who know us, and our chariot being under the guidance of a stranger of your rank might attract attention; think me not, therefore, uncourteous if I ask you to resign us

to the care of your charioteer : at some future time we may show our gratitude for your courageous assistance."

"Lady," said I, "your wish is law, but ere I obey your commands, let me gaze one moment on those beautiful features ; I ask no other reward for the service I have been fortunate enough to render you." I thought she sighed, as slowly turning towards me she drew aside the veil which concealed her face ; a slight blush was on her cheeks, and her looks were cast downward, but the lids slowly rose and for an instant her eyes met mine ; the next moment the cruel veil had again interposed.

I had stopped the chariot, and as my own joined us I bent low and with a sigh exchanged places with my foster-brother ; they stopped till I had gained a few score yards and then followed.

I had this last time seen her face but for a moment, and her eyes had beamed on mine for a still shorter time, but the effect was the same as though I had gazed for hours. From my childhood I had loved all that was beautiful : the morning sun rising in unobscured brilliancy or setting surrounded by huge masses of fantastic-shaped and rosy-tinted clouds ; the silent, cloudless night with the pale moon in mid heaven, like a guardian angel watching the sleeping earth, were favorite objects of my admiration. The wilder scenes of nature, too, partook of my love : the mountain brook bounding from some projecting rock, and then pursuing its way ~~less~~ noisily, though scarce less rapidly, over glittering pebbles and through glowing flowers ; even the devastating storm, bending to the earth the strongest trees of the forest, and rousing the gentle ripples of the mighty Gunga to foam-crested waves—even this I loved, for it was beautiful. No wonder then that my heart was more than ordinarily susceptible, that it worshipped with more than ordinary fervour that which of all Heaven's works is most entitled to our homage—

woman. Sun of our life! more drear than night when moon and stars are hidden would be our existence but for thy smiles; and undrinkable would be the bitters of Life's cup if untempered by the honey of thy love.

New feelings sprung up in my breast. I had often thought I loved; for I had seen others as beautiful, perhaps, as she who now engrossed my thoughts; but my heart had been a stranger to the indescribable emotions which now swelled it. I no longer noticed the groupes which thronged the roads, and the rattle of the wheels and the heavy clang of the elephant bells fell on my ear unheeded. I thought only of the speaking glance of those brilliant eyes, and the lovely, though somewhat sorrowful, expression of those glowing features.

I know not how long I mused; but I was roused from my reveries by the sound of drums and conchs, mixed with the clang of cymbals and gongs, which told the vicinity of the holy city. To my surprise my charioteer was by my side.

"How came you here?" asked I, "and where are the ladies and their chariot!"

"Your cogitations must have been abstracted indeed," replied he, "as for the last half hour you have been unconscious of my presence. My place was taken by one whom the ladies recognized, and they shortly after turned into a bye-road, which is the last I saw of them."

"Fool," said I, angrily, "why did you not follow them, or why not tell me when you joined me?"

"For the first, Thakoor, they expressly forbade me; and for the second, you made no reply when I did speak to you, and it was not my place to force my conversation on you."

To have searched for them would have been vain, so I trusted to chance to bring us again together, determining, however, to endeavour to gain information of them from some of the

palace attendants, as they said they were in the service of the Princess. We soon entered the city, and the novelty of the scene almost banished even her from my mind. The broad and even road ran along the high bank of the Gunga, and every few score yards, magnificent ghauts of alternate successions of terraces and stairs, led to the water's edge, forming easy and commodious places for ablution in the sacred stream. Inward from the road rose numerous temples, some so lofty that the golden tridents which surmounted their pyramidal pinnacles seemed to reach the clouds, while the lower parts of the buildings were formed of masses of stone so enormous, that they seemed the work rather of the gods to whom they were consecrated than of the comparatively diminutive beings who worshipped in them. All was life and animation. Groups of young and beautiful women, clothed in the graceful and flowery-bordered *saree*, stood in the porticoes filling the air with sweet sounds; others led to the altar kids garlanded with flowers; and others again tipped lightly, with all the elegance of nature, down the marble stairs leading to the stream, or returned slowly and gracefully, bearing on their heads the loaded vases of polished brass, with one hand drawing their flowing garments around while the other slightly raised its folds in front to prevent its entangling with their feet. In one temple might be heard the tinkling *ghoongroos* on the feet of some unwearying dancer; from another came the sound of the holy *Vin* as some devout priest chanted from the sacred books the actions and praises of his patron deity; while at a third, the shouts of the spectators and the frequent falling of the sacrificial knife, told where some chieftain offered up whole flocks as a propitiation for sin, or as invocation for assistance in the coming fray. Characters of all kinds were intermixed in the motly crowd:—here might be seen a mail-clad warrior with battle-axe at his

sa idle bow, his prancing steed bedizened with silver bells and silken tassels corvetting among the crowd ; the sleek and cleanly priest, his forehead, arms and breast covered with the distinguishing marks of his sect ; and by the river side the gloomy ascetic, sitting motionless, with closed eyes, in the meditative attitude, never betraying by sign or motion the slightest interest in aught around him.

I was so much amused with what I saw that it was long ere I reached the residence appointed by the King for those who came from distant parts, and where, with the hospitality of the times, they were lodged free of expense. I at last arrived and was received by my followers who had prepared apartments for me adjacent to those occupied by princes and rajas of my own rank.

* * * * *

The day at last arrived on which the Princess was to choose in public from among the assembled rajas and chieftains, him who was to be the lord of her future destiny.

I had come to Kashi with the intention of devoting all my powers to gain reputation sufficient to induce her to fix her choice on me. In the warlike amusements of the day I was uncommonly expert ; my elephants and horses were among the strongest and swiftest, and to a handsome person was added a nature generous in the extreme. After the lapse of ages I may be excused this vanity. My followers were numerous, and though less wealthy and powerful than several of my princely rivals, my family was of the highest caste and renown. Possessed of these advantages, I thought I had a fair chance of success, and with the vanity and eagerness of youth, had formed a thousand plans of future happiness. I built mighty piles of visionary castles, destroyed them and raised on their ruins others far

higher, which in their turn were demolished to give place to new ones still more magnificent. Reader, hast thou never done the like?

My adventure with the attendants of the Princess had deranged all my plans and overthrown all my schemes of ambition. I could think of *her* only whose features were the first to leave an indelible impression on my heart. My chariot wheels were rusting and my horses stood idle in their stables; even my friends and retainers became dull and dispirited from my continued abstraction, the cause of which they were totally unable to divine. My foster-brother had searched in vain for some clue which might lead to the discovery of the fair cause of my changed manners—all was useless and I was left to despondency. I but seldom attended the *subhas* or meetings of the princes, and was a stranger at the feasts and sacrifices. Rumour began to speak of me—the vulgar asked, “is this the man whose generosity and benevolence has been so lauded”? The warriors asked with sneers if I dreaded competition, and if the fear of defeat had extinguished the hopes of success?—and the women looked scornfully on one who seemed so careless when the prize to be gained was the brightest of their sex.

I now dreaded, as much as I had formerly hoped for, the choice of the Princess falling on me, and with this feeling resolved not to join the chariot races nor to attend the *Swayambur*, where the bridegroom was to be selected. In this, however, my friends over-ruled me: it would be disrespectful to the king of Kekai, ungallant to his daughter, and a blot on my own reputation:—such were their arguments—I went.

My faithful charioteer had selected for my conveyance the lightest and handsomest of my vehicles, and had yoked to it a pair of my swiftest and most beautiful horses; I almost mechanically mounted and signed him to proceed.

To the north of the city a level plain, unbroken by ravine, unrelieved by tree or village, stretched away for miles, and this spot was chosen for the races. On the border of the plain nearest the city stood a palace, whence the king and his court were to enjoy the spectacle. On each side, at right angles to the front of this edifice, the spectators formed two extended lines, slightly converging as they became more distant, leaving a space of several hundred yards between them. The right line was formed of pedestrians, all gaily dressed in the brilliant colours for which India was so famous — warriors with plumed helmets and shining breastplates, peaceful citizens unencumbered with arms or mail, and the homely cultivator in his rough habiliments, formed a dense and variegated crowd, but the chief beauty and attraction of this side were the thousands of graceful females, in their flowing robes of pure white, or some glowing dye, that with bright eyes and smiling lips, mixed with the countless throng. On the left were arranged the equipages of the noble and wealthy in the front rank were innumerable chariots of various kinds, from the war-car of iron with its lofty sides, massive wheels and rough but powerful steeds, to the lighter and more elegant rath used for pleasure only, canopied with silk or velvet and drawn by horses of more beauty than strength. Among these mixed numerous horsemen, and behind them stood the elephants, some bearing the war-towers surmounted with the banners of their owners, others with open howdahs and all covered with gorgeous trappings of various colours. The glitter of gold and silver, the flashing of steel and the glowing hues of the flags and draperies gave the earth the appearance of one unbroken sheet of embroidery, while the prancing of the horses and the stately paces of the elephants on one side, and the graceful motions and happy faces of the pedestrians on the other, gave additional life and beauty to the scene.

The roll of a hundred drums and the shrill sound of as many trumpets, drew all eyes in the direction of the palace, in a balcony of which the King and his retinue took their places, and from the windows above, the ladies of the court looked down on the assembled thousands. *I in vain endeavored to discover aught that might enable me to trace either of those I had formerly met, and with a sigh of despair turned my eyes to the open space where the chariots for the race were gathering. When a sufficient time had been allowed for those who intended to join the race to collect at the starting place, a trumpet sounded, on which the chariots, about two hundred in number, formed a line as even as the impatience of the horses and the eagerness of the drivers would allow. They who had least chance of success appeared most eager, while those who fancied themselves sure of victory, looked proudly, perhaps scornfully, on their rivals; all, however, seemed anxiously awaiting the signal to start. This was at last given, the reins were loosed, the lashes waved in the air, and the next moment the rattle of four hundred wheels rose above the joyful shout of the multitude. At this instant a stranger leaped into my chariot, and ere I could enquire the reason of his intrusion, he said in a low voice, "If you have any hopes of her favor, show yourself worthy of it." He pointed to the flying chariots and saying emphatically "Follow" left me. My foster-brother, who had heard his words, gave the reins into my hands and leaped down, and I flew with the fleetness of the wind after the as yet unbroken line of racers. My friends and followers shouted as they saw me once more in action, though wondering why I had allowed the rest to gain such an advantage, ere I started. A few I saw, till then even as when they left the starting place to join the regularity, some few slightly.

many were falling behind, and long ere we arrived at the pillar round which we were to turn, one-half withdrew in despair. We reached the pillar and wheeled rapidly round it, and now came all the excitement of the race. Our numbers were fast decreasing, and when three parts of the way back were passed, but twenty competitors remained. I was still last, but I only husbanded the strength and wind of my horses till necessary to exert them to the utmost. The sound of the lash became more frequent as I slowly increased my speed, and guided my chariot among the others till I gained the second. The car before me was driven by the Prince of Srikoth, known for his haughtiness and pride, and doubly did I enjoy in anticipation the pleasure of conquering him. Side by side we arrived within two hundred yards of the goal, neither gaining or losing a span—only a dull murmur was heard from the crowd, except now and then a half-suppressed exclamation from our immediate followers as they imagined either of us gained a little. Thus we came on, till about one hundred paces only remained, and now I slightly headed my rival; he swung his long strong round his head and would have struck his horses, but the end of the lash caught in the wheel and was torn from his hands. "Take mine," I shouted, sneeringly, as I threw it to him, and letting the reins loose on my horses' backs clapped my hands, they knew the signal, and with the swiftness of the hawk bounded away, my rival was passed, the goal won and I was the victor. Amid the deafening shouts of the spectators and rolling of drums, I drew up, and leaving my steeds and car to the care of my charioteer, went to pay my respects to the Maharaja.

* * * * *

On three sides of the spacious hall were ranged all whose rank or renown entitled them to hope, without presumption, the honor of an alliance with the daughter of the King of Kashi.

The Maharaja, attended by the nobles and priests of his court, occupied the fourth side, and all waited in anxious silence the appearance of the Princess. I glanced round the assembly and beheld in every countenance the same feeling, the light of hope was in every eye and its flush on every cheek. Yet there was one heart that feared, and prayed to escape, that which every other would bound with joy to obtain, one heart that would rather that the chains of death should bind the breast above it than the bridal wreath which would proclaim the chosen of the Princess. That heart was mine, and much did I regret that its fair mistress had, by the imposition of her commands, put me to so severe an ordeal, and I more than once cursed the vanity which had induced me so to exert my powers as to have overcome all competitors, and thus have exposed myself to the danger of the Princess's admiration.

A murmur ran round the hall, and all eyes were directed to the curtain overhanging the door whence the Princess was to enter, as the rustle of female garments and the tinkling of ornaments, told her approach, the curtain was drawn aside and surrounded by her attendant maidens, the beautiful Oasha entered, and proceeding to her father's throne bent her head to his feet and then with joined hands stood before him. She was dressed in a robe of pure white, with a border of crimson, and so closely veiled that not a feature could be distinguished, but her full and flowing garment failed to conceal the grace and symmetry of her figure. Her attendants were clothed in various bright colours, as their fancy dictated, gems and jewels shone on their arms and ancles, and eyes no less bright scattered her dangerous glances round the hall. I earnestly sought among the attendants her for whose sake and by whose secret suggestions I attended the *Swayambar*, but in vain: her companion in the chariot, however, was there, and her presence

gave me assurance that I had not been deceived, and that the ladies were what they affirmed.

The high priest advanced with a garland of flowers and placed it in the hands of the fair Oasha with these words:—
 “The princes of the world, oh lady, are here assembled; the fame of thy beauty and the hopes of thy favour have drawn them hither: thou hast seen their skill and prowess, and report must have made known their characters; look round on all and let thy own hands place this wreath on the neck of him whom thou deemest most deserving of thy choice.”

The Princess and her attendants turned from him and slowly and deliberately paced round the hall, and then for a moment stood again at the throne. Eagerness and anxiety were on every countenance as she prepared to pass round the second and last time. She came more slowly and hesitatingly; not a word, not a whisper was heard throughout the assembly as she proceeded. I bent my looks to the ground as she came opposite me; the rivals beside me involuntarily pressed forward, and I as unconsciously shrunk back: a dark object passed quickly before my eyes,—a light weight fell on my shoulders,—the garland was round my neck.

I durst not look up, and was about to cast the flowers to the ground, when the voice of the priest and the murmuring exclamations of the spectators, caused me to raise my eyes to the Princess; two attendants had lifted her veil and exposed her features to my gaze—the lady of the chariot stood before me.

* * * * *

Time to the joyful flies indeed fast, and love and happiness, alas! do but add to the rapidity they fain would check. Nearly two years had passed since Oasha had become my bride, yet it seemed but as yesterday, and the garland, faded

it true, still hung in my chamber. The sun was near the horizon as I ascended to a terrace on the upper part of the palace which overlooked the broad Gunga and the outspread city. Oasha was there before me and with all the pride of a young mother held out her infant for my caresses and fondly and eagerly she took it from my arms after I had pressed my lips to its cheek and eyes.

Woman dear woman! would that they who scorn thy power could but remember thy love and care in their days of infancy, how fondly thou watchdest them when sleeping, and tenderest them when waking—they could not but love thee. In vain man boasts his independence—in childhood in youth, in manhood and in age, thy love supports and blesses him. In my numerous states of mortality I have seen man in all his varieties, from the wild inhabitant of the wilderness that he is, to the civilized and social being he is, his character has changed a thousand times, but woman has ever been the gentle, loving being she now is, increasing man's joys and lessening his griefs, his honor and joy in prosperity and solace in misfortune.

The golden *kutuses* and *trisoals*, surmounting the temples, which rose high above the most lofty mansions, glowed in the lingering beams, crowds of joyful beings thronged the streets, the evening songs with sounds of bells and conchs rose from every temple, while clouds of fragrant incense were wafted around by the gentle East-wind, which just created a ripple on the face of the fast-flowing river. I was indeed happy, for all around me were so. The sun set, but earth still glowed with his reflected brightness, as I turned to my wife and taking her infant in my arms addressed her thus:—"Let us descend, my love, the evening dew will fall and our father awaits us." She arose and followed me, but our steps were arrested by a

rumbling noise apparently from beneath our feet. "It is a train of chariots," said I, but in a moment a rattle louder than the rolling of a thousand wheels filled the air, and the whole building shook beneath us. Shout and song, conch and bell had all ceased for a moment, and then as the earth again trembled a hundred thousand voices shouted.

Another shock instantly followed; the pyramidal roofs of many a lofty temple vibrated for a moment, and then, with the crash of the loudest thunder, fell to the ground, burying beneath their ruins, priest, altar and offering, all in one indiscriminate sacrifice. Shrieks and groans now rose on all sides, mingling with the sound of the falling buildings. Warriors, who had laughed at sword and arrow, stood trembling and gazing in horror on their wives and children who clung in despair to their knees. Elephants and horses, scorning in their terror the feeble checks of javelin and rein, rushed wildly along the streets, beating down the awe-struck crowd beneath their feet, or crushing them under the heavy wheels of the guideless cars. I had stood thus long overcome with terror, my infant in my arms and my wife in speechless agony clinging round me; the increased tremblings of the building and the incessant falling of the houses and temples roused me to exertion. Clasp- ing my wife with one arm and with the other holding the child to my breast, I flew down the steps leading through the palace to the open court in front: we had several flights to pass down, and the danger each moment increased; the shocks became more violent and frequent, and the shrieks of the victims were drowned in the unceasing roar of the falling buildings in different parts of the city. We reached the ground, but had yet several apartments to pass through, ere we should be in safety: again the earth trembled, the massive walls creaked, and here and there large openings became visible: we increased our

pace and hurried onwards till a large stone bounded in at a door in front, and crushed to atoms my wife's small, delicate foot: she shrieked with agony, but with a mother's fondness disregarded her own pain and urged me to leave her and place her child in safety. Love never despairs: I raised her on my arm and breathing a prayer to Heaven, hastened forward. I reached the last apartment, the open air was before, and with a beating heart I strode through the door-way; I stood in the portico, and a few steps would place me in safety; but I was too late: the ground seemed to swell and sink under my feet, the enormous pillars shook like reeds, the walls parted in terrific rents, and the roof came thundering upon us. For the last time I pressed my lips to my wife's cold forehead, and the next moment my spirit, freed from the clog of mortality, roamed unencumbered the realms of space.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

Troubadour, Troubadour, thou hast come from afar,
Where the red cross and crescent gleam over the war,
Thou hast left that rich land for the maid you adore,
Troubadour, Troubadour, thou wilt ne'er see her more.

II.

Troubadour, Troubadour, we had heard that thy grave
Was under the green palms by Gallilee's wave;
She drooped from that sad hour, the maid you adore,
Troubadour, Troubadour, thou wilt ne'er see her more.

III.

Troubadour, Troubadour, where the last sun beams fall,
Of a sweet summer evening upon the church wall,
Lies a grave strewn with flowers, which a willow weeps o'er,
There she rests, Troubadour, whom thou ne'er wilt see more.

H. M. P.

ODES TO A PUNKAH!*

By JAMES ATKINSON, Esq.

NUMBER I.

I.

Punkah ! thou long hast merited an ode,
 Giving thyself, as well as others, airs ;
 Thou swing'st aloft in every man's abode,
 As if in scorn of him and his affairs ;
 Viewing him, " grunt and sweat," as Shakespear says,
 (Coarse language, used in ancient days.)
 Still puffing on,
 Whilst he cries "*Aura Veni*"—breezes, come !
 But soon a rush of heat alters his tone,
 And "*sor se tán*" re-echoes through the room.
 Then fringed or unfringed dost thou fly,
 Jerk'd back and forward by old Doss
 The bearer,—straight, and now awry ;
 Croaking on plaintive hooks the beams across.
 Tortured by many an awkward pull,
 And threatening to come down, and split thy master's skull !

II.

Punkah ! 'tis thine to bless
 Man, sick or well ;
 Thou soother of distress,
 Who can thy virtues tell ?
 When a cold glass of soda water throws
 The skin into a bath, and smarting glows

These trifles were written in 1836.

The prickly heat, thy wonderous power,
 Checks the distracting itch in half an hour.
 On couch recumbent rolls the invalid,
 Thermometer at ninety, ninety-five—
 Yellow as saffron, and the heat, indeed,
 Too hot by far for any thing alive.
 What is there then to give a moment's ease?
 Nothing in all the world but thy refreshing breeze.

III.

Leaf of the palm wert thou,
 Primitive punkah! and thy form is still
 The same with Mussulman, and eke Hindoo,
 Moved in the hand at will.
 In the closed harem cross-legged sit the wives
 Of Rajahs and Moghuls, paun ever chewing;
 And with the leaf of palm
 Fanning themselves, they whiff the balm
 Of hookahs, still the stimulus renewing.
 And thus 'midst smoke and paun they pass their lazy lives
 But European taste
 Suspends thee high;
 And thou art most commodiously placed,
 Not to disturb the eye.

Whilst the luxurious Soldier or Civilian
 Quaffs blushing Lal beneath thy breezy swing,
 And gulps factitious airs—which drive a million
 Muskeetos from him, buzzing on the wing.
 Refreshing flapper! influence divine!
 Prime relisher of feasts—unmeasured praise be thine!

IV.

Punkah! thou cooler of the fever's heat;
 Dryer of floods that inundate the skin;

Teaching the pulse more temperately to beat,
 And keeping sickness out, and health within ;
 Thou art a blessing in this nether sphere ;
 Without thee, what would man do here—
 In this o'erpowering land of cloudless sun !
 Why, faith ! his hot career would soon be done.
 Even now his skin is often like a sheet
 Of parchment, crisp and brown, and wo-begone ;
 Without thee, then, would he not be, by heat,
 Par-boiled, and grilled, and roasted to the bone !
 And yet I am the very first,
 To give thee, Punkah ! fitting praise ;
 In all thy cheering virtues versed,
 I consecrate to thee my lays.
 O ! I love to write about thee,
 For I cannot breathe without thee !

Calcutta, August 26, 1825. }
Thermometer 90°. }

NUMBER II.

I.

Punkah ! to thee I've strung the lyre,
 One grateful hymn hath told thy worth ;
 And now the Muse, with added fire,
 Delighted hails thee, in a second birth.
 Incomparable boon !
 As Sancho said of sleep ;
 Blessed be he,
 Who invented thee ;
 For there's nothing beneath the moon,
 From which we such comfort reap.

II.

Punkah ! to thee again,
 I wake the strain ;
 For thou hast often lulled me to repose,
 And driven muskeetos from my nose.
 Punkah ! to thee I owe a thousand greetings,
 Cooler of many hot and merry meetings.
 Gunter's hot mutton-chops are prime,
 Beneath thy gentle breeze, at dinner time ;
 They are so very excellent, so good ;
 Grills too, at twelve at night, are rather rich,
 Or hot anchovy toasts, I care not which,
 Both being thirst-provoking, savoury food.
 But breeze-creating Punkah ! without thee,
 Nor grills, nor mutton-chops would have one charm for me !

III.

What was it that enhanced the social pleasure,
 When first the Beef-Steak-Club* began its race ?
 When gay theatricals employed our leisure ;
 The stage itself was our convivial place !
 It was no farce to see
 Upon the boards the dinner smoking ;
 Whilst, merry mortals, we
 Old Momus were invoking.
 Was it alone the waggery and wit
 Of him who charmed the boxes and the pit,
 With *Pierre* and *Robin Roughhead* ?† Not a bit.

* The Chowringhee Theatre Beef-steak Club.

† The late Thomas Alsop, Aide-de-Camp to the Marquess of Hastings, and afterwards one of the Magistrates of Calcutta. A very accomplished actor,—both in tragedy and comedy. *Pierre* and *Robin Roughhead* form as strong a contrast of character as can be imagined—and in each and in every thing he was admirable. We shall not look upon his like again.

Was it *old Falstaff*, (a) shrill like Chanticleer,
 The merriest spirit in our Comic sphere ;
 Or solemn *Looney* (b) in his scarlet vest,
 That gave the Club a zest ?
 Or the *Mock Doctor* (c) bouncing with his cane,
 Or grave *Bombastes*, (d) of his pigtail vain ;
 Or *Totterton*, (e) or him whose voice so clear,
 Enchanted every ear ;
 Who often, as enrapt around we hung,
 “ *Is there a heart,*” with warmest feeling sung ? (f)
 Or him, renowned for pens and painting, (g)

(a) Captain then, now Lieutenant Colonel W. D. Playfair, an exquisite representative of *Falstaff*. He was also eminently successful in *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, and *Archy Macsarcasm*. But in *Falstaff* he had no equal. There was hilarity in the very sound of his voice.

(b) Colonel J. C. Doyle, Military Secretary to the Marquess of Hastings ; he was distinguished in Irish characters, and *Looney MacTwolter* was one of his best.

(c) Captain G. Fitzclarence, now the Earl of Munster, used to play this part, with excellent humour.

(d) H. M. Parker, Esq., Civil Service, and one of the bright ornaments of that service, of which there are so many distinguished members. His representation of *Bombastes* was irresistible, and not only in the personation of character, but in the business of the theatre, he was invaluable.

(e) H. H. Wilson, Esq., now Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford. His representation of *old Totterton*, was perhaps the most perfect thing that can be conceived. Mr. Wilson was justly called the Father of the Chowringhee Theatre, and he was also the nursing mother ! With habits, and manners, and tact, and firmness, and extraordinary powers of acting himself, he formed and kept together the discordant materials of which an amateur body is generally composed. Had he been less eminent in every walk of the drama, he could not have possessed the same influence. It was his own superior endowments which secured the concurrence and assistance of all who aspired to amuse themselves and others on the stage. He would readily consent to take any part, the most trivial, to complete the cast of the play selected. Of him, as well as of *Alsop*, it may be justly said, we shall not look upon his like again.

(f) William Linton. At that period his voice was the sweetest and mellowest imaginable. Besides, he was an excellent performer, and long the Secretary to the Theatre and Club.

(g) G. Chinurey, the eminent Portrait Painter, now at Macao.

With joyous pliz, some drollery inventing ?
 No, magic Punkah ! every thing had been
 Unrelished, had'st not thou regaled the scene ;
 Had not the clashee dragged thee to and fro,
 With all his might,
 And cooled the atmospheric glow
 On every festal-night !

IV.

'Twas hot enough before the Comet came,*
 Hotter by far than pleasant, now the heat,
 Resembles more a foundery-furnace-flame
 Than natural day, the roasting is so great ,
 I've looked at this said Comet many an hour ;
 It seems amidst the Heavens a shuttle-cork
 Of brilliant fire ;—from twelve at night till four
 It shines the brightest, and the natives flock,
 In sad dismay,
 To mark its ominous way.
 Who could withstand “ this double dose of heat,”
 My Punkah ! but for thy refreshing breeze !
 “ *Tan, zor se tan,*” old Sunker, it is meet
 Thy master should enjoy a little ease.

V.

Punkah ! thou wind-creating apparatus,
 These twenty years have I thy power confest ;
 And that I think is just as long a date as
 I can adduce,—it is of proofs the best,
 That thou art an incomparable blessing,
 To me, at least, for I am grateful still ;—

* This is simply in accordance with the vulgar error. Philosophers have shewn that comets produce no such change.

ODES TO A PUNKAH.

I live upon thy breath,—thy breath, caressing,
Thinking, in truth, I never have my fill.
Gazing upon thee, how I love thy swing !
To thee be homage paid, Æolian king.

October 10, 1825.

NUMBER III.

I.

'Tis quite impossible that I should ever
Cease to respect thy memory, Punkah dear !
Even were I doomed to freeze in Zembla, never
Should I forget how I had melted here,
Without thy cooling skill ;
For thou art better than the Doctor's pill,
Or senna-mixture, horrible to think !
But still more horrible to drink !
When burrah-khanas were in vogue,
And fifty, often sixty, dined together,
In one hot room, and all the khidmut-log,
Stewing behind, made hotter still, the weather ;
What comfort could be found except in thee ?
Though seldom came a puff, from garlic free.
Sometimes thou art too short for a long table ;
I pity then the luckless wights who sit
Beyond thy blessed verge, not being able
To inhale one single breeze, for breathing fit ;
A monstrous round of beef, and cabbage smoking,
Add to the temperature a few degrees ;
The chairs are jammed—the servants forward poking,
Are clamorous with demands for duck and peas,

"Kooch roasted goose, or pasty,"

"Kooch *switbred*, *sahib ke wastee* ;"

All this is misery at the table's end,

Especially when plump against the wall,

Where thy delightful influence can't extend,

And "Hope can never come, that comes to all!"

II.

Punkah ! to thee belong

The Poet's gratitude and loftiest song ;

Not to the lazy wretch who pulls

Thee after tiffin, and my senses lulls

To slumber sweet ; he then is pleased to take

A nod himself, accommodating fellow ;

Whilst I, with dreadful fidgettings, awake

As from a bath,

Disposed to bellow,

With kindled wrath.

For who that dripping wakens from his nap,

And sees thee motionless—a dull stagnation

Of air around, unvaried by one flap,

Can well resist a little irritation ?

But thou art blameless, and when Doss is nigh,

What airs Hygæan breathe, and round my temples fly.

III.

I had the epidemic in July,*

Adding a fever's heat to burning weather ;

I mention this to honor thee, for I

Was kept upon couch as by a tether.

* In 1825, the epidemic here alluded to, was almost universal in Calcutta, but happily very few cases ended fatally.

Forty Horatian leeches fed*
 Upon the vessels of my throbbing head.
 Then, Punkah ! thou wert every thing to me ;
 Particularly soothing was thy breeze ;
 Drink to the thirsty pleasures mightily,
 Food to the hungry too must also please ;
 But of all comforts I have met with ever,
 There's nothing like a Punkah, in a fever !

IV.

But would it not be silly,
 To gild refined gold, or paint the lily ?
 Would it not be supererogatory,
 To think of puffing of old England's glory ?
 To praise wine cool'd, potatoes, beer,
 Or soda water, drank, so freely here ?
 Would it not look unseemly to puff thee,
 Who hast so often puffed thyself and me ?
 Yes—I had better pause
 Amidst this tribute of applause :
 But as I'm made " of penetrable stuff,"
 Do thou puff on, Æolian king, till I cry " Hold, enough !"

Calcutta, October 12, 1825.

* Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.—*Horace De Arte Poetica.*

THE DOCTOR'S TALE.

BY H. H. GOODEVE, ESQ.

"Come, Doctor, can you not tell us a story to wile away this dull evening?" said one of a party of officers belonging to the — regiment Native Infantry, who were seated round a camp table in their mess-tent, which was pitched on a wild spot in the west of India, where a body of the Honorable Company's troops were campaigning against an insurgent tribe. They had been out for some months, and hitherto had accomplished nothing either creditable or profitable enough to compensate for the annoyances to which they were exposed; indeed, to use a felicitous though somewhat vulgar expression, they had met with a larger proportion of that description of injuries called *kicks* than of the species of royal coin, which in common parlance is called half-pence. They were beginning to grow amazingly tired of the business: the greater part of their supplies, too, were expended, and in lieu of the juice of the generous grape or the less noble potation of brandy and water, many of them were forced to be content with Adam's ale, or at the best, with a compound of *marinds* and water, denominated in Hindoostanee phrase *imley-sherbet*, a beverage which called forth many an anxious sigh after the luxuries of cantonments.

The person upon whom the aforesaid call for amusement was made, was a tall, lanky fellow, about thirty years of age, whose spick-and-span-new regimentals hung upon him as garments to which he had some little difficulty in accommodating himself. And, to tell the truth, the tailor on his part had had no slight trouble in arranging them, to produce any thing like a creditable effect; for, in addition to the fact that the outline of

Dr. Harrison's body formed one unvaried straight line from the tip of his shoulders to his heels, he had been instructed to make them *full large*, and the result was certainly not striking for its elegance. The expression of his countenance, however, was intelligent and marked with good nature, and Dr. Harrison was already a general favorite with the corps, which he had but lately joined. Indeed, this was his débüt in the military line; he had only landed in India about three months before, having spent some years after he left College in an unsuccessful attempt to practise in England.

"I don't think," replied he, "that I can do much in the way of story telling. I do know one, certainly; but it is rather melancholy, and we are all dull enough already."

"Oh, never mind, let us have it, then, like a good fellow," said another, who, with a wry face, had just swallowed his quantum of the *imley-sherbet*, "or by Jove, for want of something better to do, I shall be obliged to bolt another tumbler of this infernal decoction. What would I not give now for a bottle of Latitte, or even a taste of Vieux Cogniac! but come, Doctor, the story."

"Well, then," said the latter, "you must know that it is a true tale which happened to a friend of mine when we were at College together."

"It was late in the autumn of the year 1822, and the day, which had been dark and stormy, was drawing to a close, when a solitary traveller was seen crossing an extensive wild in the west of Scotland. He was rather above than under the middle height, his form was strong and athletic, yet by no means devoid of elegance, and though his features were not regular, he would, by most people, have been called handsome. It would have been impossible to distinguish his rank from his outward garb; for his dress was so soiled and drenched that

its original color, and even texture, was undefineable ; a knapsack was strapped upon his shoulders, and he carried a large stick in his hand. His step was firm and manly, and though he had walked a long distance, he strode forward with a rapidity which betokened very little fatigue.

The heavy rain clouds had dispersed for a time, and a faint streak of red light showed where the sun was setting behind a range of high hills ; but the wind still blew strongly, and the storm seemed merely resting itself to return again, as the night closed in, with renewed violence.

Twilight had passed away into one of the blackest nights which October could produce, ere the traveller reached a small village on the borders of the waste. Here he wandered about for some minutes amidst the confused mass of dung-hills, duck-ponds, and cottages, which usually constitute the chief part of a Scotch *toonie* of the lesser order, without meeting a living soul or hearing the sound of a human voice. All the inhabitants were apparently either dead or asleep ; and he was beginning to think that he should be obliged to bivouac in a ploughed field ; when turning the corner of a lane, at the same time stepping knee-deep into a muddy torrent, he perceived at some distance a light, towards which he immediately directed his steps, and found that it proceeded from a small farmhouse situated at a short distance from the village itself. As he drew near, his ears were saluted with a confused sound, the exact import of which he found it impossible to divine, though it was apparently produced by lungs of all sorts and sizes, human and bestial. He approached close to the house without interruption, and curiosity prompted him, before making his appearance public, to ascertain the cause of this Dutch concert ; he therefore took advantage of the window whence the friendly light shone, which had guided his footsteps, and peeping in through the

casement, beheld the perpetrators of the disturbance, whose proceedings he continued for some minutes to watch with considerable interest.

An old man, of venerable appearance, was seated at the fire with a huge bible on his knee, and around him were divers members of his family, occupied to the best of their ability in following the patriarch through the mazes of an evening hymn; but it was a species of musical labyrinth in which every one seemed to choose his own path to get through—treble, tenor, base and falsetto were chosen by each party in turn indiscriminately, and the first line was usually finished by some before the others had even entered upon their task. A screaming infant, was adding its mite to the general chorus, and to complete the whole, a dozen or two of cocks and hens in a neighbouring shed, awakened by the disturbance, were making noise enough to proclaim the laying of all the eggs in Scotland, assisted by the yelping of sundry “curs of high and low degree.” At last the final verse was given out, the voices dropped off one by one as they happened to finish their parts, for they by no means attempted to end together, and the numbers gradually dwindled down to a single chorister who had at least two bars of his version to go through when the penultimate singer ended. But this worthy individual would by no means be balked of his part, and he completed it with a flourish that would have done honor to Braham himself. Silence at length having been proclaimed to a tolerable extent even amongst the poultry, the party knelt down, and the old man began to pray. Here the contrast to the preceding scene was very great; the speaker’s voice was full and sonorous, and though the words were uttered in a peculiarly broad Scotch accent, there was a fervor and an eloquence in what he said that is seldom to be met with amongst people of the same class in any country but Scotland.

Denham, for so my friend was called, waited in silence till the prayer was over, and then knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by the old man, who gruffly asked who was there? Denham replied that he was a traveller who was anxious to find some place of rest for the night, and asked if they could tell him where he could procure accommodation. He was told in reply that the village of Druncleg had no regular inn, but that there certainly was a house devoted to the reception of travellers upon occasions, though its more usual occupation was that of a shop, and that a guide should be sent to show him the way. But at that moment an old lady, whose appearance and age bespoke her, at least in externals, a fitting helpmate for the gude man, came forward and having whispered something to her husband, she addressed herself to Denham, saying, it was more than probable that the house of Mistress Mac-Allan would be shut for the night, and she was not the woman to open it again to any one; adding that if he would put up with such accommodation as they could give him, he would be most heartily welcome,—a proposition remarkably agreeable to the ears and hungry stomach of the traveller, who perceived certain signs of supper in active preparation. Without hesitation he consented, and was forthwith introduced to the family circle, consisting of the old man and his wife, and two or three striplings and lassies who called the venerable couple father and mother:—one of the latter sat in a corner nursing a young child, which was not very obedient to her caresses, crying almost incessantly, apparently in great pain. Denham had not much time, however, to look about him, for supper was almost immediately placed upon the table, and his host having again lifted up his voice in prayer for a blessing on the food before them, they were soon fully employed in discussing the merits of smoking porridge, oatmeal-cakes and cheese.

The cravings of hunger were soon allayed, and Donham did sufficient justice to the glenlivet which the old lady had particularly recommended to him as the subject of her own especial favor. He heard the whole history of the superiority of Scotch over Norfolk farming, together with the quarrel of Deacon Allerty and the Minister of Airtly upon the scandalous introduction of the Popish heresy of instrumental music into the kirk. The good dame regaled him with the delights which she had experienced when her eldest daughter was married to the Gauger's son, the same being counterbalanced with a due proportion of sorrow caused by Jeannie's improprieties, and a relation of the miseries of young women taking up with dragoon sergeants. Denham on his part taught the old gentleman the mystery of smoking with a German pipe, joked with the young women, and edified the gude wife with an account of his travels; wherein he excited her wonderment at the singular fact, that seas of ice could exist all the year round at the edge of the most luxuriant meadows; and elicited her horror at the mention of whole countries still existing in Europe without the blessing of a single Scotch kirk to enlighten their darkness. The evening was fast wearing away in this social intercourse and the guest and his hosts were alike congratulating themselves upon their accidental meeting, when their conversation was interrupted by the infant who had for some time been comparatively quiet, but who burst out anew into a more violent fit of screeching than ever. At the same moment an exclamation from its nurse that it was dying, roused every one to see what was the matter. They beheld the poor little creature in horrible convulsions, which, in spite of all that could be done, continued for a few minutes with unabated violence. At length they subsided; but another minute had scarcely elapsed, when the child threw up its

little hands, and after one still more severe struggle, with a deep gasp or two for breath, all efforts ceased, and its tortured limbs were stiffened in death.

The consternation which this event occasioned may well be conceived. "Poor little darling," said the old woman, when the confusion had somewhat subsided, "what on earth can be the meaning of this? He has always been so well till to-day, and was so fat and rosy, it was a comfort to look at him. Only to think of his dying so suddenly! he was only taken ill this afternoon. But," added she, "perhaps after all it is better for him to die now and leave a world in which, poor thing! God knows he had little enough to look forward to: no doubt it was the act of an all-merciful Providence to save him from a life of misery and sin to which he was fast approaching. And for all the grief that his death will cause, why, I fancy that those who ought to feel most sorrow will rejoice. "And yet," added she, looking at the corpse with tearful eyes, "I think if his mother could see him now, laying there cold and stiff, and his pretty blue eyes so glassy, it would move even her cruel heart to pity."

"Why, is it not your daughter's child?" said Denham.

"No, Sir, I trust no daughter of mine would ever be wretch enough to desert her infant, as this poor child's mother did."

"But its mother?"

"Heaven only knows who he is, for I don't believe its mother does."

"How then, may I ask, did it come into your hands?"

"Why, Sir, about six months ago it was brought here by a woman, who pretended she was very tired, and begged a little food from us, and a night's lodging in the barn, which we gave her; in the morning she was gone, but she had left the child behind her. We did not know what to do; the woman could

no where be found, but at any rate we could not let the poor little creature starve; so we determined to take care of it, thinking perhaps some one might by and bye come and claim it; and we had become so used to it, that if it had been one of my own I could not have loved it better. But God has taken it to himself, and his will be done."

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of the Doctor, who had been sent for in the course of the evening, at Denham's suggestion. After the usual salutation and an expression of wonder at the child's sudden illness and its rapid termination, he apologized for not having arrived earlier, saying that he had been detained with a woman who had been endeavouring to poison herself; but that he had fortunately succeeded, with some difficulty, in saving her life. "Who?—Where?—How shocking!" were the immediate exclamations of the farmer's family.

"I am not just now at liberty to answer those questions," said the Doctor, with an air of importance; "but it is altogether a very unpleasant affair. Poor young woman! I trust that she will be led to see the error of her ways, and that she will never again be so near eternity whilst her mind is in such a state as it now is. Something lies at her heart which should not be there, however," continued the man of medicine, evidently flattered with the importance which his secret gave him in the eyes of the party, and yet bursting with the effort of concealing it: for Dr. Thompson, though a very sufficient Galen, added a little of the scandal-monger and gossip to his other avocations, and he would have given worlds to disclose this wondrous matter to the admiring ears of his old friend Mrs. Dalziel; but certain potent reasons restrained him, and he remained deaf to the leading questions and surmises with which he was assailed. At last he wished them good night, having with

some difficulty persuaded the good couple to allow him to come in the morning and open the body of the child.

It had by this time grown late, and Denham, fatigued with his journey, was glad to retire to the bed which had been prepared for him, whereon he stretched his wearied limbs in the full prospect of resigning himself without delay to the friendly arms of the god of sleep. That gentleman, however, did not seem disposed to fold him in an embrace of so kindly a nature as people in our hero's condition have a right to expect from him, and he lay for some time in a state of hopeless wakefulness. Whether his cogitations were of love or murder or both, I am not prepared to say; but this he did tell me, that he thought of every angle of a pair of candle snuffers in vain, and he had twice gone through the multiplication table, (two of the most approved receipts for somnolency) but was as far from unconsciousness when he reached twelve times twelve as ever. At length, after he had remained about an hour in this condition, and had almost succeeded in beguiling a wink or so to his assistance, he thought that he heard the noise of voices in low converse, proceeding apparently from the outside of the house below his window. At first he took no notice of it, but the sound continuing, it excited his attention. The whispers seemed mixed with other noises, at first like the scraping of a dog at the door, then like a gentle knocking, and at length he fancied that he could distinguish the sound of a saw or file,—finally something gave way like the opening of a shutter. This roused him effectually, he sprung out of bed and looked through the window; he could see nothing, but still hearing an indistinct noise he determined to go out and see what was the cause of the disturbance. He hurried on his trowsers, and snatching up his pistols he made his way quietly down stairs. Creeping onwards in the dark, he was at a loss which way

to turn, when his ears again caught the sound of whispering in a room close to where he stood, and at the same moment a stifled scream, which was suddenly hushed, and he distinguished a gruff, though suppressed voice, exclaim with an oath something, in which the words "quiet—stop—knife" were all he could distinctly catch, succeeded by a low moaning. He sprang forward and dashing open the door, he beheld by the light of a dark lantern which was burning on a table, a scene which for an instant rooted him to the spot. The old man lay naked on the floor weltering in his blood, while a villainous-looking fellow, in the dress of a sailor, knelt on his breast, brandishing in one hand a knife reeking with gore, whilst he held his victim by the throat, with the other. The mistress of the house was struggling in the grasp of a creature in the dress of her own sex, who had stuffed the bed clothes into the old lady's mouth, and was threatening her, in a low tone, with fearful vengeance unless she was quiet. The window of the room was open, and a crow-bar lay on the floor below it.

The instant Denham appeared at the door, the murderer sprang from his prey, and with a horrid imprecation drawing a pistol from his breast, fired it in the intruder's face; the ball however missed its aim, and passing close to his cheek, shattered a looking-glass which stood beside him. Ere the villain had time to draw another pistol, Denham, firing with better effect, shot him through the body, and he fell senseless, though not dead, upon the floor, mixing his blood in copious streams with the red pools which had welled out from the unfortunate farmer's throat. The female at the same moment sprang towards the window and was on the point of escaping, when Denham seized her by the waist. She struggled furiously, striking with her fist, and biting with her teeth to such an extent, aided by the efforts of her almost masculine strength, that she

had nearly succeeded in freeing herself from her assailant's grasp, when the rest of the family, alarmed by the noise of the pistols, rushed into the room and assisted in securing her.

On raising the body of the old man, to their great joy they perceived that life was not extinct. On examining closely, Denham found that he had received a deep gash on the throat, but that the large vessels had escaped, and he had only fainted from the loss of blood which had been considerable. He closed the wound as well as he was able, and having placed him in bed and administered some cordials, the old man recovered his senses and soon became tranquil and apparently free from danger. His helpmate, though very much frightened, was not hurt beyond a bruise or two, which she had received in her struggle with the woman. She stated that they had been awakened by the bursting in of the shutter and the opening of the window; and before they could raise an alarm they were seized by the ruffians. Her husband struggled manfully, and succeeded in slightly wounding the villain who held him, with a pair of shears, the only weapon he could lay hands on, attempting at the same time to call for assistance; this exasperated the brute so much, that having thrown him down upon the floor he drew a knife across his throat, exclaiming that he would "stop his d—d jaw any how," and that he would "teach him to hold his breath to some purpose." The prisoners were then examined. The man was still senseless, and groaning frightfully. He was a powerful looking ruffian, with a very disagreeable cast of countenance, rendered more disgusting by the sufferings which convulsed his features. His associate was a woman of a strong frame of body, possessing the remains of a handsome face, but marked with a scowling look which very much detracted from what otherwise might be called rather a pleasing appearance.

She either maintained a dogged silence, or if she spoke it was merely to growl defiance, or to laugh her captors to scorn.

She was firmly bound, and the young men of the house took turns to guard the prisoners through the night.

In the morning the whole neighbourhood collected round the house, and when the constables, who had been informed of the affair, attempted to carry the prisoners before the Magistrate, they found some difficulty in conveying them safely to the hall; the villagers were so exasperated against them, they would fain have torn them to pieces. The Magistrate being quite satisfied with the evidence, proceeded to commit them without delay to take their trial at the ensuing assizes. They had been duly handcuffed, and were about to proceed, in charge of the constables, to the neighbouring town, when a breathless messenger came running in, and delivered a letter to the Justice. That functionary having perused it with considerable attention, turned quickly to his clerk and desired him to detain the prisoners.

"Foregad, Mr. Edwards! here is a pretty business: as if these infernal wretches had not done enough in all conscience to hang them by their attempt upon the old couple, they have been trying their hands at murder, in cold blood, upon a poor innocent child."

"Eh, Sir! What d'ye mean?"

"Why, it seems that Mrs. Dalziel had charge of a little baby, belonging to some unnatural wretch of a mother who had deserted it: yesterday the poor child died suddenly, and Dr. Thompson has just written me word, that he has examined the body and has strong suspicion of poison: the Doctor says, moreover, he has reason to suspect that a young woman who is staying at the Thistle, at Drumcleg, who goes by the name of Duncan, has something to do with the matter. He requests me

to apprehend her, so dispatch McFarlane forthwith with a warrant to bring her here."

"It shall be done at once, Sir; but what has that to do with these prisoners?"

"Don't be in such a hurry, I am just going to tell you. Why, the Doctor adds, that Mrs. Dalziel's daughter, who had the care of the child, tells him that the woman there accosted her yesterday evening, when she was out walking with her charge, took great notice of it, and persuaded her to let her hold the babe in her arms and fondle it; from that moment the little creature grew restless and ill, and died in convulsions last night."

"A serious matter, indeed, Sir," replied the obsequious clerk.

"Yes, but we must have these people in again and re-examine them; so make haste," added his worship, looking at his watch, "it is past twelve, and I must be at the turnpike-trust dinner at two. It is full ten miles to Goston and my old mare has grown somewhat lazy of late."

The prisoners were accordingly brought in once more and were strictly questioned. The woman admitted that she had seen and talked to the child; "but," said she, "what have I to do with poisoning other people's brats? I have had troubles enough with my own, God knows. You have got me fast enough, however," added she, "and if you can prove any thing against me, you may. I'm not likely to run away now, I take it. As I suppose I shall have a taste of the drop anyhow, it will matter little to me how the indictment runs. But why don't you ask that young gentleman there," pointing to Denham; "I believe he will tell you something more about it than I can."

"What do you mean, woman?" said the Justice and Denham in the same breath.

"Oh, nothing, just nothing, your worship; merely a fancy of my own, that if I chose I could teach that youth,

with your assistance, not to shoot people's husbands and spoil a night's sport with his interference. But," continued she, apparently recollecting herself, "I may as well let him alone, too, for it won't save my neck, and might hurt some one whom I don't care to grieve just now, for she'll want help when I am gone: and as for shooting that brute there, upon second thoughts, I may as well be rid of him that way as any other; may be it has saved me the trouble of doing the job myself; so if it please your worship, I'll just hold my tongue and Jack Ketch may help himself to his own customers."

It was in vain that any further attempts were made to induce the wretch to declare what she meant; she maintained a dogged silence, and at length finding all efforts useless, having also the turnpike-trust dinner in his eye, the worthy Magistrate ordered them off to jail.

The woman's hints, though utterly unintelligible to Denham, had excited suspicion in the breast of the learned administrator of justice, and he began to question the former pretty closely about his history and the motives which had induced him to visit that part of the country. Denham replied that he was an Englishman of respectable family, who had passed a season in Edinburgh two years ago for the purpose of studying medicine; that he had spent the last year in Paris, and had just returned from a tour in Switzerland; adding that he was now on his way back to the University with the intention of graduating there; but that he had made a slight deviation from the straight line of road to visit a part of the country where he had some acquaintance.

"All this may be true enough, my good friend," said the Magistrate; "but after what that hag has said, I shall think it my duty to detain you till I make further enquiries upon the subject."

"You may do as you please, Sir," answered Denham; "but I think it is rather unlikely that I should have killed this child, and then exposed my life to save the old people from murder."

"I trust not, indeed," observed the functionary; "but you may have had your own reason for that. Do you know any one in this neighbourhood to whom you can refer?"

"No, Sir, I do not."

"Why, just now you told me you came here to visit some acquaintance."

"True, Sir; but perhaps they may not be of a class that you would consider sufficiently respectable, and even they do not live very near this."

The Justice looked rather hard at him, as much as to say that is rather odd too for a reputable young man, as you say you are.

"Who *do* you propose to refer me to, then?" said he.

Denham gave him the address of his father in London, and of one of the Professors in Edinburgh.

The old gentleman was somewhat softened at the sight of these. "Ah," said he, "Professor —— is my old friend, and I dare say he will clear you up; but you must not be offended at being kept in custody a day or two for all that."

Denham, after in vain arguing against the measure, was obliged, though most unwillingly, to submit, and was removed in charge of the chief constable, a respectable worthy, who undertook to look well after him in a strong room in his own house if the Justice would permit him, which being granted, Denham departed to his confinement and the Justice to prepare for his journey to the turnpike-trust feast. But the course of the great unpaid did not even yet run quite smooth to the dinner table. At this crisis Dr. Thompson entered and requested the Magistrate to take his deposition. He stated that he had been called in great

haste the evening before to the Thistle, at Drumcleg, to see a young woman whom he found laboring under the symptoms of poisoning with opium. For some time she refused to acknowledge that she had taken any ; but at length, having cleared the room of all the by-standers, the girl confessed that she had swallowed a large dose of laudanum about an hour before : and upon questioning her regarding the motives which had induced her to commit so rash an act, she burst into tears and declared that she was a very wicked girl, who deserved to die. She then raved wildly about an infant whom she said the Devil had been prompting her to destroy ; and at times she muttered obscure hints about her mother, and some arsenic which was given to her babe ; and spoke of a young man who, she said, had left her ; bitterly weeping all the time. She eventually became calm, and he reasoned with her and endeavoured to shew her the culpability of her conduct, urging her to confess if any thing lay upon her mind. At length, after much persuasion, she promised to tell him the next day, binding him not to disclose any thing which she might have said in her delirium, till he had heard the whole story. Dr. Thomson was consequently inclined to connect these circumstances with the infant poisoned at Mrs. Dalziel's, a conclusion to which the Magistrate fully agreed. Then followed the professional evidence of the poisoning and examination of the body, which this learned gentleman gave with great minuteness.

At the close of the Doctor's deposition, the Justice would have wished him good morning upon the plea of business ; but Dr. Thompson was not a man to be so easily disposed of, especially in an affair in which he conceived that he himself played so conspicuous a part. Full half an hour did he stay discoursing upon the pros and cons of the case, till at length Mr. Andrews, seeing no other mode of escape, and beginning

to grow seriously anxious for the turnpike-trust dinner, was forced to mount his horse and request his persecutor to ride on the way with him.

Once again, however, was the hungry Magistrate doomed to disappointment. As they issued from the house, the constable who had been dispatched to Drumcleg returned, but without his prisoner, and they were obliged to turn back and hear his tale. He stated that on enquiry at the Thistle, he found that a young woman of the name of Duncan had been there the night before ; that she had been taken suddenly ill, but having somewhat recovered, she had gone off early in the morning ; she had, however, left a small bag behind her, containing a handkerchief and a letter addressed to Miss Wilson, care of Mrs. MacDougal, Milliner, Rose Street, Edinburgh.

Upon this trace people were accordingly sent to hunt ; and Mr. Andrews, without further delay, was enabled to join his brother Trustees : but his servant reported, that before his master arrived, the soup had been dispatched, and the best cuts had already been disposed of, a series of misfortunes which effectually soured his temper for the rest of the day.

The officers who proceeded to search for Miss Wilson found that she had lodged in Rose street for some months, but had left it about a week before, and nothing had since been heard of her, except that a little girl belonging to the house said she had seen the young woman get down from a coach some hours before and set off in the direction of Leith. There all traces of the fugitive ceased. They continued the search but in vain, and at length gave it up in despair, satisfied that she must have sailed in one of the smacks which had left the port that afternoon. Indeed, some of the people at the packet office said they had remarked a person answering her description, go on board a London boat.

When Denham found himself actually in durance vile, he began to amuse his leisure hours with a due proportion of fretting and fuming at his ill luck : at one time showering any thing but blessings upon the head of Mr. Andrews for his impertinence in not at once recognizing him to be a gentleman, and misbelieving the woman's inuendoes upon the strength of that evidence—at another resolving in ^{his} mind divers schemes of revenge, balancing between the advantages of actions for false imprisonment and nose pulling—and again wondering what could be the meaning of the villainous wretch who had brought upon him such an annoyance. Then certain vague suspicions crossed his mind, occasionally interrupted by a misgiving of the creature's power of making his situation more serious, with indistinct visions of judges, juries and accusations of murder. In vain did the honest thief-catcher in whose charge he was placed, endeavour to alleviate the young gentleman's miseries and soothe his wrath with honied words and good-natured sympathy. He would not be comforted ; and it was not until the pretty Miss Chief Constable herself presented her *bonnie mou* to his admiring gaze, and condescended to pass rather more time in looking after the flowers of her garden than perhaps she would have done had she not known that a youth of goodly presence was looking upon her from the barred windows of the strong room, that he even fancied for an instant that there could be a more unlucky man on earth than himself. It must be confessed, however, that the latter circumstance had some influence in working a change in his vexed spirit, and by help of inditing sonnets to his fair jailor's left eye, drawing sketches of the lame jackass that grazed in the next field, and composing a memorial which set forth Mr. Andrews's incapacity for a justice of the peace, he contrived to get through the next three days with less distress of mind than he had previously

anticipated. Upon the fourth day Professor ——'s letter of character arrived, which after stating his sorrow to hear of the situation in which Denham was placed, spoke of him in very high terms. With this the Justice declared himself perfectly satisfied, and nothing further having transpired to implicate him in the business, he was told that he might depart, having been first bound over to give evidence on the trial of the prisoners at the ensuing assizes. His wrath against Mr. Andrews was subsequently much mollified by the kindness with which that gentleman treated him upon his liberation. He apologized for his apparent harshness upon the score of his desire to promote the ends of justice, and so far weighed upon the not very malicious heart of Denham, who, now the annoyance was over, cared little about it, that he persuaded him to stay a day at his house and forget their differences over a bottle of claret. The next morning they parted with a head-ache piece it is true, but upon the most amicable terms imaginable.

About a week after this Denham found himself one afternoon in a retired glen, many miles away from the scene of his late adventure. It was a wild but singularly picturesque spot. A deep and narrow fissure, caused apparently by some sudden convulsion of nature, had burst through a chain of lofty hills, leaving a passage between them, in some parts not more than a hundred yards in width, over which the rocky and precipitous sides hung beetling. These were covered in some places with rich foliage now tinted with the hues of autumn; in others the bare and naked cliffs stood out from the mass of trees and brush-wood which enveloped their neighbours, forming lofty pinnacles, upon which the eagle delighted to rest, and in the hollows of which she sheltered her young brood, secure that the hand of man could not disturb them. At the bottom wound a path, by the side of which rushed in winter a rapid torrent, but at that season of the year the stream was only a brawling brook.

After following the path for some distance in an easterly direction, he came to a part where the valley widened out, forming open spaces of green sward, occasionally shaded by a few stately trees or a small pine grove. One or two cottages, with a slight patch of cultivation, were visible here and there upon the esplanades, or placed in snug nooks under the hill side. Towards one of these Denham directed his steps: it was rather larger than the rest, and partook almost of the character of a farm-house, though it was apparently deserted. He entered what appeared to have been the garden, but the hedge was broken and the trees were drooping on the ground; rose-bushes, myrtles and jessamine, were trodden down and destroyed, and half a dozen cows were grazing upon what had once been flower beds. The thatch had fallen in one or two places, and broken lattices and doors still further declared the desolation which reigned around.

"Good God! how is this?" said Denham to himself; "what change is here? When last I stood on this spot, all was smiling and green; surely some ill must have happened. Let me see if all is as deserted as it appears to be."

He knocked, called aloud, but no one replied to his summons, and pushing rather hard against the door with his foot, the rotten planks gave way falling in with a crash. He called again, and was answered only by that hollow and peculiar sound which an empty house returns to the speaker. Finding nothing to oppose him, he entered and searched, but no trace of humanity could be discovered—all within was desolate and bare; no living thing met his view, save a thin, starved cat, which was sitting in a corner and which fled up the chimney as he approached. The evening sun shone the while brightly and cheerily, through the broken windows, as if in mockery. Full of melancholy sensations, he left the place and strolled onwards almost

unconscious whither his steps led him. So absorbed was he in reflection that he did not perceive a young woman, who issuing from one of the neighbouring cottages approached him. It was not until he was startled by a gentle voice pronouncing his name, that he was aware of her presence. He turned quickly and beheld a good-looking girl by his side.

"Ah, Lucy, is that you!—how are you, my good girl?"

"I am well enough, Sir, thank God, I wish all other things were as well—but matters have sadly changed since we met last," said she with a deep sigh.

"Changed, indeed, Lucy, when you look so melancholy, but tell me what is the meaning of all this desolation at the cottage, and where is Mary, nothing has happened to her I trust?"

"Hush!" said the girl, putting her finger to her lips. "Poor Mary! bad enough has happened to her, but for God's sake speak low, the very trees may have ears, and it is not safe to tell even her name now."

"Good God! Lucy, what do you mean?"

"Oh, Sir, it is a sad story, and I fear you have a heavy load of sin to answer for your share of the matter."

"I don't understand you, Lucy! God knows, I would not hurt a hair of Mary's head for the world, but cannot I see her? Is she in this neighbourhood?"

"Indeed, I scarcely dare tell you where she is, though I don't think you would betray her, for I am sure you would never have brought her to what she is now if you had known what you were doing. Ah! Sir, sin is always punished sooner or later, but poor girl, she never deserved to be hunted like a wild cat and proclaimed all over Scotland for a murderess either."

"Murderess! what on earth do you mean? You must be jesting. Speak out, I beseech you, for God's sake don't keep me in suspense."

"No, Sir, what I said is true enough. They say Mary has poisoned her child, and the blood-thirsty thief-takers are looking for her every where."

"Poor, poor Mary!" exclaimed Denham; "but you speak of her child; what child do you mean?"

"Yours, Sir," said the girl with earnestness!

"Heavens! is it so? why did I never hear of that before?"

"Oh, Sir! after you left Edinburgh, she wrote letter after letter, but received no answer; and at last she said you had forgotten her, and she would write no more. Sometimes she talked of going to England to look for you, but again pride came to her heart and kept her back, and she declared she would die rather than humble herself before you, and she would sit and weep for days together. But at last she was put to bed of a little boy, and then she seemed to be more reconciled, for she doated on the baby and never would let it out of her sight for an instant: and she used to kiss it and talk to it about its father while the scalding tears would drop on its little face from her pretty blue eyes. Oh! Sir, it was heart-breaking to look at her. About this time her father died, and her mother left this place; for they were a great deal in debt, and the landlord would not let them stay any longer in the farm; indeed, he was glad to get rid of Mrs. Wilson anyhow—and well he might, the drunken wretch. They went up to Edinburgh, and took me with them, for Mary would not let me leave her. After a time she was now and then more cheerful, and she would say to me—'You know, Lucy, William will come back to College this year at any rate, and we will go out and meet him some day in the street, we will pass him as if we did not know him, and show him how much we despise him;' she would smile while she said this, and then cry again ready to break her heart.

"Well, Sir, the worst part is to come. You remember her mother, don't you?"

"No, I never saw her to my knowledge, but I heard what a witch she was."

"Witch, indeed! Will you believe it, she counselled Mary from the first to destroy her babe—but I did not know that till yesterday—and she offered to do it for her—but Mary would not listen to such a fiendish project for an instant—and the horrid woman grew very angry—and when she was drunk—which she often was, she would beat poor Mary, and call her all sorts of names, and tell her to 'get rid of that witness of her shame and disgrace, and not let every body be pointing at her daughter for a strumpet with her brat!'"

"When Mary got a little better, and the child was weaned she went to work at Mrs. McDougals, and I left Edinburgh to go home to my brothers. While she was there, a respectable old man, who was very rich, fell in love with her and wanted to marry her, and spoke to Mrs. McDougal about it—but he did not know any thing of her story, as, meaning all for the best, they had kept it from him, though Mary did not know that, indeed she would never speak to him. At last, wearied by the persuasions of her friends, she was going to consent, when by accident he discovered the truth, and he immediately refused to have any thing more to do with her. Her mother was dreadfully angry at this, and swore that she would take care the dirty little brat, as she called it, should never serve her that trick again. Mary thought this was merely her bad way of speaking, but two days after, when the poor girl returned from work, her child was gone. Her mother confessed that she had removed it; but said that it was no use for Mary to concern herself about it, she never could see it again. She told her that it was alive and safe, but that she had just sent it out of the country to where it could never find its way back to Scotland again. Poor Mary! it was nearly killing her, she fell

into a violent fever, but God was merciful and she recovered. She never was herself since, however. Her vile mother, too, had now become worse and worse; she married again to some man of bad character, and Mary was sadly tried. One day, about three weeks ago, in cutting out a pattern from an old newspaper, she saw an advertisement stating that a child had been left at the house of a farmer in Ayrshire, and offering a reward for the discovery of the parent. Mary instantly declared it was her child, and without a moment's delay set off for the spot. Since that we heard nothing of her till the day before yesterday; when, as I was walking down by the burn in the evening, who should come out of a small clump of bushes but the poor girl herself. She threw herself upon my neck and begged me for Heaven's sake to protect her and save her. I asked her what from. 'Oh, Lucy,' said she, looking wildly round, 'they are searching for me to put me in jail; they say I have murdered my poor dear little Willy, but you know I have not. I was dreadfully frightened, but I tried to console her and led her with me to my mother, and we have concealed her in the old ruined hut in the wood, where you remember we used to climb up and sit of an evening. She told us she had been three days without food, and had been hiding herself by day and creeping along at night to try and get to us; but she has been very ill ever since, indeed she was so when she came. All last night she was talking wildly, and I fear she has not long to live. I was on my way to the Doctor's when I saw you come out of the old house; I knew it was you at once, and determined to speak to you, for I know you will help us in our difficulties. And I dare not trust the neighbours.'

This narration was interrupted by frequent sobs and tears on Lucy's part; nor was Denham unmoved; for he could not help agreeing in his heart that he was the author, in a great

measure, of the whole. Although of course he never intended that such should be the dreadful consequences of his misconduct, he felt that but for him the melancholy events which he had just heard might never have happened. It was his thoughtless indulgence in the crime of seduction which had led to all this misery.

The fact was, that two years before, when studying in Edinburgh, after the winter session was over, he had made an excursion to the sea side and resided for some weeks in that neighbourhood: he had there accidentally become acquainted with Mary Wilson, the daughter of a small farmer, a beautiful girl of eighteen. He was much struck with her and had contrived to find means to engage her affection, and, without thinking of the consequences, they had passed the bounds of virtue. He had shortly after been compelled suddenly to leave Scotland, and though much distressed at parting with Mary, new scenes and new objects had in a great measure worn away the impression she had made on his heart. But on returning to the North, old associations had to a certain extent renewed his former feelings, and he resolved at any rate to come down to Kirktown and inquire after her. Lucy, Mary's cousin, had been the frequent companion of their walks, but she had not dreamed of the criminal length to which their heedless love had been carried till long after Denham's departure, when Mary's situation obliged her to confess the truth. She was very much distressed at the discovery, but her kind heart and the affection which from infancy had subsisted between Mary and herself, did not permit her to treat the poor sorrowing girl with unkindness. She sought to soothe her affliction rather than to upbraid her with her folly. But now, indeed, was the warmth of her friendship needed as it had never been before—her affection most severely tried. Mary was a proscribed felon, and Lucy the only

person on earth to whom the poor thing looked for protection. It was, however, likely to prove the last effort she would ever be called on to make in behalf of her unfortunate cousin: distress of mind and fatigue of body had contributed to produce a raging fever, in the height of which the poor girl now lay, and which bid fair soon to relieve her from all further misery.

They stood for a short time without speaking, after Lucy had finished her story; at length Denham broke silence. "Let us go," said he, "to poor Mary's hiding place that I may at least ask pardon for the wrongs I have done her; perhaps, too, I may be able to prescribe some medicine to relieve her."

"Alas! Sir, I fear Doctors' help can do nothing for her now; but do try for God's sake! We must be cautious how we let her know you are here though, for I am afraid that seeing you will be too much for her; she has never forgotten you, and even now in her wandering talk your name is constantly on her lips: but follow me, for Heaven knows there may not be much time to lose."

Lucy led the way towards a path which passed into the wood; they soon began to ascend the rock on one side of the valley, and after scrambling among stones and briars they at length arrived at a platform near the top, forming a space about half an acre in extent. At the extremity of this spot, underneath a projecting ledge of rocks almost hidden by trees and bushes, was a small ruined hut, towards which Lucy directed her steps. Cautiously entering the building by a low door, she beckoned Denham to follow, and having partially concealed his face with his handkerchief, he obeyed. On looking round he found himself in a mud building, about twelve feet square, the walls and roof of which were falling down on all sides; but in one corner enough remained to make a tolerable shelter for a low truckle bed, upon which lay the form

of an emaciated female. She was apparently young, and the features still retained considerable traces of beauty. Her bright blue eyes shone with undimmed lustre, giving an air of wiliness and animation to her expression, which the ghastly paleness of her countenance and her hollow cheeks showed to be unnatural. She was muttering to herself and hardly took notice of their entrance till Lucy, advancing to the bed side, said, "Mary, dear, I have brought the Doctor to see you;" with that she started up and sighing deeply said in a low tone, fixing her eyes upon her cousin, "my William was to be a Doctor, was he not, Lucy? and he did me more harm than good. Bah! He should have been a soldier; such things don't become Doctors: fye! fye! to deceive young women in that way. He ought to have been here, though, by this; I sent for him some time ago, and he said he would come directly he had finished his job; and Lucy! what do you think he was about? I am sure you can't guess. But don't tell mother, or she'll beat me—he was cutting up a little child. Ah! these Doctors are cruel wretches. Do you know, too, Lucy, some one has been giving Willy—my little Willy, arsenic for his supper? Dear little fellow, he cried so and called for his mammy, but I could not go to him, for I was in jail; mother did though; and," added she in a whisper, "it was she that gave him the arsenic,—she told me so herself."

"Flush! Mary dear."

"No; but I will not, Lucy," said the poor girl, pettishly. "I'll tell every one, and then she'll be afraid to do it again."

The poor thing continued talking to herself for a minute or two, in the same strain, and then apparently exhausted, lay back on her pillow. Denham went forward to the bed and took hold of her hand, it was burning hot; he felt her pulse, it was scarcely to be counted; but she took no notice

of him. After making some further enquiries from Lucy, he wrote a prescription and told the latter to go to the Apothecary's and bring the medicine, whilst he would keep watch. For some minutes after her departure, Mary remained quiet. By degrees Denham felt the arteries beat with less violence; he saw a change come over her countenance; her eye lost its wild expression, her look became calmer, and she apparently dozed a little; in a little while she opened her eyes and frightened at the sight of a stranger sitting by her side, gave a faint scream and covered herself with the bed clothes. Denham scarcely knew how to act; he was afraid of discovering himself too abruptly, yet anxious to let her know that she had no cause for alarm. In a feigned voice, therefore, he bid her not be afraid, telling her he was the Doctor come to see her, and began asking questions about her disease. She answered rationally, saying she felt better but very weak, and requested him to give her a little water to drink. He was in the act of holding the cup to her mouth, when her eye was caught by a ring which he wore upon his finger. She seized his hand eagerly and examined the ornament for a second or two, then regarding Denham with an eager and piercing look, she exclaimed, "it must be him; yes, what I saw was not all a dream. My dear, dear William, have you at last found the way to your poor lost Mary?"

Denham could contain himself no longer; bursting into tears he fell upon her neck; but Mary had fainted with the excitement, and was again unconscious of his presence. She lay for some time motionless and insensible, and Denham began to fear that the shock had been too much for her. He used every restorative in his power, but in vain. At length, to his great joy, she slowly opened her eyes, he felt her hand gently press his, and in a few minutes she had gained sufficient strength to reply to his anxious queries.

"I am better now, dear William, but I feel it will not last long. I have suffered too much for my weak frame to bear, but thank God you are here now. You will not leave me again, for the short time that remains, will you dearest?"

"Indeed I will not," replied Denham, choked with emotion, for he knew she spoke too truly; "but do not talk so Mary dear, you will soon get well now."

"Never, William! Death is already at the threshold, and he will soon be here to claim his prey. My hours are numbered, and I feel that they are few indeed. Why should I wish it otherwise? What have I to look forward to in this world, should I recover?—to be marked with the world's scorn, hunted down to jail, and"—she paused for a minute and shuddered slightly as she continued—"perhaps to die on the gallows tree. You must have heard the horrible accusation against me, William; and though I am sure you have never believed it, the world does. Good God! to think that I should wish to destroy my darling little Willy that I loved so dearly! Oh, mother! mother! what have you to answer for! how could you be so cruel to those who never injured you?" and the poor girl wept and sobbed bitterly. Denham tried to comfort her, but for some minutes she was past all consolation. At length she grew more calm and lay without speaking for a minute or two, she then roused herself and said, "William dear, before I die I should like to tell you all that has happened to me since we parted, that you may be able to judge rightly of me when I am gone."

"Not now, Mary," replied he, "wait till you are a little stronger."

"It must be now or never," she answered, solemnly, "for death is fast approaching, and in a short time it will be too late; but promise first that you will make no use of what I say to hurt my mother: she has wronged me bitterly, but I would not for the world that any harm should happen to her through me."

Mary then proceeded to narrate her story. She repeated to Denham what Lucy had already told him, and said that when she reached the place advertized in the newspapers, she found Farmer Dalziel had left that part of the country some weeks before, but no one could tell her where he was gone, except that it was some where in Dumfriesshire. "I set off, therefore," continued she, "and after much labor and many days' anxious search, I at length found his residence, and with a beating heart was hurrying to his house, when just as I had reached within a few yards of the gate I heard some one call loudly, and turning round to see who it was, my mother caught me by the arm. She asked me where in the name of Heaven I was going, and said she had been hunting for me in every direction. I told her to let me go; my child was in that house and I would have it. At first she said it was not there, and attempted to detain me by force, swearing I never should see it again; but finding that I was determined, and that our quarrel was attracting the notice of some people at work in the next field, she altered her tone and affected to be moved by my tears and persuasions, and told me that if I would go to the village and wait for her she would bring the child to me in a short time; my going to the house she said would only create a disturbance and perhaps get her into trouble. I foolishly agreed to this and returned to Drumcleg: but I ought to have known her better. Oh! that I had pursued my own inclinations and had not listened to the persuasions of a fiend! my darling might now have been spared to me—but it was the Lord's will, and he orders all things for the best. I waited and waited in anxious suspense till the night had fallen. At length my mother came, but alone; and on my eagerly demanding my child, she smiled with a frightful smile, saying all would now go well with it, and with me too; that she had put it where it would be well taken care of. 'Did you think,' added she, 'that I was going

to be fool enough to let you bring back that little wretch and disgrace me again ? no, you'll find it a difficult matter to do that now I take it.' A horrible suspicion crossed my mind ; I looked her hard in the face and said, ' mother you have killed my child.' She turned pale for an instant and then recovering her natural fierceness replied, ' who told you that ? and what if I have done so ? it is better out of this world than in it ; and now you may be an honest woman, if you will, and no one can tell tales of a love-child to prevent you.' I heard no more for I fainted away. When I recovered myself, she was gone and I was alone : I felt, indeed, that I was alone too in the world. Forgive me, William, I thought that you too had deserted me. I wept,—I tore my hair and threw myself on the ground. I wished only for death that I might rejoin my own little angel in Heaven. Wicked thoughts then took possession of me, and I determined at once to put an end to my misery. I went and bought some laudanum, and returning to the inn where I had been in the morning, I immediately swallowed it and soon became insensible. On regaining my consciousness I found myself surrounded by strangers, and a Doctor trying to restore me to life. They were all very kind to me, though from something which I had said they suspected all was not right, and the Doctor questioned me very closely but I would not tell him any thing. After a few hours I had greatly recovered and then I felt how wicked I had been. I was ashamed also to face the people who had seen me guilty of such an act, and I resolved to leave the place directly. As I was about to start, I overheard the people talking of something which had occurred during the night at Farmer Dalziel's. I listened anxiously, and from their account I gathered enough to convince me that my mother had added another crime to the murder of my innocent babe ; and from the

description given of the man, I had no doubt of its being my father-in-law, whom I knew to be capable of any wickedness. You cannot think what a villain he is. I am sure it was he that persuaded my mother to all this. They mentioned also the death of the child. When I heard them speak of the gentleman who had rescued the poor farmer and his wife from their murderous hands how little did I think that it was my William, and that I was then so near you ! And you too, if you had known whose child you saw dying before you, how distressed you would have been ; thank God ! you were spared that misery. It was Lucy who told me yesterday that it was you ; she had seen your name in the newspaper account. I was dreadfully frightened at all this, and more still when I heard them express some hints of my being connected with the business. Indeed some of them proposed to detain me, but they did not attempt it. I left the house as quickly as I could, and I had not walked far when, to my great joy, an Edinburgh coach overtook me, upon which I got. Oh ! I cannot tell you the relief I felt when I found myself fast moving away from that dreadful place. When we reached Edinburgh I was afraid to return to Mrs. McDougal's, so I wandered down towards Leith, scarcely knowing where I was going. On the road I fortunately met a young woman whom I knew, and to whom I had once shewn some kindness when she was in need of help. She remarked how ill I looked and insisted on my going to her house, which I was glad to do, and remained there all day. In the evening she went out for a few minutes and returned in great alarm, telling me that the police officers were hunting for me all over Leith, on a charge of murdering my child and breaking into a house. The kind creature did not want my solemn oath to make her believe that it was a false accusation. She said she knew I was not capable of such a thing, but that something must be

done to get me out of the way, for innocence was no protection under such circumstances. I came here, therefore, and dear Lucy and her mother have been very kind to me ; but it is all too late. May God bless them for it when I am gone, and you, too, my own dear William ; I shall die happy now you are with me !”

When Mary finished her story, the latter part of which was scarcely audible, she sunk back exhausted and remained so long in a swoon that Denham for some time thought all was over ; but again she recovered a little and asked in a low voice whether Lucy had returned, and being told that she had not, she requested Denham to go out and see if she was coming. He walked out therefore upon the platform to the edge of the rock, from whence he could see the whole length of the valley below him, as far as the beginning of the gap in the rocks, beyond which at some distance lay the sea, whose calm and tranquil waters were stretched out like a sheet of gold in the rays of the setting sun ; the same golden hue was spread over the pinnacles of rock and the autumn-tinted trees upon the upper part of the gorge, whilst below, the deep shades of evening were fast gathering over the valley. He looked anxiously along the path, and at some distance beheld a white figure approaching, whom he soon recognized to be Lucy, and was just going back to communicate the intelligence to the dying girl, when his attention was attracted by seeing two men come out from a bush a little way behind and follow Lucy cautiously, apparently dodging her footsteps. She was soon lost to his sight in the wood, through which the path wound up the hill. The men did not immediately follow, but stood looking after her for a short time, and then turned into the wood in another direction, and he could see no more of them. He went back into the hut, but his curiosity was excited, for their movements were strange ; and he was relieved from some little anxiety when Lucy re-appeared.

"I am so glad you are returned, Lucy," said the poor girl, 'for I was afraid I should die without seeing you."

"Oh! Mary, how can you talk so?" said her cousin, bursting into tears. "See I have brought you the medicine and now you have such a good Doctor here you will soon be well."

The patient smiled faintly, as she said "no, my William knows as well as I do, it is all useless; but come here both of you that I may kiss you." They did so and taking a hand of each she blessed them fervently.

"Raise me up, William dear, that I may see you, for my eyes are getting very dim."

He put his arm round her to lift her, in so doing he felt her lips gently touch his cheek; the next moment her head fell forward on his breast with a slight sigh, and he was embracing a corpse—her wounded spirit had fled. At that instant steps were heard on the outside, shadows were cast upon the wall, and two men rushed into the hut. The foremost advanced to the bed, and seizing the hand of the now unconscious girl, said in a harsh voice—"We have caught you at last ma'am, have we;" but as quickly let go his hold and started back with an expression of horror and exclaimed, "Lord save us, Duncan, the woman's dead!"

"Take care she an't shamming," said the other.

"You may go and see yourself," replied the former, retreating; "I tell you, she is as dead as a door-nail, and I'll have nothing to do with such customers."

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Denham, furiously.

"Meaning, Sir? why we are just come to take that ere young woman up for murdering her child, and it seems the hangman is cheated of his dues, that's all;" said the second speaker, who by this time had satisfied himself that his companion had spoken the truth.

"Silence, you villains," said Denham; "that poor girl was as innocent as an angel."

"May be, Sir; I dare say you know best; but it seems that every one don't think so, for here's the warrant to take her."

"Every one shall think so ere many days are over," exclaimed Denham with vehemence.

"I don't know nothing about that, it's no look out of mine," replied the constable; "but come, Bill, we may as well be off, seeing as how our job is over and the girl is gone to another sort of a lock-up-house."

Denham only staid long enough to see the unhappy girl's remains decently interred, and then set off to——— to be present at the assizes. He found on his arrival that the male prisoner had died during his absence in consequence of getting drunk while his wound was still in a dangerous condition, and that the wretched woman who had been the chief cause of all the distress he had lately witnessed, was to be tried on the ensuing day. She was fully convicted, and shortly afterwards executed. On the scaffold she acknowledged the justice of her sentence and confessed the murder of the child. She said that when examined before the Magistrate she had intended to try and fix the crime upon Denham, whose sudden appearance in a strange part of the country on the night of his child's murder, and in the very house where it took place, she thought might prove strong evidence against him. But it occurred to her that he might perhaps be induced to marry her daughter, and a sudden visit of compunction made her alter her mind, for she said that she began to think she had committed crime enough, and moreover, that she knew nothing could save her own life.

These events produced a lasting impression upon Denham: from that time forth he became a wiser and a better man, and he is now a distinguished ornament to his profession.

“ Bravo, Doctor ! Capital story ! ” said his auditors when the tale was concluded ; though, to tell the plain truth, the greater part of them had been fast asleep for some time. “ I am glad the poor girl was married and got a fortune at last ; for I began to think when she poisoned herself that all was up with her,” said the hero of the *imley-sherbet*, shewing pretty clearly up to what period his interest had extended. “ Tut, man ! you have been asleep all the while, I declare,” said another ; “ why, she was hanged ; didn’t you hear the Doctor tell us how she confessed all about strangling the child at last ? ”

SONNET.

By ALEXANDER ALLANSON, Esq.

Where Seogurh stands embowered, by a brook
 That winds unseen its course amongst the trees,
 Through many a rocky dell and shady nook
 And gushing gently from its dark recess,
 Sports in the sun beams for a summer’s day ;
 There as I wandered through the wilderness
 Musing in silence, as I love to stray,
 The birds were startled in those solitudes
 And hares and frightened deer fled fast away ;
 The peacock, wild amidst its native woods,
 Flew screaming to the hills—mute was the lay
 Of love on which the ring-dove ever broods :
 I asked—“ Who is’t they flee from—is it man ? ”
 And Echo from the many-voiced hills said—man !

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

A BALLAD.

By W. C. HURRY, Esq.

A Russian legend relates that a certain friar having walked into a wood in the neighbourhood of his convent, was attracted by the song of a bird, to which he listened till it suddenly ceased, whereupon he returned towards home, finding that the day was far spent. On arriving at the convent he was greatly surprised that he knew nobody, and its inmates were equally surprised at his appearance. An explanation took place, and it was discovered that he had been detained a hundred years by enchantment.

The bell of St. Basil's for matins had rung,
 And the friars hastened there ;
 But the solemn service was scarcely done
 When the Prior his warning thus begun
 As he arose from prayer :

" I rede you my brethren who kneel around,
 Now well my counsel mark ;
 From yon forest turn your steps away,
 Its paths are unsafe, make no delay
 Amidst its sorceries dark.

" And if through its glades your way must pass,
 Ere the shadows of night prevail,
 Let ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~roses~~ ^{roses} and ~~paters~~ ^{paters} first he said,
 And an act of faith be duly made,
 Lest the fiend your path assail.

" Though the streams flow clear, and bright the flowers
 Within yon wood are found,
 Naught holy there unharm'd may dwell,
 Amongst the accursed tribes of hell,
 On that enchanted ground.

“ For long ere the light of the gospel was shed
 On these regions, a temple stood
 In that forest, where cruel rites were known,
 And every idol and altar-stone
 Were drench'd with human blood.”

Friar Ambrose arose with the morning light,
 To the forest he took his way ,
 The charmed boundary he crost,
 And though full soon the path he lost,
 He quite forgot to pray.

And he journey'd with thoughts unholy and vain,
 Through that region accurs'd of heaven,
 For pride infected his heart within,
 And though beset with that deadly sin,
 He wander'd abroad unshriven.

He thought as he wander'd that naught so fair
 His eyes had everseen ;
 On the grassy turf he scarce could tread
 For crushing the flowers so thickly spread
 Like gems on a robe of green.

And the scented breath of the blossom was borne
 On the breeze that sighed in the pine,
 It ran through every nerve and vein,
 Like opiates to a wretch in pain,
 Or some delicious wine.

The friar stood still, for a sudden sound
 Sooth'd his senses like a spell,
 A tone so sweet and thrilling too,
 No mortal before gave ear unto,
 No tongue that sound may tell.

A low warbling voice in accents sweet,
Like the murmurs of bees in spring,
Or the distant noise of a running brook,
As a bird conceal'd in some lonely nook,
These words began to sing.

" Beneath these tangled boughs no cares
Nor sorrows e'er may be,
No painful toils molest our life,
No want is known, no war, no strife,
The birds are not more free.

" Kind nature here abundance yields,
To all who seek repose,
Then who would quit this calm retreat,
To crowded cities turn his feet,
For all their walls enclose ?

" Love cannot be found in the halls of care,
He cannot dwell with pride ;
In these still shades he ever strays,
He turns not from our forest ways,
For all the world beside."

And it sang in a softer strain and told
Of a beauty known afar,
A lovely creature, bright and fair,
Whose eyes from the night of her raven hair
Glanced forth like a falling star.

Till the sons of heaven whilst wand'ring by,
Were enamour'd of one so fair ;
At those glances left the realms above,
And vainly striving, they sought the love
Of an earthly form to share.

As the voice sang of heaven, the friar bow'd low,
For he thought on its virgin queen ;
Holy Mary," he cried, " forgive my sin,
To-day I have wander'd this wood within,
To thy shrine I have not been."

Then Ambrose unfolded his clasped hands
The holy sign to make—
As he rais'd them, the sound of a rushing blast,
Through the farthest bounds of the forest past—
As it past, the earth did shake.

And around him on all sides the wither'd trees
Stood desolate and bare,
Whilst the wintry wind with a hollow sound,
Scatter'd the leaves on the barren ground,
In that forest just now so fair.

And the streams that so lately in brightness leapt
O'er the pebbles from dell to dell,
Were dried into pools all stagnant and foul,
Where 'midst the sedges was heard the howl
Of the midnight wolf so fell.

Then ceas'd the charmed song, and arose
A shriek between laughter and pain ;—
At the thrill of that unearthly cry,
The friar started in agony
He might no more remain.

And his heart within him was quell'd with fear,
For to him it well did seem
As if the fairest of forms should change
At once to a skeleton grim, and strange,
In some wild and hideous dream.

And he turn'd away quick and hied him home,
 For his strength had fail'd him there ;
 But he told his beads with all his might
 And strove to master his affright,
 With loud and fervent prayer.

At length from the wood as he toiled forth
 More wonders met his gaze ;
 The convent's form had disappear'd,
 New walls were seen, new turrets rear'd—
 He halted in amaze.

Approaching no well-known faces he saw,
 None greet, with God you save ;
 All started as the friar past by,
 Or scowl'd on him with fearful eye,
 They thought him from the grave.

For his eyes were glassy and fix'd, and his garb
 Like the shroud of a corpse appear'd ;
 His face was motionless and thin,
 His nose projected to his chin,
 And silv'ry white his beard.

" Who art thou? speak!" the Prior exclaim'd,
 " Respect these hallow'd grounds ;
 What evil deeds compel thy sprite,
 To quit the precincts of the night ?—
 Return within thy bounds."

Friar Ambrose look'd up and wond'ring much,
 Bewilder'd thus he said :—
 "'Twas but this morn' I left my cell,
 And though I met the fiends of hell
 I am not of the dead.

For these twenty years and more has my voice
 Been daily heard in this quire,
 What stranger art thou,
 That know'st it not now,
 And dost my name require?"

Then they search'd through the convent records and found
 That a hundred years had fled,
 Since the date of the day
 That he went away,
 And was number'd with the dead.

Then the Prior commanded the legend to write
 On a parchment scroll so fair,
 That the brethren might mark
 These sorc'ries dark,
 And of that wood beware.

THE RETURN FROM INDIA.

I.

I sit beside my lonely hearth,
 Long years of toil and exile past,
 My life is in its twilight path,
 Still I have reached my home at last;
 But other hands now cull its flowers,
 But other footsteps tread its floor,
 That clock still chimes the silver hours,
 But those who heard it hear no more!

II.

I am a stranger in my hall,
 The hearts which made it glad are cold,
 Young voices answer to my call
 But not the tones I loved of old;—

With happy looks they bid me tell
Some story of the days gone by,
Or speak of those I loved so well,
I can but answer with a sigh.

III.

With smiles they urge me to recall
The memory of their childhood's prime,
For they were happy children all
When last I left my native clime ;
But as they speak some cherished trait
Arises with each look and tone,
Of those whose love has past away,
Of those who are for ever gone.

IV.

I wander on the breezy hill,
By hazel copse, in dingle green,
I pause beside the gushing rill,
When summer twilight sinks serene ;
Each well-remembered scene is there
Dear as when first it met my sight,
But where are all the feelings, where !
Which made it not more dear than bright ?

V.

The harvest moon is rising now
O'er golden fields of ripened grain,
And on the breeze that cools my brow
The bells of many a harvest wain
Come soft and sweet ; but sweeter yet
Yon spire on which the moonshine glows,
That tells me where I shall forget
Life's withered hopes in death's repose.

THE HOWDIE WITCH OF CAWDOR.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

In a romantic district of Scotland, near the ancient castle of Cawdor, (where, some few years ago, the singularly-fashioned bedstead, on which the royal Duncan is said to have received his death-stroke from the dagger of the treacherous Thane, was consumed by an unlucky fire,) resided for many years a withered beldam, called Eeshpal Gorm. My first recollections of her are somewhat vague, presenting merely the forbidding appearance of a gaunt and ugly old woman, with long, unkempt elf-locks of grisly black, escaping from beneath an untidy *curch*, or coif, and with a huge, unseemly scar, or mark, of a blue colour, on one cheek, from which, or probably from the blue cloak which generally formed her out-door covering, she derived her soubriquet of *Gorm*, her avowed name being Hossack. In the most mischievous caprices of my infantile passions, “here comes Eeshpal Gorm!” was a tocksin that instantly produced quiet and obedience; but, as I approached boyhood, a strange sort of interest, not free from a degree of superstitious terror, became mixed up with my meditations on the old woman. I learned that she had been long the lonely inmate of a gloomy *bothy*, or cabin, in one of the deepest and wildest dingles of the Cawdor woods, upwards of a mile from my father’s mansion, and half a mile from any residence. She had first visited the hamlet of Calder, adjoining the castle, some thirty years before, as a practitioner of the obstetric art; but she was not a native of the place, neither had she kindred or acquaintance there, and both her dialect and her ignorance of the Gaelic, which is generally spoken by the peasantry in that part of Scotland, proclaimed her to be from the Lowlands.

Her professional skill, as a "wise woman," does not appear to have been disputed, but her success in procuring patients was not proportionate. Her appearance so sudden and unlooked for, at a place where she was utterly unknown,—her apparent want of all connexion, and her guarded and sour silence on all subjects touching her own affairs, coupled with her repelling countenance and manners, occasionally servile and obsequious, but more generally rudely disobliging, and if roused to anger, fierce and threatening, excited strong feelings of aversion and suspicion in the bosoms of the many; and it was only in cases of desperate emergency, or in the deficiency of all other aid, that her services were called upon by the good-wives of the country. It was, however noted, that all characters of *no* character, the dissolute mothers of babes that claimed no ostensible, or at least no legal, fathers, resorted freely to Eeshpal.

On suspicion suspicion grew; from the soil in which doubt was so plentifully sown, dislike sprung up; and superstition was not tardy in casting her stone on the gathering cairn of opprobrium. Eeshpal's maledictions had been known to produce evil, but none had ever heard her blessings! Eeshpal's bothy, to which she had retreated on the death of the old fox-hunter who had occupied it for many years, was seldom approached by the decent dames of the hamlet; but such had occasionally entered it, and it was ever found mysteriously furnished with what the honest housewives thought had no business there! There were bunches of herbs and roots, dry or recently gathered, slung from the rafters or carefully laid out on paper; there were some stuffed animals, too, of the very nature of which the gossips were ignorant; there were glasses of odd shape, and tins of queer forms,—and what could she want with all these? On these visits, she was usually found inside her cottage, arranging her weeds and roots, or reading a dark old-

looking book, which they were quite sure was not the Bible, for she promptly stowed it away, when interrupted. She never complained of poverty, and her practice was too scanty to obtain her a livelihood ; but her dues, if not instantly paid, were greedily demanded and received without thanks. Her kail-yard and her cow, and a hive or two of bees, were her whole apparent stock. That cow, too, was scarcely ever dry, whilst those of her neighbours often lacked their milk, at seasons when there was no visible cause for such lack. She had been occasionally known to absent herself from home for a day or two at a time, but none knew whither she had gone ; at night voices had been heard from the dark dell in which her habitation stood ; and more than once, from the house of Auchendown, the nearest mansion, and which was situated on a rising ground that overlooked the stream which almost touched her door, several twinkling lights, of an unearthly blue, had been seen by the terrified servants, at dead of night, to glimmer amongst the alder bushes and high trees near her dwelling. The conclusions were, that she dealt in the black art, and therefore was she nick-named the *Howdie Witch* ; howdie being, *Anglice*, midwife !

When I was very young, a melancholy transaction took place, in which Eeshpal had been more than suspected of taking an active part. I shall relate the circumstances, reserving the denouement for the latter end of this paper. Jeannie Grant was the pretty daughter of an honest farmer near Calder, and the betrothed bride of James Rose, the rich young gardener at the castle. This man had incurred the anger of the Howdie. Entering the garden one day, she unceremoniously began filling her large worsted apron with apples from one of the trees, in which operation she was roughly interrupted by the indignant gardener, who telling her to be gone, rashly, perhaps unfeelingly, added, " You are

no' to be taking the aipples o' our vera best tree, to play your ungodly *cantrips* wi." Flinging them down on the grass, with a look like that of an enraged wild-cat, and stamping her foot, she screamed out : "Take back your trash, but mind me, James Rose, proud as ye are, ye'll lose the love o' Jeannie Grant as sure as I have lost these apples, and all for the taunt yc ha'e giv'n me this day!" James afterwards said, that the fierce expression of the hag's face, as she uttered this denunciation, so "yearned his very blood that he looked like a cog of crudlet milk in his mother's dairy." Sure enough it was, that a few days thereafter, a recruiting party attended the annual fair at Calder ; belonging to it, was a handsome young Irish soldier, who attracted the admiring eyes of all the *pay sannes* ; but all were by him neglected for bonny Jeannie Grant. From that day, for the space of two months, each successive Sunday brought Dennis Neale from Fort George, on a visit to Calder. Her father, a strict old Covenanter, interfered and forbade him the house ; but without his knowledge, Eeshpal, the Howdie, offered them free ingress to hers,—besides they had the thick green woods of Cawdor to wander in. James Rose, too, interfered, but Jeannie, at once, with indignant scorn, dismissed him. In short, the poor girl, flattered by the fervent admiration of her gaily drest suitor, and cajoled by the crafty speeches of the Howdie, became wholly infatuated ! Yet it was with the firmest reliance on his promises of a speedy union, that she finally became his victim ; and as he placed a gold ring on her finger, witnessed by Eeshpal Gorm, he swore, that when she next saw him it would be with the consent of his commanding officer for their nuptials.

She never saw him again ! The regiment left Fort George, by sea, for Glasgow ; and week after week passed on, in alternate hope and fear to Jeannie, without any tidings from her

faithless Dennis. At length, taking courage, she wrote to the Adjutant ; a reply came, which not merely confirmed her doubts—it destroyed all hopes. Dennis Neale had gone on furlough to Ireland—accompanied by his wife !

The despair of the ruined girl may be better conjectured than described, and even from Eeshpal, her sole confidant, she received little sympathy. The heartless harridan made light of her anguish, and contented herself with promising assistance during the approaching crisis ; for Jeannie was about to become a mother ! But one day in her sore distress and remorse, the miserable young woman, throwing herself at her father's feet, confessed her guilt. He was, as I have said, a stern and rigid man ; too cold and severe himself to incur danger from the temptations of sin, such as his daughter had fallen a victim to, he had no mercy, no charity for the sinner ; and spurning her cruelly as she knelt, he bade her—"leave his house for ever, and with the ring on her finger, which was the badge of her bondage to Satan, purchase for herself and her unborn bastard a winding sheet."

She left him, and none knew whither she went. One woman, while gathering fuel on the skirts of the wood, fancied that she saw Jeannie Grant, weeping bitterly and wringing her hands amongst the thickets ; but on calling to her, the wretched creature—if it was not indeed her wraith—retreated amidst the trees, and was lost to sight. It was only after two days that Jeannie's misfortune became known : remorse and pity, then, found way to her father's heart, and he disclosed the sad shame to his shuddering auditors, who blamed whilst they pitied him. Still, his cup of woe was not full,—he would forgive her—she could only have gone to the hut of Eeshpal Gorm, the fatal cause of all,—he would seek her there,—he knew that of late she had often visited the old witch. He sought her accordingly, but he found her not. The Howdie

professed utter ignorance of Jeannie's retreat—she had not even seen her for days! But, as the repentant father left her threshold, to which he had been accompanied by the faithful gardener, the blue-cheeked hag whispered to the latter with a grin of malice, "*James Rose, my man, where's your rotten apples now?*"

The woods, the brooks, far and near, all were searched, but searched in vain—Jeannie Grant was never seen in life again!

This "ower true tale" was often repeated to me, as I sat on the knee of James the gardener, but what I am now going to relate regarding the Howdie Witch, fell within my actual inspection; yet must I prepare the recital by a few facts, trivial in appearance, but of material importance to the denouement of my history.

It so happened, at the time I now write of, which was when I was a boy of fifteen, that the house of Auchendown was occupied by the widow lady of the Laird of Blairgowan. She was yet young and handsome; a tall, dark beauty of the Italian style of countenance; but there was a something in her large black eyes, and an occasional quiver about her lips that I did not like, and children are proverbially physiognomists. She had married solely for his wealth, a man of hideous aspect, and with a mind not far remote from imbecility. He died, leaving her childless; but there was a will in her favour, drawn out by her own father, a wily W. S. from Edinburgh, by which she became possessed of all his personal and private property; not even his aged mother and destitute sisters, to whom before his marriage he had ever evinced great kindness, were mentioned in the will; while large legacies were left to his father-in-law, and *one other*. That other was Pearse Watkyns, his favorite man servant—and if all tales might be credited, the favorite also of his wife. Indeed, there were

strange stories rife among the scandal-mongers, regarding this man and his mistress, even before the Laird's decease; since when, they had certainly not decreased, at all events it was evident that great familiarity, such as ill became their relative positions, as superior and domestic, existed between them; and considerable shyness was accordingly manifested towards Mrs. Mackinnon by several families. I myself, in one of my wood-rambles,—ever a dearer pleasure to me than the noisy though manlier sports of youth in general,—even I have seen those two individuals walking together in by-paths and forest-tracks. If they fancied that eyes were upon them they would instantly separate, the man falling back and walking at some distance behind the mistress; but if they believed themselves unobserved, they walked abreast. Once I saw the lady pull a hazle twig from a tree, with which, in playful dalliance (as it seemed to me,) she struck him, and then ran into the coppice, where her attendant pursuing her, I lost sight of them.

The Lady of Blairgowan had now been two years a widow, and as she had gradually thrown aside her weeds, it was naturally supposed she would once more re-enter those gay scenes of life, to which she had been accustomed, and of which she had partaken with no seeming reluctance; but, on the contrary, she kept more to herself than ever, saw fewer visitors, and although her mother came all the way from Edinburgh to see her, rejected all invitations, and gave none. She had turned very charitable of late, and it had not escaped remark, that she paid particular attention to Eeshpal Gorm. That person had been very ill for some weeks, and the lady had not confined her kindness to messages or messes, sent by careless proxies; she had gone herself to the Howdie's hut, and once had been accompanied by a medical man, to whose care she recommended the old woman. On Eeshpal's recovery, she was frequently sent

for by the lady; and, as the servants used to tell with amazement, she became at length such a favorite with Mrs. Mackinnon and her mother, that she was often kept for even successive nights,—a bed prepared for her, in a closet adjoining the mistress's own chamber, and never permitted to return home without ample proofs of the lady's liberality. It is true that at this period, Mrs. Mackinnon herself complained of *rheumatic pains*,—she needed a nurse, and she had taken a fancy to the Howdie! Every body wondered, but every body knew that the rich are capricious, and nothing more was said.

It was autumn. The richest shades, all various but all beautiful of that delightful season, covered the woods of Cawdor. A thousand lovely wild flowers carpeted the rich grass, sprang up beneath the branchy trees and decorated each cliff and knoll, in the variegated ground around the castle. The dark-tinted fir stood, like a frowning duenna, beside the pale and delicate chesnut; the rough-leaved elm interlaced its boughs with the lordly and glittering beech; the ash rattled its whimsical catkins like a housewife, proud of her bunch of keys; and the green and the mountain-ash, the former loaded with black and delicious cherries, the latter shaking its manifold clusters of scarlet berries, like chaplets of coral beads, adorned every avenue. By the banks of the wild and romantic mountain brook, that rushed through these scenes, the queen of the meadows shook its lovely head in the breeze of evening, shedding the rich aroma of its scented tresses to the vesper bee, that already gluttled with its harvest of honey, sought lazily its distant hive. Wild thyme fringed the brinks of the burn, while brambles, dotted with their mulberry-like fruit, guarded the yellow-asphodels and delicate wood-sorrel from the rapacious hand of the covetous botanist. Orchises, white

purple and straw-coloured, sprang up in the moist swathes of forest-grass, and in the magic light of eve, that tinted the brawling waters now with a golden, now with an emerald and now with a blood-red hue, the stern and stately castle of Earl Cawdor towered in baronial pomp over the sylvan scene. I had been enjoying a holiday in the woods, but the sun was nearly set and I was still some distance from home ere I began to think of returning. I reached a lovely spot in the woods, where path or track there was none, just as the top of a well known rock, peering over the trees to my right, told me that I was passing within twenty yards of the Howdie's hut. But though the sun had now set, my heart was light and I cared not, but cheerily made my way over bush, briar and ledge of stone. Presently I heard a sound, as if a person were digging in the earth. It came from the left of my route where a high bank divided me at that particular place from the brook. The light of day had not yet left the earth; but the place was naturally gloomy, and the trees shed an artificial obscurity around me. I stopped to listen; the noise continued, and my first impression was that one of my *treasures* had been discovered. Near to the spot where I then stood I had found some days before a *byke*. Does the English reader ask what is a *byke*? It is a nest of wild bees,—a treasury of the richest and sweetest honey! Some sly cow-herd, I conjectured, had discovered it; and stealthily I crept among the bushes, resolved to share in, if I could not save, the delicious spoil. At length I drew near: my *byke* was safe, but there, on the ground, kneeling amongst the rushes and briars, down six or seven paces beneath me, was the Howdie Witch! She had scooped out a hole in the soil, into which I presently saw her place, what, at first, seemed something rolled up in a white cloth; but just as she was about to lay it in the earth, part of the cloth

fell off, and I beheld, with a shuddering frame, the face of a child!

In after hours, I was induced to believe that my imagination had deceived me—I was laughed out of the idea, and sneered into silence; but *now*, after many years, I feel the evidence of truth within my soul, and the witness it proclaims, confirms the horrid suspicion of that moment! Boy as I was, I felt a strange desire to see *more*! and I watched until having heaped earth and stones over the unhallowed grave, the Witch strode away! My path homewards lay in the same direction she took, which instead of leading to her own abode, brought us to Auchendown. Proceeding by a bye-road that led her directly to the house, I lost sight of her, and hurried home, determined to breathe the weighty secret that burthened my breast into my mother's ear. At home, however, all was in confusion. My mother had been summoned away to a sick or dying friend, some ten miles off; my father was cross and cold; and I was, even then, not of a temper to disclose my sentiments or my sorrows to the menials.

. Next day I rambled towards Auchendown, and throwing myself beneath a tree, I meditated on the strange adventure of the byegone night. I was attended by a pet spaniel of my mother's; it was a great favorite and seldom left her side, but in the hurry of her departure from home, the animal had been either neglected, or purposely left behind. A cross and tetchy creature it was to strangers, but faithful and affectionate to its friends. Suddenly its attention became aroused,—it erected its ears, and before I knew who, or what, was coming, it burst from my arms and fiercely attacked a woman who was passing by—it was Eeshpal Gorm! Before I had time to call off the dog, she lifted a large stone and struck the animal with such force that it fell,

stunned. Believing it dead, and enraged at the cruelty which had doomed my dear mother's pet to so sudden an end, I lost all caution; and taking up the little spaniel in my arms, I uttered a volley of abuse on the beldam, concluding with these words:—"Where's the bairn you buried last night, you murdering old hinner?"

Were I to live a hundred years I never should forget the start, the glare of wolfish, diabolic vengeance of that old woman, as these words escaped my lips. For a moment she stood quite still, both hands clenched stiffly together, and her shrivelled lips so far apart as to show her yellow and fang-like teeth; the next, she seemed as if she were about to spring upon me; but I waited not,—restraining with some difficulty the reviving Ponto, I rushed—I ran—I flew from the spot—nor stopped until I found myself in the parlour, in the presence of my astonished father. Then it was, that I told my tale of wonders to him. He listened in silence and when I had ceased laughed at what he called my romance. Yet, ever and anon, he recurred to the subject, and I could perceive that it had made some impression on him. But he was an indolent man, and not until my mother's return, some days after—not until she had heard my story and had urged him to examine the spot, did he take any steps to investigate a circumstance that was at least suspicious. I then accompanied him, and a chance visitor who had taken my mother's side in the argument, to the mysterious grave. I found it readily, for the murderess—if murderess she was—had taken little pains at concealment; nay, I could not help thinking that all things looked far less horrible by day than they had seemed beneath the influence of twilight. We had provided ourselves with a spade, and the earth was soon shovelled off, and there, behold! lay the rotting body of the Witch's well-known old, doited dog!

My father and the gentleman laughed loudly, and I stood confused, and, shall I own it?—*disappointed!* I had sworn to a white cloth, and the dog was certainly of a whitish colour: and then they quizzed me and jeered me, about the white dog which I had converted into a dead child wrapt up in a shroud. I was ashamed and vexed; but now, at this time of day, I am convinced that my incautious speech to Feshpal Gorm was the means of preventing the discovery of a wicked deed. Murder might not have been committed; but a babe had been born, and a babe had been buried, and who was the mother?

. I never saw the Howdie again, for in another week I was on my way to England, whence I proceeded, on the completion of my education, to India.

The Lady of Blairgowan's was a melancholy fate: after some weeks of severe indisposition, in which with singular obstinacy she rejected all medical attendance, she left Scotland for France, where she was soon restored to health; but, on her return, twelve months thereafter, whilst incautiously leaning over the side of the vessel, during a brisk gale, she overbalanced herself and was precipitated into the sea! The night—for it happened in the night—was very dark, and although every exertion to recover her, alive or dead, was made, her body was never found. What became of Pearse Watkyns I know not, but the following paragraph from a letter, which I received from my father, ten years after the transactions I have so briefly narrated took place, will tell you the fate of the Howdie Witch:—

"You remember the object of your youthful detestation, *Feshpal Gorm*, alias *Isabel Hossack*, the Howdie of Cawdor? She is no more; and her death has been attended by some suspicious circumstances that lead us to believe she died from violence, or at least of *fright*; while other events tend to throw

some light,—a horrid and glowing light,—on the transactions of former years. I have had reason to regret the injudicious ridicule I threw upon what I deemed the mere result of your youthful and romantic fears; nay, I am inclined to believe that occurrences, which in this world can never be wholly cleared up, but of a dark and forbidden nature, must have taken place at that time between the inhabitants of Auchendown and Blue Eeshpal. The Howdie had for several months been very frail and feeble; indeed, the old woman could not have been far short of eighty; and as winter drew on, she seldom left her hut. Your mother, ever alert where charity has a part to play, took care that she was plentifully supplied with provisions, and indeed the peasantry, much as she has ever been the object of their dislike, have recently shown her great and genuine kindness. She, however, survived the winter, and was beginning to move about again, when one evening, about a month ago, two of the servants were despatched by your mother, with some little comforts for her. As they descended the path that leads down to her hovel, they picked up among the bushes at the way-side, a handsome *fur boa* (which, by-the-bye, has since been recognized as having belonged to Mrs. Mackinnon.) They were of course not a little surprised at this, and still more so when a few paces further on, a shilling was picked up, and still nearer the hut, a quilted cloth pocket, which was well known, inasmuch as Eeshpal was seldom seen without it. Their alarm was considerable, when, approaching the door, they heard the groans of a person evidently suffering acute pain. The wretched old woman was indeed in a dying state; she was lying on the floor half drest, as if she had either fallen, or been pulled from her bed, and though apparently quite sensible, was speechless. A gleam of joy shone on her countenance, as she saw who it was that entered, and she was gently laid upon

her bed. Slowly she raised her hand, and pointed to her throat, which, indeed, betrayed marks of violence; the discoloured skin seemed as if an attempt to strangle her had been made; one of her fingers too was dislocated, and on further examination, they perceived that her large *kist*, or coffer, had been broken open and rifled!

“ She expired before the light of another day, wholly speechless, yet making great exertions to speak; and seemingly much pleased with the kindness that was shown to her, and the prayers that were breathed at her bed-side by some of the worthy neighbours. It was on her decease that, sown firmly into a thick corner of the old quilted pocket, where it must have escaped the depredators, a gold ring was discovered. I wish you had seen our new constable, James Rose, the *ciderant* gardener, when this ring was shown to him. It would have been a study for a tragedian, that start! He knew the ring instantly; it was that which many long years before had aroused his jealousy on the finger of his betrothed bride! Inside were the letters D. N. and J. G.—Dennis Neale and Jane Grant.

. “ Not a scrap of paper nor any thing, indeed, of an elucidating nature, was found among the effects of the Howdie; but the discovery of this ring set a thousand wild surmises afloat regarding the fate of the unfortunate owner. *Your* adventure, too, was raked up from the ashes of the past, and at length the country folks insisted on digging up the floor of the hut and burning the ruins, as a thing accurst. They dug to be sure, but nothing was found, and the wretched bothy was consumed. The Howdie had, however, a hive or two of bees in her little garden, and these were sold; on removing them, two young lads, bent on the destruction of every thing connected with the spot, began to root up the kail-stocks, &c.

Taking spades they dug and delved, till coming to the place over which the bee-hives had stood, one of the spades struck against a broad flag-stone, at some depth from the surface of the ground; a shove or two, and it was raised. Pieces of cloth, bits of rag, and shreds of crockery excited their curiosity. Presently they found the decayed bones and skull of *an infant*; and in two more strokes of the spade—the entire skeleton of a grown up person struck the terrified gaze of the rustics! The skeleton has been examined and found to be *that of a woman*. There cannot be a doubt that Jeannie Grant *died* in this hut,—how or by what means rests with God, but most probably in the pangs of child-birth. You will say—“but there was *another* child?”—I do believe so; over its second grave the cloud still depends! Its death may have been natural, but its birth was at least involved in mystery, and most probably in guilt.”

SONNET.

By ALEXANDER ALLANSON, Esq.

No thought e'er comes from forth my fancy's mint,
 On which thy lovely face is not impressed;
 No name but thine is by my tongue expressed,
 And my rapt eye retains thy portrait's print,
 Coloured by fancy with the morning's tint—
 In heavenly hues and robe ethereal drest,
 Like some bright spirit at the Lord's behest
 With love and mercy to ~~us~~ mortals sent.
 Then as the pious man gains future bliss
 By keeping heaven always in his sight,
 May I at length attain to happiness
 And gain the summit of my soul's delight,
 Whose heaven on earth, thy virtue-beaming face,
 Is ever present to my tranced gaze.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

FROM PETRARCH.

BY LIEUT. R. G. MACGREGOR.

PART I.

When she, that graceful and illustrious dame,
 So late a pillar bright of rarest worth,
 But now a naked spirit, in vile earth
 Too early laid ! return'd in joy and fame
 From the fierce strife, where—with no other arms
 Than her own virtuous heart and modest charms,
 Her thoughts all innocent, and speech, where shone
 Wisdom with truth—the tyrant was o'erthrown,
 Whose wiles and witch'ry the whole world subdued ;
 Great marvel was it then, I ween, to view,
 Girt by his living slaves and victims dead,
 Love, in her train, disarm'd and captive led.
 Returning from her noble vict'ry there,
 That beauteous lady and her comrades fair
 Gently advancing in a bright group came :
 Few were they, for on earth few seek true fame,
 Yet, each and all, fit themes they seem'd to give
 In poets' lay or hist'ry's page to live.
 Their conqu'ring ensign to the view reveal'd
 A spotless ermine on a verdant field,
 Its soft neck bound with gems and finest gold.
 Scarce human seem'd to hear and to behold
 Their speech so holy and their angel gait ;

Blessed is he whose birth secures such fate !
Bright stars they seem'd, she, in the midst, a sun
Adorning all yet taking light from none :
With violets and roses garlanded,

 In modest dignity of well-won fame
 That joyful company right onward came :
When lo ! obscure and dismal, over head
A banner rose ; and, clad in sable vest,
 A terrible spectre, on whose grisly brow
A stern insatiate fury was imprest,

 Stood forth, and hoarsely spoke :—" Lady—who now
Walkest in pride of youth, in beauty rife,
Ignorant of the bounds which limit life—
I am that pow'r, who, cruel and unkind,
Am call'd by mortals, a weak race and blind,
Whose brief day vanishes ere night be come ;
Mine was the voice beneath whose with'ring doom
Greece and proud Ilium fell ; and mine the blade
Which low in dust the Roman glory laid :
All climes and ev'ry age my sway confess ;
Arriving ever when expected less,
My frowns a thousand sanguine schemes destroy ;
And now to you, when life has most of joy,
My course I bend, ere changing, as she will,
Fortune some bitter in your sweet distil."

 Calmly that peerless lady thus replied :
' Well know I these your utmost hate have tried ;
O'er them you have no pow'r, little o'er me ;
Yours is my body, but my soul is free ;
Nor grieve I for myself, but that the blow,
To me tho' welcome, lays another low."

As one who, bent in curious wonder o'er
Some form late-found and never seen before,
Long doubtful stands, yet seems his doubts to blame,
So stood the fiend : addressing then the dame,
Slow he resum'd, with countenance more bland

And gentler tone : " I recollect them well,
And when beneath my poison'd tooth they fell ;
But you, the leader of this lovely band,
Have never felt my blighting bitter sting ;
I could compel, but, as a friend, I bring
To you my counsel ; better will it be
Old age and all its many ills to flee ;
An honour which I am not wont to pay,

For you I destine, that, from life, your soul
Fearless and without pain shall pass away."

" As pleases Him whose pleasure rules the whole,
Whom earth, sea, sky, their Lord and Maker own—
To me, as unto all, His holy will be done."

Thus spoke she : when, behold ! from ev'ry side
Myriads of spirits o'er that boundless plain
Suddenly rose, in numbers which defied

The eye to measure or the mind retain ;
From India, Spain, Morocco and Catay,
The dead, in nations, gather'd. Here were they
Who, upon earth, were happy call'd by men,
Pontiffs, and potentates, and princes then,
Wretched and suppliant now, alone and bare :

Where now their riches ? Where their honours high ?
Their mitres, and their robes of purple die,
Their gems and slaves, their crowns and sceptres where ?
Wretched are they in mortal things who trust !

Yet all will trust therein ; and it is just
That disappointment should from folly flow.
What boots it, O ye blind ! to labour so ?
Soon must ye mingle with the dust ye tread,
And scarce upon your tombs a name be read.
Show me one fruit of all your boasted toil,
But one, which is not vanity and guile.
Who counts or cares what objects ye pursue ?
Whom profits it vast nations to subdue,
Kingdoms to overrun and empires shake,
Spurr'd on by passions which your ruin make ?
Fulfil each perilous and vain desire !
Glory and gain with loss of blood acquire !
Water and bread are sweeter yet than these,
And more the beechen cup than gems and gold can please.

No further to pursue a theme so long,
Return we to the old aim of our song.

Already to its final moments drew
That life so glorious yet so brief, and near
The dark and doubtful pass of mortal fear ;
The while a second band around her grew
Of many friends, in anxious love intent,
To see if Death would but for once relent ;
Or, haply, trammel'd yet in mortal frame,
In hers to contemplate the coming end
(To which all human flesh must one day wend)
And learn from her to die, their fair group came,
Struck with mute awe while Death, from that dear head,
Rear'd his rude hand, to snatch the golden thread.

Thus cropp'd he of the world the sweetest flow'r,
Cropp'd, not in hatred, but to prove his pow'r

- E'en there could reach where Earth was likest Heav'n.
 Ah then ! by all what bitter sighs were giv'n,
 What countless tears, those bright eyes being dimm'd,
 Which long in heart and verse I lov'd and hymn'd.
 She only 'mid that sorrow-storm the while
 Lay with a silent joy and peaceful smile,
 As if the fruit of her fair life were won.
 " Depart in peace," their sad dirge thus begun,
 " Mortal divine !"—and such she was indeed,
 But nought it sav'd her from the blow decreed—
 " If thus by ague-chill and fever's heat,
 Death conquered her, what grace shall others meet ?
 Alas, for human hope so blind and brief !"
 The tears which o'er that parting angel fell,
 The groans which then arose, of love and grief,
 Who saw and heard alone may truly tell.
 The hour was noon ; the day, an April day,
 Its sixth, which show'd her first, and snatch'd away.
 My bliss to bane thus cruel fortune turn'd !
 No wretch at slav'ry or at death e'er mourn'd
 As I to find my freedom so restor'd,
 And my life left me when I most abhorr'd.
 Due to the world it was, to my ripe age,
 Me first to take who longest trod the earth,
 And yet a little spare that noblest birth.
 Language so fails our inf'nite loss to guage,
 Scarce dare I think of it, unless in verse
 Some Muse my grief yet fire me to rehearse.
 " Virtue and Beauty, Courtesy is dead,"
 (The lovely ladies circling her chaste bed
 Mournfully spoke) " what now our fate shall be ?
 Who now in woman shall perfection see ?

Where now a mind, so rich in wisdom, meet,
 Of angel music where a voice so sweet?"
 But now her spirit leaving its fair shell,
 With all the virtues there that lov'd to dwell,
 Made, where they clust'ring soar'd, the heav'n serene.

No horrid fiend that haunts the bed of death
 Was there with smile of scorn and gloomy mien,
 Ere struck the mortal blow, and pass'd the latest breath;
 But, ev'ry vain fear hush'd and fond lament,
 Each stood, intent upon that face so fair,
 Sure of distress, and silent in despair.

Not as a flame which suddenly is spent,
 But one that gently finds its nat'ral close,
 To heav'n in peace her willing spirit rose;
 As, nutriment denied, a lovely light,
 By fine gradations failing, less, less bright,
 Ev'n to the last gives forth its placid glow.
 Not pale, but fairer than the virgin snow
 Falling, when winds are laid, on earth's green breast,
 She seem'd a saint from life's vain toils at rest.
 As if a sweet sleep o'er those bright eyes came,
 Her spirit mounted to the throne of Grace.
 If this what, in our folly, Death we name,
 Then Death seem'd lovely on that lovely face.

PART II.

The night—that follow'd the disastrous blow,
 Which my spent sun remov'd in heav'n to glow,
 And left me here a blind and desolate man—
 Now far advanc'd, to spread o'er earth began
 The sweet spring dew, which harbingers the dawn,
 When slumber's veil and visions are withdrawn;

When, crown'd with oriental gems, and bright
As new-born day, upon my tranced sight
My lady lighted from her starry sphere :
With kind speech and soft sigh, her hand so dear,
So long desir'd in vain, to mine she prest,
While heav'nly sweetness instant warm'd my breast :

“ Remember her, who from the world apart,
Kept all your course, since known to that young heart.”

Pensive she spoke, with mild and modest air
Seating me by her, on a soft bank, where
In greenest shade, the beech and laurel met :

“ Remember ? ah ! how should I e'er forget ?
Yet tell me, idol mine,” in tears I said,

“ Live you, or dreamt I—is, is Laura dead ?”

“ Live I ? I only live, but you indeed
Are dead, and must be, till the last best hour
Shall free you from the flesh and vile world's pow'r.
But, our brief leisure lest desire exceed,
Turn we, ere breaks the day, already nigh,
To themes of greater int'rest, pure and high.”

Then I : “ When ended the brief dream and vain
That men call life, by you now safely past,
Is death indeed such punishment and pain ?”

Replied she : “ While on earth your lot is cast,
Slave to the world's opinions blind and hard,
True happiness shall ne'er your search reward.
Death to the good a dreary prison opes,
But to the vile and base, who all their hopes
And cares below have fix'd, is full of fear.
And this my loss, now mourn'd with many a tear,
Would seem a gain, and—knew you my delight,
Boundless and pure—your joyful praise excite.”

Thus spoke she, and on heav'n her grateful eye
 Devoutly fix'd : but while her roselips lie
 Chain'd in cold silence, I renew'd my theme :
 " Lightning and storm, red battle, age, disease,
 Racks, prisons, poison, famine—make not these
 Death, even to the bravest, bitter seem ?"

She answer'd : " I deny not that the strife
 Is great and sore which waits on parting life ;
 And then of death eternal the sharp dread.
 But if the soul with hope from heav'n be fed,
 And haply in itself the heart have grief,
 What then is death ? Its brief sigh brings relief.
 Already I approach'd my final goal,
 My strength was failing, on the wing my soul,
 When thus a low sad whisper by my side ;
 " O miserable, who, to vain life tied,
 Counts ev'ry hour, and deems each hour a day ;
 By land or ocean, to himself a prey,
 Where'er he wanders who one form pursues,
 Indulges one desire, one dream renews,
 Thought, speech, sense, feeling, *there* for ever bound.'
 It ceas'd, and to the spot whence came the sound
 I turn'd my languid eyes, and her beheld,
 Your love who check'd, my pity who impell'd :
 I recognized her by that voice and air,

So often which had chas'd my spirit's gloom,
 Now calm and wise, as courteous then and fair.

But ev'n to you when dearest, in the bloom
 Of joyous youth and beauty's rosy prime,
 Theme of much thought and muse of many a rhyme,
 Believe me, life to me was far less sweet
 Than thus a merciful mild death to meet

The blessed hope, to mortals rarely giv'n.
And such joy smooth'd my path from earth to heav'n,
As from long exile to sweet home I turn'd,
While but for you alone my soul with pity yearn'd."

"But tell me, lady, said I, by that true
And loyal faith, on earth well known to you,
Now better known before th' Omniscient's face,
If in your breast the thought e'er found a place,
Love prompted, my long martyrdom to cheer,
Though virtue follow'd still her fair emprise.
For ah! oft written in those sweetest eyes
Dear anger, dear disdain and pardon dear,
Long o'er my wishes doubts and shadow cast."
Scarce from my lips the vent'rous speech had past,
When o'er her fair face its old sun-smile beam'd,
My sinking virtue which so oft redeem'd,
And with a tender sigh she answer'd: "Never
Can or did aught from you my firm heart sever!
But as, to our young fame, no other way,
Direct and plain, of mutual safety lay,
I temper'd with cold looks your raging flame:
So fondest mothers wayward children tame!
How often have I said, it me behoves
To act discreetly, for he burns, not loves!
Who hopes and fears, ill plays discretion's part!
He must not in my face detect my heart;
'Twas this which, as a rein the gen'rous horse,
Slack'd your hot haste and shap'd your proper course.
Often, while love my struggling heart consum'd,
Has anger ting'd my cheek, my eyes illum'd,
For love in me could reason ne'er subdue.
But ever if I saw you sorrow spent,
Instant my fondest looks on you were bent,

Myself from shame, from death redeeming you.
 Or, if the flame of passion blaz'd too high,
 My greeting chang'd, with short speech and cold eye,
 My sorrow mov'd you or my terror shook.
 That these the arts I us'd, the way I took,
 Smiles varying scorn as sunshine follows rain,
 You know and well have sung in many a deathless strain.

- Again and oft, as saw I sunk in grief
 Those tearful eyes, I said, without relief,
 Surely and swift he marches to his grave,
 And, at the thought, the needful aid I gave.
 But if I saw you wild and passion-spurr'd,
 Prompt with the curb, your boldness I deterr'd.
 Thus cold and kind—pale, blushing, gloomy, gay,
 Safe have I led you thro' the dang'rous way.
 And, as my labour, great my joy at last.”
 Trembling I answer'd, and my tears flow'd fast,
 ‘ Lady, could I the blessed thought believe,
 My faithful love would full reward receive.”
- ‘ O man of little faith !”—her fairest cheek,
 Ev'n as she spoke, a faint blush seem'd to streak—
 Why should I say it were it less than true ?
 If you on earth were pleasant in my view
 I tell not now ; enough it pleas'd to see
 The best love of that true heart fix'd on me ;
 Well too your Genius pleas'd me, and the fame
 Which, far and wide, it show'r'd upon my name.
 Your love had blame in its excess alone
 And wanted prudence ; while you sought to tell,
 By act and air, what long I knew and well,
 To the whole world your secret heart was shown.

Hence was the coldness which your hopes distress ;
For such our sympathy in all the rest,
As is alone where love keeps honour's law.
Since in your bosom first its birth I saw,
One fire our heart has equally inflam'd,
Except that I conceal'd it, you proclaim'd ;
And louder as your cry for mercy swell'd,
Terror and shame my silence more compell'd,
That men my great desire should little think.

But ah ! concealment makes not sorrow less,
Complaint embitters not the mind's distress,
Feeling with fiction cannot swell and shrink.
But surely, then at least, the veil was rais'd,
You only present, when your verse I prais'd,
And whispering sang, LOVE DARES NOT MORE TO SAY.
Yours was my heart tho' turn'd my eyes away ;
Grieve you, as cruel, that their grace was such,
As kept the little, gave the good and much.
Yet oft and openly as they withdrew,
Far oft'ner furtively they dwelt on you,
For pity thus, what prudence robb'd, return'd.
And ever so their tranquil lights had burn'd,
Save that I fear'd those dear and dang'rous eyes
Might then the secret of my soul surprise.
But one thing more, that, ere our parley cease,
Mem'ry may shrine my words, as treasures sweet,
And this our parting give your spirit peace.
In all things else my fortune was complete,
In this alone some cause had I to mourn
That first I saw the light in humble earth ;
And still, in sooth, it grieves that I was born
Far from the flow'ry nest where you had birth.

Yet fair to me the land where your love blest ;
Haply that heart, which I alone possess,
Elsewhere had others lov'd, myself unseen,
And I, now voic'd by fame, had there inglorious been."

" Ah no"! I cried, " howe'er the spheres might roll,
Wherever born, immutable and whole,
In life, in death, my great love had been yours."
" Enough," she smil'd, " it's fame for aye endures
And all my own ! but—pleasure has such pow'r—
Too little have we reck'd the growing hour.
Behold ! Aurora, from her golden bed,
Brings back the day to mortals, and the Sun
Already from the ocean lifts his head.

Alas ! he warns me that, my mission done,
We here must part. If more remains to say,
Sweet friend ! in speech be brief, as must my stay."

Then I : " This kindest converse makes to me
All sense of my long suffering light and sweet ;
But lady ! for that now my life must be
Hateful and heavy, tell me, I entreat,
When, late or early, we again shall meet."

" If right I read the future, long must you
Without me walk the earth."

She spoke, and past from view.

RETROSPECTION.

I.

When the shadows of the purple eve are lying
 Upon the dim vale and the green hill's swell,
 And the saddened light of day is slowly dying,
 All around us seems to say—farewell !
 Every flower then is closed and sleeping
 In the still air of twilight, and each bough,
 Laden with dew, hangs droopingly and weeping,
 Droops low and weeps, as doth my spirit now.

II.

Why are ye true, too faithful recollections !
 Recalling happy scenes and hours long past,
 In all the glow which youth and its affections
 Cast over days, too pure, too bright to last ?—
 Why do ye tell of many vacant places
 Within the lonely chambers of our heart ;
 Why vainly picture those dear forms and faces
 From which for ever we were doomed to part ?

III.

Where are those eyes which made the leafy bowers
 Of summer, lovely with their gentle light,—
 Where those sweet voices which did wing the hours
 Round the glad hearth-stone of a winter's night ?
 Alas ! those eyes are dim, those voices failing,
 Those cheerful hearts have sorrows now and cares,
 And memory's light though over time prevailing
 But saddens the cold twilight of our years.

H. M. P.

CLOSING SCENES OF IMPERIAL BENEFICENCE.

BY MRS. GRANT, OF DUTHIL,

Authoress "of Popular Models," &c.

The master of a British vessel, with a perspective-glass at his eye, stood on the deck, anxiously watching one bark, among several consorts, dextrously struggling against wind and tide, to avoid being dashed on the Isle of St. Leon. Near Captain Hardy, his nephew, the second mate, ejaculated compassionate words of alarm, lest the passengers in a Sicilian brig might fall into the gripe of their merciless countrymen; and such of the crew as were off duty, employed the respite from work, in gazing on the brig and muttering curses on the Dons ashore, who had already shed more Spanish blood than Soult, and his French army, when he drove them from their sheep-walks and vineyards.

"My brave boys!" exclaimed Captain Hardy, "can you withstand this pityful sight; or will you, like true British seamen, out with our small craft?" Instantly all hands were unlashng the boats; and the voluble Captain continued his oration, while assisting them. "Bravo! my high-mettled fellows! These boats have been tightly secured, or else the pitching and tossing of our timbers, had sent them clean overboard during so much foul weather right a-head; but they are safe here, and will be afloat in a twinkling. The fleet that left Gibraltar with us had a raging sea and a darksome night, while we found shelter in a little creek, south of Port St. Mary. And after escaping danger ourselves, shall we stand actionless and see the noble-hearted outlaws in the *Scampatore* taken to be cruelly executed? The American traders are much nearer

the Sicilian than we could get safe anchorage. See how gallantly they defy the wild storm, and are snatching from the white-topped billows the unfortunate men that have plunged there, rather than meet the doom of malefactors in their native country! Shall it be told that Yankees were less afraid of threatening surges, and more prompt for the rescue of persecuted honourable sufferers, than the mariners of old England, Queen of Ocean? Our good ship can never again be called the *Dare-All*, nor her commander named Thomas Hardy, if we look on, and yield to the Yankees a prize of honour and humanity. Who flinches from a brave deed, though the blast whistles loud, and louder?—but this is not the first time we have battled with breakers. Out!—out manfully with the boats, and I will lead you, my fearless hearties!”

Captain Hardy had talked incessantly to divert the attention of his seamen from too earnestly considering the hazardous effort he urged in behalf of a brig, freighted by Spanish refugees. With unanimous cheers the boats were manned. Every moment threatened death, or captivity to exiles, desperately resisting their assailants on the deck of the *Scampatore*; but their enemies had boarded her with far superior force. The fog, which until too late, had misled them into a near approach to the bay of Cadiz, had likewise delayed an attack from the land, as the flags of the signal-tower could not be descried amid thick masses of vapour, until a freshening gale cleared the sky. Then, under orders of the Holy Brotherhood, horse and foot assembled on the beach, to line the coast and prevent retreating to some obscure inlet. The *Scampatore* had drifted on a sand-bank during the conflict, and she now lay within reach of the shot aimed at her, which the outlaws returned with undaunted perseverance. It was a gloomy October evening. The sea around the Sicilian brig was deeply tinged with blood, the ghastly

corse, frequently appearing and disappearing among the ensanguined waves. The crew of the *Dare-All* in their boats, strained every sinew in hastening to meet a yaul, much over-laden, and rowed only by a young man and a stripling boy. Though the yaul hardly kept above the tumbling billows, an aged gentleman, wounded and bleeding, refused the help of Captain Hardy to step into his barge, unless the rowers, and three of his friends, disabled and covered with gore, were first removed by his aid. The sailors of Britain took off their jackets, in imitation of their commander, and spread them to receive the wounded foreigners ; other boats of the *Dare-All* secured their property ; but they who were extended in the barge, it seemed evident, would soon pass away from temporal concerns. The aged Spaniard had a frightful gash on his forehead, which a sailor had tied up with a silk handkerchief taken from his own brawny neck ; yet a purple stream oozed through the bandage, which the sufferer wiped away with one hand and compressed a wound in his arm, before unnoticed, with the other. Captain Hardy being engaged by endeavours to stanch the welling sabre-cuts of the prostrate gentlemen, a seaman very promptly bound up the senior's arm. With kind, yea tender, exertion to raise them gently, these warriors were hoisted on board of the British vessel, and laid on the best beds she contained ; and the youngest rower, moving from one to another, moistened their parched lips with wine, and kissed and bathed their hands with unavailing tears. He perceived there could be no hope of life, and kneeling down, uttered fervent prayers for the departing souls of his father and brothers. The sad ceremonial in committing their remains to a watery grave, succeeded a night of pious vigils on the part of the surviving strangers. Don Majorascos attempted an ascent on deck, but he sunk down ; a former wound on his knee had opened unhealed, and a mark

on the double top of his boot, showed where a musket bullet had struck, and was repelled by the folds of leather and a wadded bandage that kept the pressure of his garment from the injured part.

A favourable breeze springing up, Captain Hardy set every sail to waft his Spanish passengers to the protection of Gibraltar, and Don Maiorascos regained tranquillity—composed but saddened by afflicting recollections, and by anxiety regarding the state of his native land. He entrusted to the civil authorities at Gibraltar, chests, bales, and various packages, that pertained to exiles, or their heirs. After witnessing these transactions, Captain Hardy said it puzzled him to conjecture how so much property could have been gathered in the very heat of battle.

"These valuables," replied Don Maiorascos, "were heaped into the yaul by a dignified priest, and two subordinate brethren. The remnant of our effects is small; but if we had lost our moveables entirely, we should bless the saints, and above all we should laud the holy Saint Lawrence! that we had money to bribe the Sicilians to connive at our escape, while our adversaries regaled themselves with choice wines, intended for the princes of Naples and Sicily. Under God and the Saints, we owe life and liberty to you, Captain Hardy, and to your brave seamen. I shall not be ungrateful."

"Say no more, say no more of our accidental services," interrupted the blunt, generous tar. "I never in my life was happier than in seeing you beyond reach of the tower guns."

Arrived at Odessa, Captain Hardy sent his nephew with the Spaniards to Taganrog. The Emperor was expected there, and every lodging had been engaged for the court. Young Hardy bethought himself of a certain tallow-merchant, with whom his uncle had frequent dealings. The merchant was

absent, however, his managing damsel knew he valued the favour of Captain Hardy, and would be displeased if she neglected an opportunity to oblige him, in the person of his nephew Cadown, besides doubted not she might have individual advantages by titled guests, and she hustled about from chamber to chamber, preparing for their reception. Before a litter could be procured to convey the crippled Don from the barge, Cadown, all obsequious and officious, threw open several doors, and with young Hardy as interpreter, begged they would choose their accommodation. Don Colonarez, and the youthful, slender Vascondery, walked beside the litter that bore their aged friend. Young Hardy most decidedly refused to accept a well filled purse, which Don Maiorascos intreated him to receive as a small token of his gratitude, but the high spirited sailor said his uncle would be offended, and swallowing a large bumper of brandy, which Cadown had previously offered to the gentlemen, ~~and~~ they rejected as invalids, Mr Hardy withdrew. In process of time, Don Maiorascos transmitted to Captain Hardy a draft on a London banker, for handsome remuneration to him, his officers and seamen. Left to themselves, the Spiniards took documents, which Don Colonarez carried from the barge with much care, the rest of their luggage being transported to the tallow-merchant's house by the sailors. Next day Cadown's curiosity was excited and tortured, yet ever unsatisfied. She pryed, and listened, but the dialect that irritated her mind through her ear, and the object that met her eyes, were inexplicable.

"What is necromancy?—what is witchcraft?" said she in soliloquy, "if all about these odd folks, are not out of and above common nature. I sat late and rose early to mark such outlandish doings, but, like spirits gliding away without a footstep being heard, the young, handsome Don, and the pretty

stripling are off, and I am half mad that I know not—aye, never may know, where they have gone. As for the young lady all clad in black, and her very face in mourning, how she came here, and who she is, I am dying to know; and I cannot even get it out of her by sly questioning, for, deuce take her ignorance, she never has understood one word of all I have said to her, and wants quickness to take the meaning of signs. Now many a nice kerchief, and bit of lace, and ells of ribbon, and fur cap and gloves, have I taken from the customers of my master, that knew nothing of my lingo, nor I of theirs. A sign of their good will was enough for my ready wit. This girl with bright black eyes, and long, glossy raven hair, must be of southern birth. Her whimsical ways confirm what her face betrays. She crosses herself like none of our Russian ladies, and passes and re-passes the *bugh* without one act of reverence. I wish she could speak to me. I am likely to forget the use of my tongue."

In a few days Don Maiorascos was very ill, and day by day grew worse. At times in delirium he talked incessantly; and cruelly tantalizing for Cadrowna, was her inacquaintance with his language. She might have discovered all his secrets, could she but translate this profusion of foreign phrases. The patient seldom slept unless lulled into composure by the guitar, which the young lady played and accompanied with her voice. The music of a distant region was not in unison with the feelings of a hyperborean damsel. Her household tasks completed, she wiled away leisure hours gazing from the windows; if a chilling north wind remind her that a frozen cheek, nose, or lips, would inevitably wither her complexion before its time, Cadrowna had a happy knack of forgetting ten, or a dozen years, in computing her age.

A tolerably mild afternoon tempted her to loll on a paling

that enclosed a piece of ground surrounding the house. Wrapped in a large, soft and thick Angola shawl, a fur tippet, and her half-grizzled yellow locks covered by a fur bonnet, her hands protected by gloves lined with fur, she glanced in all directions for some passenger, whom she might induce to gossip with her. Not one appeared. Cadrowna supposed all were feasting their eyes on sights of the Emperor Alexander, and his glittering *cortegé*. She internally bemoaned her own hard lot, in being confined with impenetrable strangers, when a tall man, his figure concealed by the ample folds of a dark cloak, slowly advanced on the path leading from the town; and she felt uneasy in observing that he contemplated every part of her master's premises with scrutinizing attention. She opened the gate of the paling and accosted him. He returned her salute with a nod of smiling affability. Thus encouraged to chatter, she gave an exaggerated description of the strangers in her master's dwelling; and prolonged the gratification of loquacity, by an imaginative account of the wondrous evasion that, all unperceived, took away two young men, and substituted for them a lovely girl—adding, “Oh, if the Emperor saw her, he would chase her melancholy from that charming face—has his Imperial Majesty come to Taganrog?”

“Rumour tells he arrived last night.”

“Have any ladies come with him?”

“I have not asked.”

“I wish you had been more inquisitive.”

“’Tis pity your sage wishes were unknown to me.”

“Indeed, I am vexed you can tell so little to a poor damsel, who must watch over an outlandish beauty that cannot speak to her.”

“Is the fair one dumb?”

“Not at all. She has words in plenty for the old sick

man, but alack! I don't understand them. You had better have a peep at her, and tell me if she looks like a great lady intending to pay her homage to her majesty the Empress. She plays the guitar finer than any public musician I ever heard at Saint Petersburg, and she sings with the voice of an angel."

"It has not been my good fortune to hear the melody of angels, and as I may not have another opportunity, I shall not decline your invitation, but thankfully enter your master's house, if unseen I may listen to the seraphic voice."

"I read softly, and you may listen all unseen."

Cadowna had oiled the hinges of all the double doors, the lobbies she doubly covered with mats, for the convenience of her own prying inspections, noiselessly did she open the sick chamber. Don Maiorascos lay on the bed of suffering, his forehead bound with a black silk handkerchief that covered his eyes, the sable bandage contrasting dimly with his thin gray hairs partially appearing, and his mouth, strikingly expressive of integrity and firmness, received a more stern cast of reckless daring, encompassed by a neglected beard, blanched less by time than by sorrows. He slumbered, but if, in fevered restlessness, he moved his wounded limbs, or head, a sense of pain extorted groans, which awaking he resolutely suppressed. The lady, in deep mourning, haunted with the most touching pathos a requiem for the souls of the brave who had fallen in a righteous cause. She accompanied her clear, thrilling voice, with the thorough bass of her guitar. Tears rolled over her pale cheeks, and dropped on her bosom, heaving with anguish. The unsuspected auditor and spectator was greatly moved—the patient groaned, spoke, and the intrusive stranger retired. He gave a coin named Nervonity to Cadowna, telling her that if he found she was sympathizing and attentive

to the lady, and her distressed companion, a better reward should compensate for her seclusion. He placed his finger on his lips to enjoin silence. Cadrowna refrained from speaking till she followed the unknown to the gate. There was in his manner, when he pleased to assume it, an imperative grandeur that overawed the damsel; yet curiosity prevailed, and she asked him in what language the lady sung her doleful ditty? It was not French. She, poor creature, had not been taught French; and when addressed in that language, made no reply, except by a shake of her pretty head: then, like other waiting maids, Cadrowna ran out in praise of her features in the best style of a French play, which she learnt at Paris, while in the service of the Russian Ambassador's Secretary's lady, now dead and gone.

"I see you want to get away," continued Cadrowna, "and I will only ask you again in what language the lady sung, and made you look so piteous. You surely knew what she said?" The gentleman responded that he attended to the music, and not to the words of the lady's lament. In short, with gay indifference, he baffled, at all points, the inquisitive Cadrowna, by equivocal replies to her numerous interrogatories. He turned away with a slight bow, but she stopped him to say she hoped he had secured lodgings at Taganrog before the Czar, his imperial household, his train, civil and military, filled every mansion. The stranger answered he always took prudent measures for his own comfort; but he must remind her she ought not to be longer absent from her duties, and the promised gratuity must be earned by unremitting readiness to attend to any call from the foreigners. Cadrowna unwillingly submitted to these authoritative intimations.

Next day the same gentleman encountered Cadrowna, about twenty yards from the house.

"How now? going so far from the sick chamber! How is the patient?"

"Don't stop me a minute; I am galloping on two legs for a doctor. The old gentleman cannot live unless great skill takes him back from the edge of the grave."

"I am at his service, with all my best skill. Return with me, as I must despatch you with a note to an apothecary, whenever I have considered the sufferer's case."

"Are you in very truth a physician? I am so concerned for the old man, and so grieved for the affliction of his daughter. I am sure she is of his blood, she is in some respects so like him; and so must make free to tell you, that in all things you are a contrast to my notion of doctors. You have just the bold, laughing eyes of a soldier, and the high bearing of a very great courtier. The poor old man is too ill for cracking jokes at his expense."

"You have feelings, good damsel, and I swear to you by the holy virgin with the three hands, and by our blessed lady with the bleeding cheek, that I have been many years chief physician to his Imperial Majesty. Without my consent he takes no medicine. Indeed he takes it only from my hands."

"Enough, enough, I can no longer doubt that you speak true. No man in his senses would invoke such awful witnesses to a falsehood. But this is more than gallopping—it is flying—and I am so out of breath, I cannot ask half the questions you could easily answer."

"Hush! hush!—less bustling—stand back or you will disturb my patient."

Cadrowna, in officious kindness of heart, unasked, had hastened away for a physician. His unexpected entrance startled, and, for one moment, disconcerted, the young lady; but she resumed self-possession, and requested he would speak

to her only in the Italian language. He felt the pulse of his patient, pencilled some lines, which he ordered Cadrowna to deliver, with the utmost expedition, at the Czar's pavillion, and to return in all haste. He looked at his jewelled watch, telling her he would know if she obeyed his commands. Cadrowna nothing loath, hastened to seek relief for the Don, and to enjoy a glimpse of the royal domicile. The physician seated himself close to Don Maiorascos, the lady giving up to him her station at his pillow. In his delirium, the Don mingled events long past, with his recent excitements—at one time addressing La Harpe, or his illustrious and amiable pupil, Alexander, the predestined sovereign of all the Russias. He then adverted to the heroic girl, who, overcoming the natural timidity of her sex, by the higher impulse of filial devotedness, had wielded weapons of defence, side by side with her father, her brothers, her grandsire, on the deck of the *Scampatore*; and by her presence of mind had induced the greedy Sicilians to take a bribe for their safety—"but," exclaimed the unhappy grandee, "she is gone. I neither see nor hear my last, my only comforter. I will seek her." Don Maiorascos made a violent effort to rise. The lady in soothing accents prayed him to remember that the bandage on his forehead being over his eye-lids, all objects were excluded; and the music had ceased by his own desire. Exhausted and calmed, the patient had a lucid interval.

The apothecary came, spurring a fleet horse to his utmost speed, and attended by a mounted groom, who took the charger at some distance from the house, lest his tramp might incommode the patient, whose wounds were balsamed, and anodynes administered, before Cadrowna re-appeared. She was lost in astonishment to see, that in her absence so much surgery had been effected, and inwardly reflected—"The apothecary must have wings at his heels. It is all wonder on wonder!"

While the apothecary ascertained the symptoms of disease, the physician drew his fair attendant to the seat most remote from Don Maiorascos, lest she should hear any alarming inquiry, and he engrossed her attention by asking explanations of the significant, though incoherent, references to former impressions on the raving spirit. The lady replied to every question with the ingenuous frank simplicity of conscious rectitude, that desires no concealment. The apothecary said Don Maiorascos laboured under the *brimean* fever, aggravated by the suppuration of his wounds; but the symptoms, though severe, were not dangerous. He daily visited the patient, and was generally preceded by the physician; who, as he recovered, told the Don he was commissioned by the Czar to inquire into the circumstances and prospects of a Hidalgo known to him in early life, and of whom; and his valiant son and grandsons, his Imperial Majesty had heard honorable mention from British officers that served with them in the Peninsular war. The Emperor had ordered daily supplies of whatever could be agreeable or beneficial to the patient. Before Don Colonarez came back from his northern journey, the aged exile was much recovered, and had, through the medium of his physician, made the communications which his Imperial Majesty deigned to require. We shall endeavour to arrange into one connected narrative, the facts imparted by the invalid, with many interruptions from recurring pain or debility.

Don Olyanthus Maiorascos, father to the expatriated grandee, long enjoyed distinguished favor with Charles III. of Spain, and though his near relative and intimate friend, the Count Florida Blanca, was removed from the direction of political affairs, the King signified to the Count D'Aranda, his royal pleasure that Don Maiorascos should be appointed Ambassador to the Court of Russia, where he had extensive estates, the hereditary portion of his wife, a Muscovite

lady of high rank. Only natives of Spain can succeed to titles or property in that kingdom ; and in obedience to this ancient law, the Ambassador returned thither, and neither he, nor his Dona, revisited Russia until three sons were born, of whom Don Xanthus Maiorascos, our exile, was the youngest. He was about seventeen years old, when his father obtained leave to reside some years in Russia, to settle the affairs of his lately deceased father-in-law, wherein public interests were complicated, his private and extensive territorial transactions. The elder sons of Don Olyanthus must serve their country in civil and military capacities, while Xanthus had permission for accompanying his parents to Russia. His mother had been honoured with many distinguishing marks of favour by the Empress Catherine, and was received by her Imperial Majesty with renewed condescension. The Czarina likewise designed to take the young Xanthus into her personal service, whenever he finished his studies at the military school, and procured for him, from the King of Spain, permission to accept an appointment in the Imperial Guards, immediately in attendance at the palace. His father being recalled to assist at the coronation of Charles IV, the Czarina obtained from his native sovereign leave for Xanthus to remain at St. Petersburg, being on the eve of marriage with the lovely and accomplished Adeline La Harpe, the sister of a talented French gentleman, employed to mould the young mind of Alexander, now Emperor of Russia, a monarch whose enlightened beneficence, hath effected the intrinsic aggrandizement of his vast empire more than all the Czars and Czarinas of preceding reigns. The best of his predecessors, including Peter the Great, were deficient in attention to the moral and intellectual improvement of the people ; but Alexander wisely hath founded their prosperity on the firm basis of moral and mental elevation.

A Russian noble, the intimate friend of Don Xanthus Maiorascos, married a sister of his Donna. This prince had a high command in the army sent against Ockzakow, and before his departure, nominated Don Maiorascos and his wife, the guardians and trustees for his only child, the heiress of immense wealth and territory. A certain extent, with the title of Kneeeze, must devolve to the male heir; but her Imperial Majesty sanctioned and guaranteed the settlement on her name-daughter, the infant Catherine Alexandra; and vouchsafed to affix the Imperial signature and seal to the deed in her favor; also to another document recommending the union of Catherine Alexandra with the Count Ragana, should these children grow up in mutual attachment. His elder brothers died early, and gave to Don Xanthus Maiorascos a large inheritance, and the dignity of Hidalgo, some weeks before Catherine Alexandra became an orphan. Her father, the Kneeeze, General Azurbozern, was slain in the moment of victory at Ockzakow; her mother, the victim of fears for his safety, survived the accounts of his loss but a few weeks. Don Maicrascos, with his Donna, their ward Catherine Alexandra, and their only offspring, the Count Ragana, took a long farewell of Russia, in obedience to a summons from the King of Spain.

At the earliest age allowed by the laws, their ward and their son, plighted the nuptial vow of faithful love, at the holy altar. A family so tenderly attached to each other, could not endure a separation. One spacious palace sufficed for their abode; and if ever true felicity sojourned in this world of trials and vicissitudes, her presence blest the splendid residence where Don Xanthus Maiorascos, his consort, endeared by long experience of her virtues, and their descendants in two generations, happy in assimilating dispositions, enjoyed the

heartfelt satisfaction of promoting the gratification and welfare of a wide circle in their own sphere, and conferring essential benefits on multitudes, their inferiors. But permanent prosperity is not the condition of human existence. Vague rumours of the revolution in France produced fermentation in the public mind, while the severities resorted to by Godoy, misnamed the Prince of Peace, to suppress intelligence, augmented the far-diffused avidity for news from Paris; giving thus a fatal scope to demagogues in misrepresenting facts, with the view of raising themselves to eminence during the civil commotion. Don Maiorascos, and the Count Ragana, laboured to prevent a rupture between the King, his Nobles, and the middle class, whose talents and number rendered them formidable in troublous times. But those honest patriotic endeavours to moderate the opposition, and reconcile the interests of all ranks, awakened in each a distrust of the mediators, suspecting them of a latent conspiracy for individual advancement to power. Foreign invasion suspended the animosities, which threatened to arm the sons of Spain against each other. Don Maiorascos and his son, having braved many open and secret dangers to conciliate their Sovereign and his subjects, now clearly discerned that the most effective service they could attempt, must be an escape to Gallicia where they might assemble a force to oppose the French.

The Donnas Maiorascos and Ragana, and Count Ragana's daughter Catherine, sought an asylum at a convent where the aunt of Don Maiorascos presided. Donna Maiorascos had been some years in declining health; the menacing evils that hung over her husband, her son and grandsons, with the alarming crisis of their departure to check invasion, uncertain whether their countrymen would be true to their own cause, broke the attenuated tie that bound to life this most exemplary woman. A fortnight had not elapsed since she

found refuge at the convent, when her soul passed forth from earthly cares to bliss eternal.

The convent was situated near unfinished baths on the river Manzanires. A party of French soldiers were detached by their commander to complete the buildings. An old Frenchwoman who came from Russia with the late deceased Donna, often strayed to the baths, to assuage her grief by talking with her countrymen, and hearing from them of her relations in Languedoc, which province she had not visited in the course of forty years. She learnt from the serjeant, that the commandant of the western division, *en seconde*, was Colonel La Harpe, and that his *gentilhomme* was Le Cadre.

"Is his name Barthlemi, and is he not young but *et* and good looking?" said Madelaine.

"Monsieur answers to that description," replied the serjeant.

"Well, do me the kindness of telling him that a sister of his grandfather, the same who rejoiced to see him in Russia twenty years ago, will be on this spot the day after to-morrow, waiting his convenience to receive from her hands a curious and valuable *tabatiere*, which, with her blessing, she wishes to gift to her nearest of kin, and that kinsman is Monsieur Barthlemi Le Cadre. From him she wants nothing but the pleasure of embracing him."

The valet had leave from his master to attend this assignation. Madelaine, arrayed in rich attire and bedizened with fine trinkets, came to the place—not considering how she exposed herself, and the ladies at the convent, to the unbridled cupidity of the French soldiers. In the meantime Barthlemi was enchanted to see his grand-aunt, a personage of apparent wealth and consequence, and so very old that he should even enjoy all her possessions, since she promised to appoint him sole heir. He described her person and address

to Colonel La Harpe, and shewed the *tabatiere*, which was, indeed, an exquisite specimen of Lyonesse workmanship. The Colonel desired his valet to invite the *demoiselle* to take *café* the next evening. Madelaine presented herself accordingly at Monsieur's *salle à manger*, more gorgeously adorned than in her walking dress. The repast was in a style of magnificence. When concluded, Barthélemi informed her the Colonel desired to see her in his *salon*. She failed not to make known to him that, the Countess Ragana was of his own blood, and her daughter doubly descended of his nation. When she rose to take leave, the Colonel directed Barthélemi to see her home, followed by a file of soldiers, as her costly *bijoutrie* was too likely to compromise her safety. Colonel La Harpe apprehended the principal danger from his own soldiery. In two days he waited on the Countess Ragana at the convent; and aware that nuns have apertures in the partitions of the hall for receiving visitors, that they may know whatever is said or done, Colonel La Harpe cautiously avoided all appearance of *chuchoterie*; and seeming to be gaily diverting the young Donna by writing enigmas, and taxing her ingenuity to give a solution, he pencilled the intelligence, that his division had that morning unanimously presented to him, a formal claim to the plunder of all religious houses—a right established by the precedent of Junot's army in Portugal. If they persisted in this demand for pillage, the Colonel would send his fair cousins a portmanteau containing male attire, as intimation to provide a timely retreat, and he dropped a key, which Donna Catherine sportively conveyed to her reticule and feigned to restore at parting. But she understood it was intended for the portmanteau. The Colonel likewise pencilled a warning to the ladies, not to betray anxiety, as the nuns, by long confinement rendered helpless, and their juniors impatient for liberty, would precipitate

their own fate. He would protect the very aged Abbess and Madeline, and spare no exertion for the safety of all the relict.

Next morning Bartholomew came to invite his aunt to breakfast, and brought a portmanteau with books and music, as he believed, for the Countess Rigana. She and her daughter quickly assumed the garb of Munisan peasants, and they covered their milk disguises, with long cloaks that were sent with the homely raiment. The Donnass were accustomed to take the air in a calash—an excursion on their part caused no surprise to the nuns. At a safe distance, the fugitives turned their mules northward, urged their pace to the utmost speed—and near a ravine unyoked the calash, sent the mules to browse on the herbage in a thicket of dwarf trees, dragged the calash to a precipice, and cast it down the ravine. These were toilsome exertions for ladies, bred in affluence and ease,—nor might they rest after the painful task. They must rapidly tread bye-ways, to shun the French, who were dispersed over the towns, hamlets and villages on foraging parties. Ascending the Sierra Morena nearly overcame their strength, but their fortitude failed not. The hope of meeting Don Maiorascos and the heroes of their house, revived their flagging spirits, and in a defile, half a day's journey from Salamanca, they were stopped by a patriotic band, watching to intercept a body of French infantry. The Countess Rigana joyfully recognized the young Don Colonarez, and addressed him as a peasant, who wished to make important communications to Don Maiorascos, and craved a private audience for himself and his son. Don Colonarez sent an escort with them.

How acute! how mixed were the feelings of Maiorascos, when the Donnass revealed their names and the events that occasioned their disguise! When informed of his Donna

being removed from temporal woes, the aged warrior bent his head on the rude table in his tent, in mental prayer; then rose, saying in a low, but firm voice, "My best beloved has been taken away from the evil to come! Praise to God and the Saints!"

The interview between the Countess and Count Ragana, and her sons, evinced at once the tender feelings and self-command of the lady and her daughter. The Count was hastily called to arms. The detachment under Don Colonarez was engaged by the enemy and must be supported. They returned safe and victorious. They had left a guard over the Murisan peasants, ostensibly to detain them until the truth of their intelligence could be ascertained. Don Colonarez proposed taking the boy into his service; but Don Maiorascos told him the youth was of noble parentage, and the son of a valued friend. He and his father must be at this juncture under the immediate protection of Count Ragana, who intended entrusting them with a special mission to Tamora. The ladies entreated not to be separated from their most dear guardians; and represented the dangers they might incur, if the French attacked Tamora. They would be more secure and incomparably easier in mind, with the patriotic army, than if committed to the care of the good, old, dignified ecclesiastic at Tamora. Don Maiorascos and Count Ragana could not resist importunity so reasonable, magnanimous and endearing. The heroines remained with them, and faltered not in resolution to endure undismayed every peril, and cheerfully to partake all hardship or privation.

To enter on the detail of events, which led to the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Spain, would be tedious. Adversity had not taught the King to respect his sacred oaths to maintain the new constitution. A breach between him and the Cortes ensued, and soon became manifestly irreconcilable. The ascendancy

gained by Don Colonarez, on account of his services to the Cortes, and by well-merited confidence in his tried integrity and talents, was employed at this critical period to avert from Ferdinand a criminal trial, as a traitor to the duties of royalty, and the rights of the people. Again he broke faith with the existing Government. The Cortes were dissolved. Arrests, confiscations, banishments or executions multiplied daily. The pusillanimous, credulous King wanted firmness to protect his best subjects, or to discern those who served him with fidelity. Accident discovered to Don Colonarez that he and the family of Don Maiorascos were to be accused of treason, and the public denunciation was retarded only by the absence of Don Maiorascos, Count Ragana, and some of their relations, who were perfidiously invited to Madrid, for the solemnization of Holy Mysteries in honor of Saint Lawrence. Donna Ragana and Donna Catherine, set out secretly, and by a hazardous, circuitous and fatiguing route, met the Don, his son and grandsons in time to warn them of the danger. They changed their route for Gibraltar, a destination recommended by Don Colonarez, who joined them on the second day of their progress to the south. Donna Catherine had been placed in a convent near Madrid, on the return of her parents to that capital; and now in male disguise, she was hailed by Don Colonarez as a brother soldier. The Countess Ragana, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, must be carried in a litter after the second day of her perilous journey. Don Maiorascos and his companions, disguised as monks on a pilgrimage, carried the vehicle with the dying lady. She drew her last breath ere they reached Gibraltar. Her mortal remains were carried thither by her father-in-law, her husband and Don Colonarez, who testified surprise at the grief of his shy, melancholy, stripling companion. The youth accounted for it by ascribing it to a grateful recollection of many

benefits conferred since his early years, from the hand now, and for ever, cold in death. The governor, the officers and superior inhabitants around Gibraltar, paid all respect to the obsequies of Countess Ragana, and offered every consolation and aid in their power to the noble mourners. Several officers in the garrison had served with them in Galicia, and other parts of Spain, and greatly esteemed their worth and valour. Soon after the interment of the Countess in hallowed Catholic ground, her sorrowful relatives embarked in a Sicilian brig for Odesa. The consequences of their voyage have been related; and we now return to Don Maiorascos, a convalescent under the care of the Court physician and apothecary, and the unremitting attendance of Donna Catherine.

So much conversation in an unknown language, was intolerably irksome to Cadrowna. She only murmured at the risk of losing the use of her tongue; and wished and wished again, for the return of her master. He would encourage her to speak of his own concerns, and his customers would talk to her. Thus pondered the isolated damsel, while seated at a table repairing her fineries; and having completed the operation, she resumed her usual place at a back window of the kitchen. The double doors were closed to exclude a piercing north wind. Don Maiorascos had fallen asleep soon after the physician left him, and he had talked so much, and so long, that he had not awoken though the young lady had suspended her performance on the guitar, and only lulled the patient with her soft voice. Afar off, Cadrowna descried a figure so like the tall gentleman that came with Don Maiorascos, that she kept her eyes directed to his approach, till, sure of his identity, she glided to a door, partly subterranean, which to the uninitiated, seemed a latticed window. Gazing intently on all sides to satisfy herself she had no beholders, Cadrowna withdrew the semblance of a latticed window

and clambered over the opening, to meet Don Colonarez. She indulged her long-restrained volubility in a minute detail of occurrences since his departure. She spoke in very bad French ; but her auditor listened with profound interest, and occasionally encouraged recitals by asking questions. She replied in diffuse narrative, not unembellished by her excursive imagination, and was eloquent in praise of the lovely young lady.

"A young lady ! who and what is she ?"

"You, a young cavalier or knight, should be able to answer that question. Nobody knows less of her than I, after being weeks uncounted, obeying her dumb signs. She can speak fast enough to those that understand her gibberish."

"Whence came she?—but first tell me how is the youth that came to your house with Don Maiorascos and me?"

"If you would not interrupt one so often, I would have told you that the very day you vanished with her brother, I found, standing at the old Don's bed-side, the pretty lady, all in black. I am quite convinced the lad was her brother—I never saw two faces so very like."

"The young officer did not go with me."

"Then he has wandered—and is lost—lost for ever. The wild Calmucks, too surely, have laid their wicked claws upon him. They will sell the sweet boy for a slave?"

"I will redeem him at all hazard or expense."

Don Colonarez darted away as he vehemently uttered the last sentence. Cadrowna sprung after him, and seizing his arm, expostulated on the foolish project of going a wild-geese chase, without inquiring of the Don, why and where the dear boy was gone.

"To the Don then, I shall go instantly."

"The Don is fast asleep, and must not be disturbed. You had better see the young lady."

"Then lead me to her this moment. I see no door open."

"I dare not open the double doors; the noise would awake the sick man, and he seldom sleeps so sound; but if you can keep a secret, I will give you access another way. Promise on your Spanish honour, never to tell, nor even to hint that this is a door."

"By my sacred honour, by my soul! by all the saints, I swear to keep inviolably the secret you confide to me. Pray, pray admit me," continued Don Colonarez, impatiently.

"Saint Alexander Newsky!" exclaimed Cadrowna, "it would be enough for you to be so eager to see the young lady, if you had known how lovely she is; or if the poor wandering lad was a beautiful girl, and your real sweetheart. Come on; leap over these plaguy bars, and wait for me till I have replaced the blinds."

"Good Cadrowna be quick. Let me assist you. There, now all is fastened. Pray show me the way. Every minute seems an age, till I can begin a search for my dear young friend."

Cadrowna led the young Don through obscure mysterious passages, among puncheons, barrels, bales, bags, hampers and boxes of miscellaneous description, left him at the door of an apartment occupied by Don Maiorascos, and made the usual finger sign to the young Donna that her presence was desired in the kitchen. She complied, having drawn her veil close, and spread her fan, as Spanish nymphs invariably conceal their features on leaving their own peculiar retreat. She acknowledged, with a reserved ceremonious inclination of her head, the deferential bow of Don Colonarez, which preluded his intreaty for some direction in following Count Nascondarez, the dearest, the most attaching companion he ever had.

"There is no cause for disquiet, Senhor; the supposed

wanderer has not strayed a mile from this house since you left it. All his movements are well known to us, and in a few days he will account for them to Don Colonnarez."

"Blessed tidings! May the saints reward you, fair Donna, for raising my heart from the depths of misery to happiness inexpressible. A temporary absence from my beloved friend has taught me, how necessary his presence must ever be to my happiness."

The vehement tone in which Don Colonnarez uttered this self-gratulation, passed through the unclosed doors to the quick ears of the invalid. The return of Don Colonnarez was hailed with joy, and the kindest cordiality. He expressed great concern for having missed the Emperor, who suddenly left Petersburg ten days sooner than was expected.

"Let not this supposed delay of my memorial vex you, my dear envoy," said Don Maiorascos. "The physician whose skill is most trusted by his Imperial Majesty has generously attended me in a violent fever, and has promised to lay before the Czar a duplicate of our petition. If Don Colonnarez feels sufficiently refreshed to attend the evening assemblage at Court, the announcement of his name will probably remind the physician of his promise. I have obeyed the imperial mandate to confide the history of my life to that medical adviser; and those facts, authenticated by exiles, and by English officers of high consideration, now with the Emperor, will corroborate such as have been stated in the memorial."

"Excuse me, Don Maiorascos. I must be utterly unfit for courtly homage, unless I may first embrace my dearest friend. I am astonished at the witchery that binds my inmost soul to him. Tell me, I beseech you, where I should go in quest of that heart-cheering companion, and I shall afterwards endeavor to prepare for the part of a courtier."

"If you would spare me distress, dear Colonarez, you will take a little rest and refreshment before you go out. Catherine, my love, can you permit Don Colonarez to renew his fatigue without some experience of your hospitality? Let us have the advantage of your superintendence to the damsel Cadrowna. She does not well understand the savory compound you direct her to make, in imitation of our *puchiero*. Colonarez will relish any semblance of our fashions in cookery; and in place of the fine pears of Idelfonso, we can only offer him the water-mellons sent this morning by our kind medical friend and purveyor, M. Zerbstoff. For me the Austracan apples, and the restorative beverage, are not incompatible with a regimen prescribed by my good physician. You surely will not omit sliced turnip, and a *modicum* of brandy in the bill of fare. Cadrowna would be affronted if you forgot that preface to a dinner in Russia. Donna Catherine hastened to the kitchen, and Don Colonarez resumed enquiries about his young friend.

"Can you discover no likeness between that youth and my grand-daughter?"

"The Donna has not vouchsafed to me the privilege of beholding her unveiled countenance."

"Holy Virgin! may thou plead for the hapless maids of Spain, compelled in evil times, to assume disguises repugnant to their feelings! Would you, Colonarez, think the delicacy of an innocent girl compromised, though to save her honour, she had no resource unless by wearing male attire in the ranks of war with her grandsire, her father and brothers?"

"Don Maiorasco's words can express my astonishment and admiration! I extolled a youth, supposed to be of the masculine sex, so early, so calmly and steadily enacting the hero, but what language can applaud the heroine! Or how shall

I combat the regrets that an intimacy, on which I had erected my dearest hopes of happiness, can no more gladden my heart?"

"These impressions will gradually soften; and throughout this evening, it will perhaps be expedient, not to let Catherine perceive you are aware of *her identity* with Nascondarez."

"I cannot depend on my self-restraint so as to promise forbearance; and if irresistible impulses betray my feelings, may I throw myself on your mercy, thrice-honoured Don Maiorascos."

"Dear Colonarez! this ceremonious appeal to mercy is too incongruous with our great obligations to the brave preserver of our lives, by his political influence and by his valour! Can you doubt our gratitude? Providence hath manifestly blended our fates. I leave you without reservation to your own exalted honour, and often-proved discretion. You will, no doubt, keep in mind, that my granddaughter is a mourner for her dearest relatives."

"I cannot forget that I also am a mourner for those esteemed and loved companions in misfortune and perils; and"—

Cadrowna with a large China plate of sliced turnip, a brandy bottle of corresponding magnitude, and glasses of ample capacity, here interrupted this confidential dialogue. She knew this prologue to a Russian dinner was forbidden to Don Maiorascos, but looked chagrined when it hardly was tasted by Colonarez. However, the scowl on her face changed to a gracious smile, as he pleaded being too worn out and weary to venture on a strong restorative; and begged her to be his deputy. She tossed off the bumper gaily, invoking all good *baghs* to bless the stranger. She moved with increased alacrity in bringing forward the dinner, and observing that Don Colonarez eat little, took the liberty of telling him he should have whetted his appetite with turnip and brandy, which must not be spared to-morrow.

Don Maiorascos pushed the bandage from one eye to

look if Catherine had unveiled. She observed this, and rose to adjust it; begging him not to hazard a fourth sup-
puration of his wound, which was beginning to shew signs of
inflammatory swelling, when she dressed it in the morning. He
answered, that if she treated Don Colonarez with due frankness
by taking away her screen, the old patient would be all com-
pliance. Catherine gave invariable obedience to her grandfather
and therefore immediately complied with his request, but
before evening, she often wished for the veil to hide the suffusion
called to her cheeks by the ardent gaze and implied tenderness
of her guest. Attendance at the Emperor's *soirée*, the memorial,
all interests were absorbed by engrossing passion. Don Maior-
ascos slumbered, or seemed to sleep; and the young Don and
Donna availed themselves of the precious moments for an inter-
change of sentiments the most interesting. He won her consent for
their immediate betrothment, and the celebration of the sacred
forms of marriage, whenever a Catholic priest could be procured
to give the sacramental benediction to their union, should Don
Maiorescos sanction the proposal. In answer to the urgent solici-
tation of her lover, Catherine decidedly objected to an application
for her grandfather's assent until next day, lest the excitement
should give him a restless night. He had been much disquieted
since the physician had so long delayed his visits, and it
was necessary to avoid all topics of conversation that might dis-
turb his tranquillity, while nature claimed repose.

Days dawned and darkened, and the physician still dis-
continued his personal attentions. The wound in Don Maior-
ascos's face underwent another suppuration, but the fever
was moderate, and Don Colonarez had often practised sur-
gery in the patriotic army, where professional men were
not always at hand. A note from the imperial physician
acted as anodyne and cordial for the aged Don. The

physician had accompanied the Czar on a journey—he had not forgotten the memorial, and its representations were favorably considered by his Imperial Majesty. The exiles gratefully received these intimations, and submitted to the postponement of their wishes with becoming quietude. One morning Don Colonarez heard Cadrowna sobbing, as if in extreme sorrow. He enquired the cause. Cadrowna, with a violent burst of tears, said she had been told by a sensible customer of her master, that the Emperor had not long to live. Her story was so incredible that, after consulting with Catherine, Don Colonarez resolved on going to Taganrog for authentic information. He made haste in returning to relieve her alarm. He fortunately met an English field officer with whom he had served, who said he had been with the Emperor at the palace of a boyard, about twenty versts to the east of Taganrog, where the incident happened that occasioned so much painful, and in his opinion, absurd fear for the Czar's health and life. A dense fog detained the Emperor from Taganrog beyond the time fixed for his return. It is his uniform custom to dedicate the morning, and, when needful, the day to business. The evenings are given to amusements in society. Couriers from various stations, civil, military and commercial, delivered their despatches late at night. The Czar rose very early next morning, and by candle-light examined the several packets, in a sequestered apartment. The sun broke out, bright and clear as noonday. An hour passed on. The time arrived for bringing chocolate to the Emperor. The nobleman in waiting, and the attendant pages, stood aghast on finding his Imperial Majesty writing, with all the tapers burning, and the sun darting a brilliant lustre upon his head. The Russians entertain a superstitious notion that writing by artificial light, be it wax, tallow, resin or lamp oil, while the sun shines, is portentous of death to the pen-man.

The Emperor raised his eyes from the paper, and is alleged to have changed colour. He desired the tapers to be extinguished, gave orders to prepare his travelling equipage, took the chocolate and resumed his pen, till apprized of his *cortegé* being ready for the road. The boyard and all who saw the Czar, believed that his deportment, though courteous, was unusually grave; and almost true it is, that ever since his return to Taganrog his Imperial Majesty has made unremitting exertions to improve and confirm his salutary laws and benevolent establishments. By the most explicit enactments he settled the emancipation of all the peasantry on the imperial domains, and promulgated encouragements for their instruction. He has granted new privileges and honours to the princess, boyards, and proprietors of every description, who should emancipate their serfs. By legal instruments he prohibited the sale of Calmuck children by their parents, or by agency, and established schools for reading, for teaching useful arts and manual crafts, to those semi-barbarians. The number of schools throughout the Russian Empire, with larger salaries, has been augmented, and no means has been neglected to make the people enlightened and happy.

Don Maiorascos was preserved from sharing the anxiety that preyed on his grand-daughter. Don Colonarez tried to persuade Catherine he was not less incredulous than his English informant regarding the superstitious prognostic of evil to the Czar. After a sleepless night, she gave breakfast to the invalid, and tried to stifle her too impressive recollection of the omen, by cheerful communications for his entertainment. The small walnut table with their morning repast had not been ten minutes removed when the door opened, and with joyful officiousness Cadrowna announced the physician.

"I doubt not the doctor has seemed forgetful," said M. Zerbstoff to Don Maiorascos; "but verily he hath been neither forgetful nor idle. The tediousness in official procedure is alone culpable of delay."

"I entreat you, M. Zerbstoff, not to take the trouble of apology," replied Don Maiorascos. "You did not promise to settle our affairs at any given period, and we have not presumed to repine at our trial of patience."

"The trial was not premeditated, and I am delighted to congratulate you, and Donna Catherine, on its happy termination. In the first place this document secures to Don Maiorascos the full value of his property, to be repaid from the day of his payments being suspended by the intrigues of his enemies, who misrepresented his conduct, and induced the Czar to sequester his effects in Russia. These parchments convey to Donna Catherine, all the rights, all the territorial inheritance and funded wealth bequeathed to her by her maternal grandsire, the Kneze Basitides, Prince of Okzakow. As for you, brave Don Colonarez, the Emperor knows you to be so eminently—so peculiarly qualified to manage all the interests of Donna Catherine Ragana, Princess of Okzakow, that pecuniary remuneration from the imperial treasury must be superfluous; but by these instruments, titles of high dignity in the Russian Empire, and a commission in the Imperial Guards, are conferred on Don Colonarez. It beseems not the physician to speak of more exquisite and felicitous recompence destined for his valour."

Catherine blushed and trembled with emotion, Don Colonarez rose to receive the intimations of imperial goodness to himself, and Don Maiorascos was offering most grateful acknowledgments to the Czar, and to the physician, for benefits so munificent, when a door hitherto unnoticed by the Spaniards, was forcibly thrown open, and a tall,

corpulent man appeared, amidst a falling heap of cloaks, hats, side-arms, and umbrellas, hung there by Cadrowna, to conceal the aperture. Stunned by blows from the swords and walking-sticks, as they fell from pegs in the door, and entangled by folds of Spanish cloth, the intruder tumbled; and trying to emerge from his incumbrances, unwieldy in his efforts, and disconcerted by a feeling of his grotesque absurd situation, he at length got up, and waddling to the couch, commenced a set speech to Don Maiorascos, full of high-flown compliments and thanks for honouring his humble roof by the residence of an Hidalgo, and far-famed warrior. His oration was suddenly stopped as he glanced at the physician. Retreating several steps, he cried aloud—"To! your kneeling homage. The Emperor! the Emperor," and while he spoke he prostrated his bulky figure. Don Colonarez had snatched, and unsheathed a rapier, when the apparition issued from an unsuspected door; the strange man, in breathless terror, uttered cries for mercy, and Cadrowna increased the general confusion by rapid inquiries for the cause. Whenever her master heard her voice, he reprimanded her for leaving the kitchen; but without her help he could not have risen, and when he kneeled, she followed his example. Donna Catherine bent on one knee. The Emperor raised, saluted her, and still holding one hand, he said—"Good friends, our unpracticed gentleman-usher has made rather a clumsy announcement of the Emperor. Rise Don Colonarez. Gemissions ill accord with the easy intercourse to which Alexander has owed pleasant hours in this circle. My lovely subject, thus we seal thy renewed allegiance." The Emperor again saluted Donna Catherine; then turning to Don Colonarez said, "Colonarez Count of Spain! Prince of the Russian Empire! we crave, in your behalf from Don Maiorascos a title more blissful—the affianced spouse of Donna Catherine Ragana!"

"Your Imperial Majesty disposes of my grand-daughter in accordance with my wishes," responded Don Maiorascos, "and I most humbly beseech your high benignity to accept our poor acknowledgments for honour and bounties infinitely beyond the most emphatic words to express, or to utter our gratitudes. I cannot bend my knee, but every feeling of my heart and soul is prostrated before our imperial benefactor!"

Raising his person as far as he had strength, Don Maiorascos, supported on his elbow, bent his head in token of reverence the most profound. This posture was soon observed by the Emperor, and resuming his medical function, he said, "Don Maiorascos, we enjoin you not to discredit our surgery by a posture so unsuitable for a convalescent; and there will soon be a call to exertion, for which you should prepare by present ease. A litter will remove you, in less than one hour, to the chapel of the French Factory, where the chaplain waits to officiate in the ceremonial of uniting the Prince of our Empire, with the Donna Catherine, Princess of Okzakow. An equipage will speedily attend, and we shall conduct the betrothed, first to the holy altar and thence to a mansion, our nuptial gift on the auspicious occasion.

The expressive eyes of Alexander beamed with the mild lustre of benevolence as he spoke to the aged Hidalgo; but turning to the tallow merchant and his damsel, a shade of severity darkened his brow, and the merchant quailed under that penetrating glance, where he and Cadrowna still kneeled and grovelled on the floor. She looked at the Emperor undaunted, and promptly obeyed his command to rise, and take the promised gratuity for her sympathizing assiduities to Don Maiorascos. His Imperial Majesty cut short her loud and rapid thanksgiving and dismissed her to the kitchen; a mandate gladly obeyed, in

her impatience to know the amount of her treasure. When she shut the door, the Emperor resumed—"As for you, Gezzereych, stand up, and listen to the detection of your malpractices against our revenue. Accidental and premature gentleman-usher to the Emperor, we appoint for thee an employment where fidelity may atone for past misdeeds. "*Set a thief to catch a thief*," says the old adage; and familiar with all the nefarious devices of illicit trade, you ought to be an able and vigilant intendant of our customs at Taganrog. Your behaviour to Cadrowna implies a suspicion that she betrayed you. She is innocent. Our information has been more deserving of credit; to-morrow your appointment shall be made public, go now and fit yourself for its duties." Gezzereych again kneeled—tried to speak his gratitude for lenity so unmerited; but could not utter a word. The Emperor in pity to his confusion, waved his hand to dismiss the delinquent.

The balsam of domestic happiness promised for Don Maiorascos, the perfect cure of his mental and personal wounds. How transient is the sunshine of human prosperity. A week subsequent to her marriage, the Princess of Okzakow was seized with a typhus fever. The court physician, who in prescribing for Don Maiorascos had personated the apothecary, was sent by the Emperor to attend the lady. But the resources of his eminent skill in her distemper, had nearly been frustrated by the imprudence of a servant. By order of the Emperor she brought fresh fruits from the summer garden every morning. She came one day beating her breast in an agony of grief, and exclaiming.—"The good and great Emperor Alexander is dead! dead! The Emperor Nicholas has been proclaimed." The sick Princess overheard these woeful tidings—relapsed, and during many days there was little hope of her recovery. The all-absorbing anxiety of her father and husband on account of her dangerous state,

diverted their thoughts from the public affliction. She recovered. The Emperor Nicholas granted permission for her to remove to Lucerne to establish her health, accompanied by her illustrious consort and her father. Each morning and evening their prayers for the soul of the deceased Emperor were mingled with petitions to the Saints, that Nicholas might be guided and upheld in the footsteps of their Imperial benefactor, and like Alexander, the benignant might he seek the enlargement of his Empire—not in the extension of territories already too vast for efficient administration of the laws in all parts. Rather may he take the example of his magnanimous predecessor, and ensure the glory of Russia by accensions of moral excellence, science, literature and the useful arts. So be it henceforward!

B. G.

SUNSET—EVENING AND NIGHT

By A. ALFANSON, Esq.

The Sun now hastes to lay his weary head,
 On Gunga's pillow at the close of day,
 And Dian, like a dutious chambermaid,
 Brings her trim lamp to light him on the way.
 While evening draws her curtains dim and gray,
 The paly stars—the candles of the sky,
 Through heaven's windows glimmer with faint ray,
 And nature with love-beaming dewy eye,
 Hums while he sleeps a soothing lullaby—
 Now stealthy wolves and fierce hyenas prowl
 Like thieves about—while with his far-heard cry,
 Night's watchman gives th' alarm—the wakeful owl—
 And jackals—midnight rioters loud howl,
 At virgin Cynthia—till all in deep slumber lie.

THE DECAY OF ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN R. C. CAMPBELL.

I.

Romance is dead !

Titania and her satellites no more

Twine tiny chaplets for the elf-king's head,
Or revel in the forests green and hoar :

On mossy couches, now, the goblins strew
No poppy-scents, dispensing slumber deep ;
Nor from rare weeds and mystic berries brew
The philtre-wine, that makes young maidens weep.

II.

The laten'd hind

Hears no strange symphonies ascend from earth

Nor turns his careless head, to look behind,
Lest scaring spectres start to sudden birth :

No green-robed shape flits thro' the mazy wood ;
No elfin imp, with wan unearthly light,

Betrays his footsteps to morass or flood,
Then, hooting scornful laughter, flies his sight.

III.

The village maid

Seeks fearlessly the dark and twilight dell ;

Nor deems that Walter, flitting thro' the shade,
Is the gaunt shadow of some demon fell :

The owl shrieks warning omens in her ear—
She knows it is the owl, and heeds them not ;

The harsh blast whistles—lightning flashes near,
But unappall'd she seeks the trysting spot.

IV.

On moorland bare
 No traveller, bewildered in the night,
 Beholds strange orgies ; held by witches there,
 Whose incantations scatter bale and blight :
 The churchyard-fane is vacant,—paly shades
 No longer glide among the silent graves ;
 Nor boasts the sea its train of gay mermaids,
 Seen idly couching on the tumbling waves.

V.

Romance is dead !—
 The legends of the past no credence win
 From sceptic breasts,—where worldly craft hath bred
 The pyrrhonism of every thing,—but *sin* !
 'To such, love is a record of untruth ;
 Friendship a fable, that no moral hath ;
 Virtue a task, to pain and puzzle youth ;
 And vice, poor human nature's destined path !

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

BY MARGARET DIOEMA * * * * *

I.

Say not " Romance is dead !"
 In many a young and trusting heart it dwells ;
 Disguised in ~~worm~~ ^{form}, 'tis true, and only fed
 By thought ; yet still it worketh many spells.
 What though Titania, by magic light,
 No more weaves mystic wreaths for Oberon's brow,
 Nor sprites their charm'd herb-juices pour, at night,
 On sleeper's eyes, to work their ~~weal~~ ^{weal} or woe !

II.

No more the mushroom's head
 With tiny elfin forms is circled round,
 To taste the fairie banquet o'er it spread ;
 No magic rings now mark the dewy ground,
 Nor fearful fancies scare the moon-struck hind,
 Of goblin-fiend ;—no soul-entrancing strain
 Of holy music swells upon the wind,
 Nor moaning spirits to the night complain !

III.

No seething cauldron hangs,
 Self-balanced, in the air, where wizards brew
 Their murderous unguents, mixed with venom'd fangs
 Of asps—and flesh unholy—and with new
 Soft fat of babes unchristen'd ; never more
 Shall light burn blue, in sign that spirits rise,
 Nor horse shoe e'er be nailed at cottage door,
 Nor witch on broomstick mount to sweep the skies !

IV.

Fond visions ! hallowed lore !
 Which erst were wont to circle round the hearth,
 And o'er each heart a breathless pleasure pour,
 All past ! Yet still Romance has place on earth ;
 Else why does memory so fondly cling
 To half-breathed words and strains of melody ?
 And why the festive song of wild birds bring
 Sad thoughts, unmeet for such gay minstrelsy ?

V.

Wherefore, with down-cast eye
Does yon fair girl speed o'er the burning plain
And sunny upland ? does she not descry
That shelter'd woodland dell ? Ah ! ne'er again
Must that sweet sylvan path, so cool, so fair,
Be gemm'd with autumn's dewy flow'rs, be trod,
For she with her beloved hath wander'd there,
And with him rested on the flowering sod !

VI.

She passes heedless by,
Nor culls the woodbine nor the rich musk-rose ;—
Does she not love sweet flowers ?—her lustrous eye,
Sadden'd with starting tears, the reason shows—
She ne'er again can cull those precious sweets,
She ne'er again can bind them in her hair,
Nor bear their odour, till again she meets
Her spirit's joy—her heart's best treasure there !

VII.

In distant, burning clime
He wonders,—shall *she* rest in quiet shade ?
Never ! unto that soul-rejoicing time
When both may meet within that greenwood glade !
Seek in the treasured bounds, which mortal eye
Saw her's ne'er scan'd—what are those withered flowers,
Half dropped,—those unformed lines ?—Ah ! touchingly
They speak to her of many blessed hours !

VIII.

Of solemn evening hours,
 When murmured accents fell upon her ear ;
 And he she loved, e'en with those very flowers,
 Formed mystic spells, and made each bud appear
 Rife with fond meanings ;—touch them not,—those things
 So worthless, fill her soul with deepest pleasure ;
 And happier thoughts their faded odour bring
 Than ever sprang from earth's most faded treasure.

IX.

Then, say not ever,
 My brother ! that Romance has perished quite !
 It cannot be, till all true hearts do sever
 And break their troth,—and dewy flowers of light
 Shut up their speaking buds,—and stars of heaven
 Are dimmed,—and meteor-lights no more are glancing
 Athwart the sky,—and softened hues of even
 No more arrest the soul, with power entrancing !

X.

'Tis said, with pride too high
 Romance once sinned 'gainst common sense and truth,
 And thenceforth from all good society
 Was banished and proscribed, with outen ruth ;
 Yet still, though all-dishonored, does he dwell
 In loving hearts, and wilder maiden's brains ;
 And as of old, with many a witching spell,
 Blesses the very soul that he enchains.

ODE TO DIVINE LOVE.

Translation of Canzone da Filicaja.

BY MARGARET D. P*****.

I.

Oh Lord ! with mighty, wonder-working love,
 Thou, in thy mercy, framed my living soul,
 Before the rapid feet of time could move
 To count the hours,—before, with strong controul,
 Thou sentest forth thy great and high command
 O'er all the chaotic mass, thy wondrous power
 Was spread, Omnipotent, o'er all the land,
 To bring forth into life each herb and flower,
 Deep in thy hidden thought my life was found
 A sign of all thy true and secret love profound !

II.

But when that glorious and powerful voice,
 Which caused all things to be placed in th' abyss,
 Those kindled orbs of light, which make rejoice
 All hearts,—and all the shades of night dismiss,
 For me those wandering stars of light were made
 To beam within the heaven, and for my joy
 This steadfast earth was planted, and displayed
 All other beautiful things which we enjoy,
 These were all made for me ! O, sing my verse,
 The thought of me, whose power did build the universe !

III.

And then, on this most vile, insensate clay,
 The eternal image of thy holiness,
 Thy sacred spirit—in my life's first day
 Strongly imprest, nor was thy love remiss

In mercy to renew within my heart
 All graces, whensoever it was required ;
 And thy most gracious aid thou didst impart
 To my frail spirit, and its ways inspired ;
 And thus, as oft as thou hast turned to me
 And ruled and checked my heart, thou hast created me !

IV.

And what unmeasurable love was thine,
 Which placed *me* among the chosen few,
 And caused on me that star of faith to shine ;
 Thou might'st (for what is there thou couldst not do ?)
 Have placed me by the rolling Ganges' side,
 Or 'neath the burning Moorish heaven, or there,
 Where by Abydos flows the livid tide,
 Far on the slavish soil that stretches near ;
 Thou mightst have made me dwell upon the strand
 Of Infidels, or breathe within a heathen land !

V.

Beneath the yoke of galling servitude
 Thou mightst have laid my path ; and yet thy grace
 With such high benefits my soul endued,
 Such ample heritage for me didst place !
 And I, ungrateful for thy love, thus showed,
 To cull thy precious gifts my hand extended ;
 And with the very gifts thou hadst bestowed,
 In foul despite, 'gainst thee, my God, offended ;
 And thus to sin, rejoicing, did incline,
 Making thy will, O God ! subservient to mine !

VI.

And I—I love thee not !—in what rude spot,
 In what most barbarous school, can I so soon
 Have learnt such hardness ? Who else e'er forgot
 Such wondrous love ? The fragrant air of noon,

The stream that rushes down the grassy vale
 Love thee!—and that sweet minstrel who in
 Her thankful song, adown the starlit dale
 With the wild forest beast her tribute brings
 And all with love in language known to thee
 Venerate thy praise, and hymn thy glories gratefully

VII

And the bright stars, whose eloquent rays may say
 The language of the heavens sing thy praise
 And the dark night, and the fur noonday beam
 The glorious sun with manifest rays
 And the deep ocean which adorns so well
 This earth, and all sweet flowers and herb which tell
 The chilling frost and ice in their short spell
 Send forth their voices and thy glory sing
 And as with sighs and tears and word complain
 We are thy servant—O Lord! Oh turn to us again!

VIII

And I alone resist thee!—I alone
 Refuse to love my God and turn to thee
 Yet if I love thee not, how far art flown
 All joys! what bitter grief remains for me!
 All things predict my woe,—Oh! can it be
 To me a light affliction, and a weight
 Of small amount, to bear no love to thee?
 To linger on, in this most dark estate?
 A thousand hells, Oh, Lord! exceed not this
 Without this one, would be no hell the dread abyss!

IX.

This stricken heart no more is hard as stone—
 Oh, God! what shall I do, to what aspire?
 I *would* love thee, and to that end alone
 To will is needful,—and I do desire

To love thee ' I have wandered in the maze
 Of error, through a path of woe and sin,
 And thought it joy to stray amid these ways
 But now, I long to love thee,—to begin
 To seek thy word and serve thee '—I should pray
 For Grace, to love my God, and trust in him alway

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And now, even while I ask, I feel the fire
 Of heavenly love rushing thro' every vein,
 And kindling in my soul the glad desire
 To seek and know thy spirits and again '
 And oh ' my song, if this may truly be
 Celestial Love ' do thou repeat my lay,
 Until within my heart of vanity
 No spot be found,—and earthliness its way
 With thee from out my soul, and none remain,
 Then, oh ' my song, thy sounding notes thou may'st restrain '

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

1

Weep not, my love,—'tis fit that I
 Should tear myself away,
 When truth and honor bid me fly,
 While yet I can obey.
 Thy father spurns me from his side,
 Thy kinsmen, in thy scorn,
 Think love like mine presumptuous pride,
 In one a vassal born.

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II.

Weep not, my soul!—war's wildest strife
 No danger hath for me,
 The love which bids me guard my life,
 Shall lead to victory.
 Oh! what shall stop me as I dash
 Upon the opposing line,
 When I can win where lances crash
 A name to match with thine?

III.

Thy father will relent at last
 When at my fair one's feet,
 A hundred trophies I shall cast,
 Each won where squadrons meet.
 I boast not, love; it is for thee,
 And thy dear sake alone,
 I seek the wreaths of chivalry,
 The soldier's high renown:

* * * * *

He went, and crowned with glory, died—
 A soldier's tomb they gave,—
 A single pilgrim stayed beside
 The hero's new made grave.
 Night passed, and when the morning's breath
 Woke each sweet flower's perfume,
 A sweeter flower lay cold in death
 Upon the warrior's tomb.

THE LOVER'S PASS.

A TALE OF 1700.

BY LIEUTENANT G. R. P. BECHER.

As the grey tints of morning were slowly verging into a lighter shade, a traveller, equipped as from a laborious journey, urged his jaded steed through the still silent suburbs of the village of Nugeenah (which then stood adjacent to our late out-post in Oudh, by name Dwarkah, but which now only presents the crumbled ruins of its fort;) and observing a *gwallah* proceeding with his cattle to herbage, inquired of him the way to its *serai*, which being pointed out, the stranger sought refreshment for man and beast at the door of a *bhut-tara*. The mare, a beautiful Dekhaneé of jet black, was soon busily munching at her bundle of grass, which she devoured with as much zest as her master, who was soon agreeably occupied in discussing the merits of one of the most approved *Hoossainee pilaws*, having left not a remnant of which, he called for a *kullian* and lolling with the grandeur of a prince, on a *charpué*, inquired of his landlord what news was stirring in his city.

“City!”—re-echoed the person addressed, with a most suppliant smile, for the large and muscular frame and noble bearing of the stranger, inspired him both with awe and respect—“Our poor village cannot be honored with such an appellation, but great doings have lately taken place, which your slave will most gladly relate to his lord.”

“Indeed!” responded the stranger, betraying unusual interest, which did not escape his observant companion; but recovering

himself, he continued, with an affected sneer:—"The news of so great a place must indeed be of importance to one of my consequence!"

"Your honor's slave would not presume to hint as much," replied the landlord; "but to us, quiet and retired as our situation is, such scenes are cause enough of excitement; and I had hoped might serve to wile away an hour, and in affording amusement to your honor, obtain a recompense for the duster of your shoes."

Flinging him some silver, the traveller hurriedly said: "Well, *kumbukt*! on with your tale; but should I fall asleep during the narration, send for a barber to *daab* my legs and arms, put a few more spices in the *kubaab* than you did in the *pilaw*, and now first bid your wife renew my chillum, and tell yonder brat to give water and food to my mare for she has yet much to do."

The *bhuttiareen*, a comely lass, performed her office without bidding, but not without casting a glance at the handsome features and symmetrical figure of the stranger, which he observed and returned with an encouraging smile: she was soon busied in her culinary operations, and in seeing the mare carefully tended; while the *bhuttiara*, smoothing with his wan fingers the meagre stragglers on his upper lip, after a few hums and ha-s commenced his narration.

"Be it known to the *huzoor*, that the daughter of our Nawab, Koodrut Alee Khan, Buhadoor, blessed be his door-post! is endued with that comeliness and grace which the immortal Sadi has bestowed on his descriptions of the Hoori's: this lovely and incomparable damsel, is wholly devoted to the renowned Roostum Khan, a prodigy of valor, famed for his generosity and protection of the distressed, and the son of——"

"On with your tale;" interrupted the stranger, "and leave out all such profuse descriptions of the pedigree of those whom your story may introduce."

"Your lordship's wish is an order to your slave," returned the *bhuttiara* with a low reverence. "This damsel is now about to be forced to become the bride of the Nuwab of Ferozabad, who, though possessed of countless wealth, is universally detested for his cruelty and oppression; and being feared by the Nuwab our master, has obtained his consent to the nuptials, which he yielded sooner than risk the consequences of a refusal: two days hence the bridegroom will be here to take away his bride, and magnificent preparations are making for his reception: my wife was at the palace yesterday to make her *salaam*, and relates that the Princess is in a state of sad distress."

"Friend," eagerly inquired the stranger, "would you do a service for this lady?"

"Your slave's life is at her service," he replied, bowing to the ground.

"Well then, good man," continued the stranger, "bid your wife be the bearer of this signet to the Princess, and your fortune is made; let her deliver it in secrecy and say, that the owner will be at her feet ere to-morrow's sun sets on your secrecy of this message and having seen me, depends your life; obey and you shall be amply rewarded, in part token of which accept this trifle."

When the *bhuttiara* saw the gold coins glistening in his hand, he was entranced with delight, and began kissing the donor's feet, and putting out his tongue, drew his finger across it in token of his silence.

"And now, then," said the stranger, "saddle my poor mare, for I must reach my destination ere I touch food."

In a short space the stranger had remounted his mare, and was already out of sight, when the *bhuttiara* proceeded to communicate his errand and his good fortune to his wife.

"*Allah Hafiz!*" exclaimed she, "our *nuseeb* is good; may

blessings shower on the stranger and attend his path ! Oh ! what a dress I'll have for the wedding ! *eh Janee !*—but I think I can guess who this traveller is."

"Hush ! Bunnoo, hush !" said the wary husband, "do his bidding, while I go and take a *chillum* of *nanu saiee* with Babajee."

Equipping herself hastily in her best apparel, the *bhuttiareen* proceeded to the palace, and contrived, after sitting for some time, to deliver the signet to the Princess unobserved. The moment the Princess recognized the well-known token, she could hardly suppress her emotion ; but the *bhuttiareen* enabled her to do so by requesting the old nurse in Allah's name to bring her a cup of water, for that she felt dreadfully faint from her long walk, and so well did she act her part that the old woman at once complied with her wish. While she was absent, the *bhuttiareen* delivered her message, and entreated the Princess to constrain her joy and hide her secret from the old woman, who, as she spoke, entered the room and proffered the water to the *bhuttiareen*, who had quickly resumed her fainting posture.

"Bless thee, sister !" said the old woman, "why did you venture here whilst it was so hot ? you might have called in the evening."

As if gradually recovering after her draught, she still faintly replied : "Oh nurse, I could not stay at home without seeing the dear lady who is in such distress at her bad fortune."

"Peace ! sister, peace !" replied the nurse, "know you not that what is written in our fate must be ? Allah witness how I love my mistress ! but I cannot repine at her becoming the bride of so rich and powerful a lord ; but walls have ears, sister, and we must keep a check upon our tongues."

As she uttered the last words, the *purdah* was lifted up and the Nuwab himself stood before them.

"You speak for yourself, nurse," said her master, who had indistinctly heard the words, "for yours might most appropriately be termed a *churkæ*; but daughter!" he said, turning towards her, "that smile on your face delights one—I trust you are prepared to receive your husband."

"Yes, father," she at once replied, "I am determined to be a dutiful daughter, and welcome my fate."

"Bless thee! child, bless thee!" said the doting though stern sire; "and now to keep up your spirits, take your *sitar* and give me one of those lovely airs you used to sing."

Meanwhile the *bhuttiareen* had received her dismissal, and the Nuwah sunk into a reclining posture on a *guddee tukka* near the casement; when his daughter having adjusted the strings of her *sitar*, with a sweetly plaintive voice, thus gratified her father's wish—

Ah! maiden, dry the trembling tear

And bid thy heart rejoice!

A warrior comes to soothe thy fear

The lov'd one of thy choice.

From yonder casement's lofty view

In distance o'er the plain,

Behold the well-known azure hue

That marks yon crescent's train.

'Tis he! 'Tis he! she softly sighed

And sunk on Arza's breast;

But other's arms soon claimed the bride

As lip to lip was prest.

The gaudy feast, the merry dance

Proclaim'd the nuptials o'er,—

The warrior throws aside his lance

The maiden weeps no more.

"Thanks child thanks!" cried her sue in exultant delight keep up thy spirits thus, and now I must to the *dewan* though I fear your music has delayed me as he spoke he placed his hands on her head and giving her his blessing, departed.

The last shades of evening had disappeared and night had stealthily crept on, the *Zeel* had enjoyed an opportunity of lying again on the token of her lover, and now drawing it forth from her bosom, she again and again pressed it to her lips then returning it to its resting place, sunk exhausted into a deep sleep, from which she did not awake till the beams of the morning sun apprized her that it was long since day. Her first impulse was to look to the security of her treasure and her alarm mingled with fear bespoke its loss she was not, however long undecieved as to its disappearance and into whose hands it had fallen. Contrary to her usual practice she had fallen asleep without loosening her vest and the careful old nurse had performed this office for her to the old woman's surprise, the signet fell on the bed, and her curiosity being excited, she immediately bore it to the light, and quickly perceiving the high value of the ruby, unacquainted with the characters it bore, it once took it to the Dewan Sahib, and this worthy servant having informed his master of his suspicions, the Nuwab himself now approached his daughter, bearing the signet in his hand.

"Most worthy daughter of mine," he said, while a scornful smile played across his features, "I bring thee a lost treasure, and might thy father beg to be informed how thou became possessed of the signet of so worthy a name as it bears? This then was the lover whose token so animated you last evening and now answer my question, as you demand my resentment."

"Father," replied the trembling girl, endeavouring to assume an air of indifference, "that bauble was brought to me

for sale by a *bhuttiareen* ; she had received it from a generous traveller, who refreshed himself at her house."

" O, ho !" rejoined the Nuwab, " our friend of yesterday. Haste nurse and bid a suwar bring both her and her husband into my presence ! and now child we will endeavour to marry thy plot and teach thee other lessons : a strict watch shall be kept in the meanwhile, and ere to-morrow's sun sets your future husband will be here to convey you from all memory of your valorous knight." Saying which, with a mock *salaam*, he retired.

Zeela's first impulse was to give vent to her feelings in a burst of tears, and covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly over her misfortune, and in this melancholy mood awaited the lingering hours of evening's approach, hoping that her lover might elude the vigilance of the domestics and rescue her from her distressing situation. At one moment she had resolved to destroy herself, but again a bright hope banished the thought, and painted to her eager fancy visions of future bliss.

The arrival of the wished-for hour had now but a lighter impulse to her thoughts, and observing the old nurse buried in a deep slumber, she bid her other attendants leave her undisturbed till called for, and fastening the door sat intently listening for any sound that might betoken her lover's delayed arrival : as the gloomy twilight had disappeared, and the lucid light of the moon threw its lustre over the surrounding scene, she watched from her latticed casement with straining eyes to catch any object that might quiet her now increasing fears for the safety of her beloved. In front of the casement at which she thus sat, was an extensive plain, but to her right hand, at the end of the room, was a smaller lattice which overlooked a broad lake, and as she could discern no object to soothe her apprehensions, she now approached this, wondering that it had not struck her as by far the easiest mode of access.

The clouds were continually obscuring the bright face of the moon, and the luxuriant foliage of the clumps of bamboos, which reached to the casement, afforded her but transient glimpses of the lake ; in one of these moments, however, she felt persuaded that she had seen a small boat with one figure impelling it in the direction of the casement, but again a gust of wind set the foliage in motion, and she found it impossible to discern any object ; still she sat in hopes that she might obtain another glimpse, and in the meanwhile placed her ear closer to the lattice. While she was thus listening intently for any sound which she might construe into a signal, she was suddenly startled at hearing a gruff voice close to her ear say, " Princess haste and be cautious." Suppressing her alarm, she demanded with a trembling voice " who is there ?"

" Do not be alarmed, lady ;" replied the same voice, " 'tis I, the *bhuttiara*, sent by the noble stranger to say, pressing necessity and business in your welfare have prevented his coming to-night ; but fear not, he will be with you to-morrow eve to bear you from your persecutor : I have climbed these bamboos undiscovered by the soldiers, but my boat awaits me and delay is dangerous to all parties."

" Stay but one moment !" she cried ; " tell him the signet has been discovered, that I am strictly watched, and that at sun-set to-morrow"—

Ere she could finish the sentence, the loud report of a match-lock rang on her ears, instantly the sound of a heavy weight was heard beneath the casement, and the noisy rush of men and loud laughter convinced her that the messenger had fallen a victim to the vigilance of the guard. The old nurse starting up from her bed at the report of the gun, gave her barely time to reach her couch, on which she feigned to have been sleeping.

"Nurse! nurse!" she cried, in trembling alarm, "what can have happened?"

"Happened, indeed!" said the old crone, still rubbing her eyes, "I suppose some officious intruder has been fired at by the guard; "but sleep mistress dear, for to-morrow will be a busy day,"—and throwing herself again on her bedding she was soon as fast asleep as if nothing had disturbed her. Not so with her lady, whose eyelids watched the rising day unrefreshed; and no sooner had the golden rays of the morning sun shone through the latticed muslin curtains of the window, than, as she had anticipated, her father again visited her.

"I came," said he, "to inquire after your rest last night, and whether the death-knell of a prying miscreant, who met his deserts at the hands of my followers, in any way disturbed your repose; but those traitorous eyes tell me my answer, though your lord will expect to see them beaming with joy at the nuptial hour. Strange to say, the suwar I sent for the *bhuttiarra* and his wife has returned, unable to trace their flight; but the husband, also strange to say, was the last night's victim. But why that shudder?" (eyeing her with a look of deep meaning,) "the signet was merely the gift of a stranger. Come, cheer thee, silly girl, and prepare to receive thy lord; and nurse, I trust to thee to restore thy lady's looks: deck her in her wedding gear,—and few brides can boast of such costly gems or rich apparel. I must away to prepare for so grand an occasion." Saying this he departed.

Vain, indeed, were the nurse's efforts to soothe her mistress; and putting on with loathing the splendid garments and massive golden ornaments, the disconsolate Princess awaited the arrival of her noble guests, the female portion of her hated bridegroom's family.

The misty twilight had begun to melt into the sombre tints

of night, and the flickering light of torches and loud music with pealing shouts, betokened the approach of the gay cavalcade which accompanied the Nuwab of Ferozabad. The apartment of the Princess was brilliantly illuminated with crystal chandeliers, and the diffusion of green lamps shed a mellow lustre over the magnificent gold-fringed hangings of rose-coloured velvet which adorned the room ; the gold-embroidered pillows, the sparkling *kinikaab guddes*, reposing on the soft velvet bedding with which the chamber was carpeted, presented a scene of rich luxuriance, and the gold and jewelled *hookah*, the richly chased and massive *puwndaun*, and ewers and goblets of highly wrought silver, displayed the wealth of the mistress of this gay profusion ; and the richly-attired nautch-sets, sitting in silent attendance in a corner, the beautiful countenances and elegant figures of the maiden attendants, some with gold and jewelled handled *chowries* of the tail of the bird of paradise, and some with silver fret-work fans, arrayed in tasteful vestments of fine muslin, white as driven snow, standing around her, formed a melancholy contrast, to the far brighter and more beautiful being who sat with tearful eyes gazing on the scene in the court-yard below. Dressed in a *sayah* of azure satin, deeply embroidered and spangled with gold, with a veil of gossamer muslin of the same color, edged with gold, a *doputtah* lightly thrown over her shoulders reaching in graceful folds to the floor, through which the rose-colored hue of the *hoortah* resembled the blushing sun-set, veiled by a transparent cloud , with her dark and glossy hair parted over her fair forehead and in plaited grace reposing on the rich drapery, and bound with chains of gold interspersed with pearls, attached to a frontlet sparkling with emeralds and gems of rich color and costly price encircling a large diamond of brilliant lustre, her beautiful arm resting on an embroidered cushion and partly

screened by the shawl which rested on her shoulder, her small and fairy-like fingers pressing her burning cheek, sat the cheerless mistress of this gaudy scene. Intently she watched each figure as they alighted from their gaily appparelled steeds, and ever and anon, the bright and flashing lightning of her jet black eye bespoke the working of some deep resolve : but now the crowd of nobles stationed themselves on both sides, leaving a road for the Nuwab of Ferozabad, who, descending from his fiery and proudly-bedecked charger, advanced to embrace the father of his bride, while louder and louder shouts rent the air ; next approached the golden *palkee*, covered with crimson velvet drapery, deeply edged with gold-bullion fringe, which was to convey away the bride, succeeded by the little less costly litters of the females of the family : every description of music, led by the shrill *shadeeah*, welcomed the scene and ushered the noble guests into the hall of state, where the graceful steps and soft and plaintive voices of the dancers, lent their aid to enliven the scene till they sought the banquet-hall.

The Princess with feigned courtesy now engaged herself in the hospitalities and becoming attentions due to the rank of her visitors ; but in spite of her efforts an involuntary start was often nearly betraying the unwelcomeness of her task, and at whiles she would steal a glance from the casement, feigning to admire the beauty of the night.

Loud revelry sounded in the banquet-hall, as they pledged in silver goblets of spicy sherbet, the noble alliance, and the time had crept on for the departure of the gay cavalcade ; but dense clouds had now obscured the moon, and peals of thunder roared aloud as if threatening to crush the massy building, while bright and vivid flashes of forked lightning, played through the archways and glanced in terrific celerity across the hall. The Nuwab of Ferozabad, rising from his seat, announced his

determination to proceed, and the kind entreaties of his host and the persuasive hints of his timid courtiers, were alike met with rude contempt, and in loud and angry tones he bid them "to horse."

It was well known to his followers that his *sagee*, or cup-bearer, mixed the forbidden juice in his chalice, and it was under the power of these potations that he recklessly perpetrated deeds of horror and cruelty.

'Midst torrents of rain, and in fearful silence, the cavalcade, escorting the litters of the birde and the other ladies of rank, proceeded towards its destination. The Nuwab, curbing his impetuous steed, starting and plunging at the lightning running along the rocks leading into the pass which they now approached, detained him at the side of his victim's litter, while in bitter taunts he addressed her.—

"Incomparable damsel, whose charms dazzle the Eagle's glance," (for this was a name applied to the renowned Roostum) "I have heard of your beggarly warrior, and could we now meet I would soon teach him that the lion can bid the jackall pluck his feathers."

"Liar and coward! prove thy words," thundered a voice close to his ear, and instantly the Nuwab reeled from his saddle, but in his fall he bore with him to the ground a figure whom he had indistinctly seen and grasped.

Two men armed to the teeth immediately appeared on the summit of the rock above, bearing torches which blazed so fiercely that the strong wind which had succeeded the cessation of the rain, was unable to quench them. In an instant, both antagonists sprung to their feet; while those who remained of the Nuwab's followers, (for many had fled, overcome with terror and superstition at the well-known cry of "Beware the Eagle's stoop," which echoed on all sides,) stood silent and trembling witnesses of the scene. The Nuwab of Ferozabad was a large and powerful

man, and well skilled in fence, nor by any means wanting in personal courage ; but the invincible arm of Roostum Khan was well known and feared, and as the Nuwab's followers saw their scimitars gleaming in the glare of light which fell around their figures, they felt that they should be rid of their hated master ; but although they could perceive more than their number moving to and fro in all directions, they stood resolved to secure him fair play.

" Now, miscreant, meet thy doom !" roared the Nuwab, hoarse with passion, aiming with irresistible force his sword at the head of his antagonist, while at the same time he stealthily drew a pistol from his *kummerbund*. " Ha ! escaped me, then take this," he added as he fired the pistol at Roostum ; but Roostum had watched his wily antagonist and eluding the sabre-cut had struck the pistol aside, while following up his advantage he inflicted a deep wound on his adversary's sword-arm. Quick as lightning the sword passed into the Nuwab's left hand, and maddened with pain, he again made a desperate cut at Roostum's head which he had barely time to ward, but the sword gliding off the guard of Roostum, was shivered in two against the rock. Foaming with rage and more and more irritated with the agony of his wound, he rushed at his adversary, who nobly throwing away his weapon met him with a firm resistance. Now the scene became agonizing to the spectators, for Roostum's followers deprecated his having yielded the advantage, and the adverse party gazed in silent wonder at the generous magnanimity of their unworthy master's rival. Locked in the muscular and almost supernatural strength of Roostum's hold, the Nuwab found that he had an antagonist to compete with beyond his strongest efforts ; but burning with hatred and jealousy and despairing of the useless efforts to free himself, he passed his hand to grasp his *kuttar*, or dagger. The noble Roostum saw the vile attempt,

and flinging him from him, drew his aloo and stood upon the defensive. Now the eyes of the Nuwab glistened with the fury of a tiger, and instead of appreciating the noble conduct of Roostum, he only raged the more with maniac fury.

The quick sharp sound of the daggers' war! alone disturbed the stillness of the scene, and the loud lungs of the Nuwab promised Roostum an easy advantage; waiting for his opportunity he seized the left arm of the Nuwab with iron force, while he at the same instant plunged his dagger into the heart of the detested monster, who fell a lifeless coise at his feet. Sounding a horn which hung around his neck, the whole summits and vicinity of the rocks rung with the war-cry "Beware the Eagle's stoop," as his followers, some leaping from the crags, others appearing from their hitherto hidden proximity, flocked around him; while the now dismayed followers of the Nuwab found their departure impeded by a large body of men, who blocked the outlet from the pass. Finding all hopes of escape were vain and owning no master, they at once yielded their arms, and it required but little persuasion to induce them to join the banners of the Eagle.

Roostum had previously arranged that the litters of the bride and the ladies should be strongly guarded and well cared for, and he now gave directions for a party of his new followers to accompany the other ladies in safety to their home, while he in person conducted his now happy bride to the palace of his father, where gay rejoicings proclaimed the nuptials of this devoted pair. The father of Zeela, on hearing of the defeat and death of the Nuwab of Ferozabad, gladly yielded his consent and illuminated the festival by his presence; (as the words of the manuscript has it,) and the poor blauttierrin joyfully attended on her beloved Princess.

An enmity of course existed between the families of Ferozabad and Nugzenah; but any further results are not recorded.

A MOTHER'S REMEMBRANCE.

I.

I hear young voices round,
And the merry laugh arise ;
But my sadden'd breast shrinks from the sound,
And the tears start from my eyes !

II.

I have not heard that tone
For many a weary day ;
Not since my loved and lovely one
To her cold grave passed away.

III.

She went to her bridal home
'Mid the winter's latest snows,
And, alas ! they strew'd o'er her silent tomb
The summer's earliest rose !*

IV.

I hear the magic tone
Of the voice she loved so well,—
That voice, which reminds me of her own
And *she* lies in the narrow cell !

V.

And many a well-known face
Smiles on the pleasing lay ;
But the form which used these scenes to grace
For ever is passed away !

* Married 16th January, died 30th May, 1839.

VI.

Oh! she loved that plaintive song,
And oft, in our evening hours,
Her murmuring voice stole sweetly along,
Like the breeze over beds of flowers.

VII.

But, ah! that gentle voice
Bade many a sorrow cease,
And many a burden'd soul rejoice,
As she whisper'd "pardon and peace."

VIII.

For oft my loved one came
To the lowly and desolate door,
And she spoke of her dear Redeemer's name
Where it seldom was heard before!

IX.

And a heavenly beam is thrown
O'er her dark and silent grave,
For my loved one trusted in Him, who alone
The trusting soul can save.

X.

And I know, that in that great day,
When her Lord shall come again,
With angels and saints in bright array,
She shall be with that glorious train!

XI.

And her voice, which on earth was so sweet,
Shall be heard on the heavenly plains,
When all nations and tongues shall triumphantly meet
The Lord, who Omnipotent reigns!

ELIZA P. —.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FRIEND'S
BIRTH-DAY,—11TH JUNE, 1823.

BY SIR CHARLES D'O'LYV, BART.

I.

In the bowers of friendship, where bloom, undiminished
By absence or time, the sweet flowers of regard,
Commenced by esteem and by confidence finished,
Your friends are assembled and cry for their Bard,
To twine, on this day, a gay wreath of affection
Expressive of all the fond hopes of their hearts,
And on her fair altar, to lay the selection
Which cordial Remembrance, delighted, imparts.

II.

There are moments in life, which tho' clouded with sorrow,
Have pleasures that mem'ry brings to the view ;
Bright gleams which the mind from its source loves to borrow,
To tinge the past scene with reality's hue.
When time is revolving, in drear separation
From beings endeared by the ties of esteem ;
He points, as a medium of kind reparation,
To a day which is lit by her 'livening beam.

III.

How oft has it been ushered in, herald of blisses
To parents, when infancy heightened its charms ;
To the wife of your bosom, whose rapturous kisses
Have stamped its renewal, close pressed in your arms,
And oft have your dear little pledges of union
Lisp'd innocent blessings and prayers on this morn—
And shall not we join in their hallowed communion
And with our warm wishes the tribute adorn ?

IV.

Yes yes! from our hearts the quick impulse arising,
 Springs forward to greet you, forlorn and alone
 Assured that its cordial sincerity prizing
 Your breast will responsively beat with our own.
 And even when Fortune, though hitherto frowning
 On merit and valor, your prospect attends,
 In a happy re-union her past ills atoning,
 Your memory will surely turn back on your friends.

THE GATHERING OF THE TYROL

By H. M. PARKER, ESQUIRE.

 TYROLER LANDSTURM.*

I

Tyrol!—Tyrol!—
 Landsturm away!—
 Hark how our bugles cheerily play!
 Where's the wretch who would not stand
 For his glorious father-land?
 Never maid shall love the slave,
 Honor never mark his grave.
 Tyrol!—Tyrol!—Landsturm away!

II.

Tyrol!—Tyrol!—
 Landsturm away!—
 Hark how our bugles gallantly play!
 We no banners bear to war
 We have banners braver far,

* The wild and irregular metre of this song follows the bugle call or rather the rude march played on the great Alpine horn, which collects the martial militia of the Tyrol in times of danger

In each mountain broad that shrouds
 Its peaks amidst the the thunder-clouds.
 Tyrol !—Tyrol !—Landsturm away !

III.

Tyrol !—Tyrol !—
 Landsturm away !—
 Hark how our bugles cheerily play !
 Never mercenary hand
 Lifts a rifle in our band,
 Freemen, freely braving death,
 For our kaiser, for our faith.
 Tyrol !—Tyrol !—Landsturm away !

IV.

Tyrol !—Tyrol !—
 Landsturm away !—
 Hark how our bugles gallantly play !
 Brothers, landsmen, to our game,
 Life the stake, the target fame ;
 Fame and life, or else the wreath
 Which crowns a patriot's holy death.
 Tyrol !—Tyrol !—Landsturm away !

V.

Tyrol !—Tyrol !—
 Landsturm away !—
 Louder our bugles, louder they play !
 Onward !—as the winter tide,
 Pours down Splügen's hoary side,
 Trust in God fill every soul,
 Onward to the war—Tyrol !
 Tyrol !—Tyrol !—Landsturm away !

A POET'S FAVORITE.

BY VINCENT TRIGEAR, ESQUIRE.

What should a poet's lady-love be like?

Listen, and I will tell thee.

She should be

All innocence—all loveliness—all grace.

Her silken hair, (of bright and golden hue,)

Should float around her alabaster neck

In wild luxuriant curls; and not like those

Which torturing art has power to form, but such

As nature only gives

Her melting eyes

Should be like new-blown violets wet with dew—

So blue and bright, that he need never seek

For other inspiration than their glance.

The faintest tint the damask rose-bud shows

Should glow upon her cheek—so he might gaze

And, e'en when wintry storms around them howled,

Write loving verses unto summer flowers.

Her fragrant mouth should be like some rich casket,

Whence—when smiles opened it—sweet breath should flow

Through rows of close-set pearls, and over lips

Of warmest tinted coral.

Thus in her face

Earth's various seasons might be typified;

First, spring's soft violets in her beaming eyes,

Next, summer's roses in her glowing cheek;

The crops of autumn in her golden hair,

And winter's whitest snow-flakes in her brow.

And then, her voice should be so soft and sweet,
 That when her delicate and taper fingers
 Gliding, like spirits of light, along the keys,
 Wake to harmonious speech the sleeping chords,
 All harsh their notes should seem, when heard with those
 Her quivering lips send forth.
 And she should love—as woman ever loves—
 Could she love more? Ah, no! Proud, lordly man
 In every other virtue—courage, strength,
 Unshrinking fortitude, and depth of thought,
 May boast supremacy; but when we speak
 Of fervent, changeless, deep, devoted love,
 Then must we turn, dear woman, unto thee.
 And when that sadness—
 Which is not pleasure, tho' it be not pain,
 But is commixed of both—should shade his brow;
 Then, with her lute's soft whisperings she should join
 Her own sweet, thrilling voice in gentle songs
 And win him back to smiles.

CHANGE OF MONSOON—APPROACH OF COLD WEATHER.

BY G. J. SIDDONS, ESQ.

Now comes the Equinox, with blustering gale
 And floods of rain, to cool the heavy air,
 Whose heat oppressive dulls and makes all pale
 The beautiful roses blooming on the cheek
 Of our sweet fellow exiles, pure as fair,
 Who brave the ocean, tempest-vexed, to seek
 Paternal roofs, or claim a brother's love.

A brief though trying season still remains
 Ere yet the languid frame its strength regains,
 Ere yet with healthful beat the pulses move.
 But when the cooling northern breezes blow,
 Life's natural current spreads a ruby glow
 O'er skins with which no orient pearl may vie,
 And beaming eyes with diamond lustre glance,
 And fairy forms with grace elastic fly
 Through all the varied mazes of the dance.

Even he in years denies that he's so old,
 So dead to beauty, or to charms so cold,
 As to have lost the power to admire
 Earth's heavenliest creation,—not to feel
 Some promptings of that former lambent fire
 Which, while to him all were not flinty hearts,
 Nor his own bosom hardened into steel,
 He once could kindle ;—not without the smarts,
 In turn, which passion scorned inflicts. Those days
 Have vanished ; but his autumn-fall of life
 It warmed and cherished by the genial rays
 Of his home's sun,—his dearest friend, his wife.

Our Indian winter, taken at the best,
 Casts but faint shadow of that cheerful time
 In our dear father-land, our natal clime,
 Though all without in frost or snow be drest.
 Where are the Christmas gambols ?—where
 The gathering of relatives from far and near ?
 Where are our daughters, budding into bloom,
 Lovely in youth, from eight to "sweet fifteen" ?
 Where are our sons, whose spirits mock at gloom,
 And with their school-boy frolics glad the scene ?
 No church *here* green with holly,—nor carol lay
 Of beadies for their gifts on New Year's Day.

Where is twelfth-cake, decked out in regal mien,
 And joyous drawing lots for king and queen ?
 Where pantomime,—or blind-man's-buff,—snap-dragon,
 And wassail round the bowl,
 And ule song's merry troll,
 And tempting lamb's-wool brimming in the flagon ?

* * * * *

But e'en AT HOME old customs pass away
 'Midst the refinements of the modern day.

Calcutta, September, 1835.

TO SARNATH.

A Buddhist Monument near Benares:

BY ALEXANDER ALLANSON, Esq.

What age, what hand, what people gave thee birth,
 Thou hoary relic of another day ?
 Alone, Sarnath, thou standest on the earth
 Sole monument of ages passed away.
 Despoiled by bigots and through time grown gray,
 By wretches* pillaged for a bauble's worth,
 Still do thine iron-bound walls resist decay.
 By fame forgotten—in historic dearth
 Whence shall we seek for knowledge of thy rise ?
 No proud inscriptions on thy walls proclaim,
 Not e'en tradition's lying tongue supplies,
 Thy founder's object or thy builder's name.
 All save thyself have long since been decayed—
 The one that ordered—millions that obeyed.

* Juggut Singh, the head man of Choth Singh.

SONG OF THE HINDOO BANDIT.

By W. F. THOMPSON, Esq.

I.

On ! on ! thro' the forest—away ! away !
 And sweep thro' the gloomy glen ;
 For sunk is the glare of the tinsel day
 The night is the hour for men !
 On ! on !—the clang of our steeds shall scare
 The owl where she sits on high ;
 And the tiger shall start from his leafy lair,
 As the lords of the forest rush bye.

II.

On ! on ! thro' the forest—away ! away !
 In speed like the arrow's flight ;
 For the stars have shone out with their conscious ray
 And banished the tell-tale light !
 Now woe to the stranger that singly roams,
 The dwelling that stands alone ;
 They drove us from lands, and they drove us from homes,
 Let them look, let them look to their own.

III.

On ! on ! thro' the forest—away ! away !
 We'll ride with the mid-night blast ;
 And the smoke of the village, the shrieks of the prey
 Shall tell where our footsteps past !
 Like the lightning we come, like the lightning we go,
 Unfollowed by mortal eyes ;
 Our dwelling is darkness, the world is our foe,
 And all we light on—dies.

SOME PASSAGES IN A LIFE.

By S. F. HOULTON, Esq.

In the county of Derbyshire there is a small but picturesque village, sufficiently remote from all towns, to prevent curious travellers and fresh salmon from reaching it. My route lay through it in 1826, when on my way to join a party at my friend Trevor's, and a very pleasant time I expected to pass. Trevor was at that time a bachelor, and had the best house, best wines, dogs, horses and cooks in the country, and was therefore noted by every one to be a capital fellow and an excellent neighbour. My carriage stopped to change horses at the "Bear-and-Blue-bottle," and I was in the act of buttoning my pocket, after deducting from the same the sum of two shillings and one penny sterling, for a luncheon not worth a quarter of the amount, and was meditating upon the most likely method of establishing a kiss upon the very pretty lips of the very pretty bar-maid, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of an old Frenchman, who entered the room in evident distress, and in a language half French half English, and that, too, unintelligible as it was, interrupted by tears and sobs, implored me to render instant relief to his master, who had fallen into a fit and would die unless medical aid, which he was in search of, could be instantly procured. I was pleased by the affectionate solicitude expressed by the old man, and although my trip would be a little delayed, I informed him of my profession and proffered my aid. I need not notice the gratitude with which this intimation was received, but will proceed to describe my patient's residence.

Passing through the village we entered a valley, the sides of which were high and mostly covered with small underwood, while here and there, rough-pointed portions of rock peeped from amongst it; an occasional single tree towered in its solitude, and on one eminence a gigantic oak, scathed by lightning, its bare arms stripped of every leaf, and of its bark, rose in rugged and naked deformity, an awful testimony of the fury of the storms which occasionally disturbed this peaceful valley. When we passed, however, all looked bright and happy: at our feet glided a deep but clear blue stream, over-hung with banks green and mossy, redolent with the fragrance of a thousand gay flowers, underneath which lurked many an indistinct shadowy form of the playful trout. We proceeded in utter silence, for my companion was too much alarmed on his master's account to suffer his attention to be attracted by outward objects, and I did not disturb him. We gained a small cottage, a gate led us into the garden before it—the door had been left open by the old man in the hurry of his exit, and in a few moments I was in the presence of his master. From what I had gathered from the servant, I had concluded that his master's fit was epileptic, and I had therefore supplied myself with the necessary remedies; my conjecture proved right, and I had soon the satisfaction of seeing my patient slowly recover. Though extremely reduced, he had, apparently, once been a very fine man; but he wore an air of languor and an expression of the deepest melancholy. The room we were in was but plainly furnished, but adorned by one magnificent picture. The subject appeared to represent a meeting between a most lovely girl and a person in a shooting dress. The scene was a forest at sunset, and they were both standing on a slight eminence. The sportsman was evidently intended for my patient, and might have been done for him when about fifteen or twenty

years younger. It was not until some time afterwards that I found out the name of his companion. Though Mr. Courtney had for the time recovered, it was evident that he was in the last stage of disease, and this violent attack had overcome his constitution. I pass over the melancholy detail of the slow but sure progress of death; he was aware of his approaching dissolution, and as he entreated of me to do so, I remained with him. I was daily more pleased by the conversation and acquirements of the recluse; but on one point he was always silent—on himself and on his past life. Whenever our discourse took a turn that way, a deep shade of displeasure and melancholy darkened his intelligent and handsome countenance, and he turned to some other topic. The old servant, too, was equally silent and reserved upon this subject.

Time went on and I had been there about two months, and was sitting one evening by his side. He had remained silent for some minutes, when he suddenly smiled languidly, took my hand, and slightly pressing it with his thin, wan fingers, addressed me thus:—"For the inimitable kindness with which you have borne with me, and the devotion with which you have attended to my every wish, dear A——, God will reward you—I cannot. As I have a wish that the events of my past life should after my demise be no secret to you, who have tended me so kindly, so patiently, I have conquered my dislike to disclosing them. When I am no more, take that picture—it refers to the only bright era of my existence, the only brief sunny hour of my life. In that," continued he, pointing to an old fashioned cabinet, "you will find the history of my life—of my wretchedness. When you read it, and when these eyes, which now moisten with past recollections, shall have become dust, and the beatings of this heart have ceased; when this weak frame has sunk into a rest—oh! how calm! how tranquil!—remember that

he who now addresses you, has had his cup filled with bitterness even to overflowing. My existence has been a dream—a vision ; but it has been attended with a fearful night-mare ! I beseech you, look with much compassion on the infirmities of a nature, which, injudiciously fostered as mine were, rendered me ill-calculated for the wear of this world. If I have sown folly and wickedness, I have reaped but misery ; and where I have persecuted, I have, indeed, heaped coals of fire upon my own head.”

I left him late at night, more composed, apparently, than usual. I rose early the next morning, for my sleep had been unrefreshing. The weather had changed since the preceding day. A damp, cold air blew through the casement, which I had left open during a bright star-light night ; heavy rain had fallen, and the mists hung low upon the valley. The rippling brook had changed into a violent and swollen stream, and the drizzling rain, accompanied by lowering clouds and muttering thunder, seemed to foretel an approaching storm. I was dressing myself in silence, my spirits dejected by the altered scene around me, when I was roused by a loud and frightful scream. I rushed into the apartment below, and found old Ambrose lying senseless at the feet of his master's corpse. Yes, I was in the chamber of death. The fit had returned during night, when no one was near him, and he had passed away, that lone, melancholy man ; and whatever had been the nature of his errors or his crimes, and the subsequent remorse and sorrow attendant on them, he was gone to answer for them before his ever-merciful Creator.

We buried him, poor Ambrose and I, at a little secluded spot, where I have since shed many a tear to his memory. He was a sinful man, but also was he unfortunate ; he was much to be pitied, but more to be condemned. In the drawer of his cabinet I found the following :—

"I was born at a small village called Fairford, situated on the banks of the Avon. My mother died a year after giving me birth, and I was left to the care of my father, a barrister, who after a life of struggles with poverty, had unexpectedly inherited an ample fortune by the sudden death of a relation, and was living in ease and retirement upon his estate. A lovely abode was Fairford! Gentle was the summer breeze, and balmy the air of spring, at the beloved place of my birth! The flowers were sweeter, the birds sang more prettily there, than I ever have known since. How fondly has my memory treasured up each well-known scene of that ever-dear spot! All appears before my aged and sunken eyes, as when first I left it. The winding river at the foot of the steep hill, flowing merrily through the smiling meads of emerald-like verdure between its low, willowy banks, over which an occasional pollard bent its aged trunk, where, when a boy, I caught the chub; and the perpetual clack of the busy mill pursuing its sober avocation, at that time unrivalled by the genius of steam; while high above, frowning with majesty, but melancholy grandeur, that spoke worlds of humbled pride and overcome might, towered the old, ivy-covered ruins. Oh! the worlds which my young imagination would conjure up at sight of them! Visions of steel-caps, lances and armour; of plumes and helmets; of shields and gay devices; of hard knocks but good, though rude, fellowship; of hawks and hounds; of bright and fair ladies on gambling palfreys, and of gallant men on noble steeds; of the cheerful wassail within the hall, and the stout and bold retainers; of the loyal toast and the minstrel's song, and the boisterous but honest mirth which reigned during days of more frankness than polish. I used actually to weep, as I gazed, through swimming eyes, at these wrecks of former magnificence. 'Alas!' I would say, 'cold is the hearth which used to

warm hundreds ; cold are those noble hearts, which ever alive to honour and glory, glowed with valour and conscious courage. No descendant is here to point with honest pride to the grave of his ancestors. All, all are shrouded in the silent tomb. The sad leaden-coffins, ranged in melancholy order, tell of beings who once owned these princely halls ; but none were spared—not one—the children all died.’

“ Thus I felt—thus I spoke, for I was young ; but all fare alike. The ruin I contemplated was but a type of that impending on my own devoted head. The desolation which had fallen on that house, hath also stricken mine. I am a stranger in the wilderness of the world, where no one finds a friend ; for me there is no longer the song of welcome or the tear shed for the absent. A scathed and blasted branch of a goodly tree, I calmly await my summons to the grave over which I am now tottering. Deep into my heart have been the inroads of sorrow ; dire have been the ravages committed upon this frail frame by the workings of unutterable despair. May this ‘ sacrifice of a broken heart’ be a propitiation in the sight of heaven for the evil I have committed, for to no one on earth can it now be any reparation.

“ I pass over the earlier scenes of my existence, the description of which would be attributed to egotism. Indeed, like many others, I remember but little of my childhood ; suffice it to say, that it was like all childhood, miserable—a season of dry, unwelcome study, ungraciously commanded and enforced by blows. ‘ Life’s young dream’ is now admitted to be a particularly unpleasant one. My father was a strict disciplinarian,—one of those, who to the authority of a pedant join none of the affection of a parent. Oh ! much-mistaken notion of the good effects of severity and strictness in education ! while all love, all affection, every kindly feeling is banished between father

and child : the latter, while he is taught to fear learns to deceive ; and the former loses even his claim to gratitude and obedience. Often, after a castigation severe in the extreme, and either wholly unmerited, or excessive with reference to the trivial fault that called for persuasion rather than correction, have I rushed out during the severest weather, and after ruminating long and moodily upon my miserable situation, driven to a paroxysm of fury, I have dared to curse my parent, and evil came of it. Yet was I by nature affectionate and gentle in disposition, and with a heart feelingly alive to kindness. How little do those who have had a mother to watch their childhood, appreciate the inestimable blessing they have enjoyed ! While the other parent commends his child's industry, and views his improvement with paternal satisfaction, he preserves an authority which inspires more or less fear, and from the nature of his occupations in life, is unable to exercise more than a general controul and supervision over his education. It is the mother who forms his private and moral character. It is she who enjoys, and deservedly so, the greater share of her child's fond, confiding heart. To her does the stripling fly for refuge in all his little dilemmas ; to her does he entrust all his hopes and fears, the doubts and anxieties of his infancy. She it is, who by enjoying, trebly augments his innocent pleasures, and by a soft answer turneth away the wrath of his sterner father. It is she who, in the hour of sickness, holds his aching head, while she kisses his feverish lips ; who proud of her boy from the day of his birth to that of his manhood, ever loves, ever dotes on him to the day of her death. Had I known my mother, I had been a better man. No matter, let this part of my life pass.

“ My father died about three years after my being of age, while I was absent in Scotland, and at five and twenty I entered the world. In point of appearance I was of powerful frame,

and of an intelligent, though not handsome, countenance ; passionate in temper, but with very susceptible feelings—I may add that my fortune was more than equal to my wishes. I spent three years of my life in visiting the continent, and while I rambled through the south of France, climbed the hills of Switzerland, and dreamed away hours on the sunny banks of the Rhine, I experienced a satisfaction quite unalloyed. As I invariably penetrated into the interior of those countries which I visited, I was providentially spared many meetings with travelling apothecaries and apprentices. I was spared the sight of many London bonnets, and English feet and ancles, also of cold pork and other eatables ; and for this, like Moore's Azim, ' I breathed my thanks.' Oh ! happy age of youth,—if indeed any period of existence can be happy ! when life appears dressed all in smiles and beauty, and we fondly trust that we are to pass but 'one long summer's day ;' when with prospects bright as the rain-bow, but as evanescent, and with golden rays of hope which prove deceitful as the mirage, we glide contentedly with the stream which eventually carries us into the vast ocean of eternity : when we have capacity and health to enjoy all the blessings, lavished by the Creator upon those who pervert not his benevolent intentions by sin, which bringeth sorrow, oh ! how deep ! misery how irremediable !—when those who love us, those we love, yet live to share our pleasures or our griefs ; when the yet young heart is unscathed by ingratitude, untouched by affection. Oh ! ye years of young manhood, so long coveted, so soon past ! ye found me contented, if not happy ; ye left me at thirty, an old, 'broken-hearted man, very sinful and most wretched.

" I come now to that period of my life, and to mention that event which can occur but once in our existence, and which, 'like the thread planted with a tulip,' colors all its future leaves.

Whatever may have been said or written, in derision or detraction, of the most engrossing, the purest passion which we experience; however true it may be, that the artificial tone of present society, while it has increased exterior demonstrations of regard, tends on the other hand to weaken the natural affections and render us insensible to the more passionate feelings of the heart; yet those who analyze human nature will ever perceive the prevalence of love, who though he may less frequent this selfish world than formerly, is yet—not exiled. There is a latent vein of feeling in the heart of every man who deserves the name, that only requires to be called into action to become a fervid passion for which he would at all times sacrifice his life, and which has proved strong enough to drive even noble beings into dishonor, into crime. Yes; praised be the Almighty! there *are* hearts, ay many such, yet left, whose love nothing belonging to this earth can diminish; who live, who die for each other; who wander through the vast wilderness of the world, hand in hand, trusting only in one another and in their God for safety; who in the calm and sunshine or in the storm and wreck of life, ever faithful, ever loving, satisfied only in this that they are not separated, evince a holy purity and essence of passion, which is, indeed, ‘all that is left us of our celestial heritage!’

“Such, and more than such, wert thou to me, my long-lost, much-loved Gertrude! It hath pleased the Almighty to pour down his wrath upon my defenceless head; yet midst all have I struggled, and I exist. I had dared, too, to hope that the snow-drop of my winter, the solitary, timid flower which bloomed alone when all else was cold and dreary around me; that the sweet child, the sole dear relic of thee, might have been spared me, but I was bereaved. At Eviotdale I first met Gertrude. Oh! Fate! Fate!—who shall deny thy power? Oh! Destiny!

“I had wandered far from my track, and accidentally entered a

small wood hitherto unexplored by me. Passing through, I came upon a small knoll from which I beheld one of the most beautiful landscapes. It had been a real April day 'all smiles and tears;' but during the evening the sun had shone the more gloriously and triumphantly through the clouds which were now rapidly dispersing. The gathering drops sparkled on the bright fresh leaves, and the herbage had that joyous appearance, that scent and freshness, known best in our blessed country. It was now slowly setting behind a ridge of hills, the tops of which seemed fringed with gold; the clouds near the horizon had assumed a gorgeous hue while those at a distance were slightly colored with faint streaks of lovely crimson. On the left was a dark line of trees skirting the forest of Lynes; all was sunniness and gladness. I uncovered my head, and gazing on all around me, remained for a period immersed in thought. 'Oh! Man! Man!' I exclaimed; 'look at the inheritance thy God has given to thee; bend thine head meekly to the ground, and weep—weep for thy ingratitude! How do we repay the compassion, the tenderness of the Creator? We are born, we live a day of childhood, a year of maturity—the one, at best, but harmless; the other stained with guilt. In our hearts vicious, only by constraint occasionally, just;—in theory good, while we practise villainy;—ever destroying with a smile, and covering covetousness with the cloak of ambition;—seeking a veil for our sin in what we call philosophy, and moralizing while we stab our neighbours in the dark;—perverting the sense of that, the truth of which we cannot refute;—misleading, if we can, the souls of those of weak understanding;—ever with a prayer in the mouth and a curse at the heart;—and yet is repentance far, far from us. Yet, oh! creature of the world, is thy lot also unhappy! The future remains dark, impenetrable, incomprehensible: all is uncertainty, matter of speculation, of doubt, of terror. What

can be the nature of our future fate? How exist? How suffer, if suffer we must?—How is the *soul* put to pain? What are the Heavens?—air—wind? How do we move?—how flit, or how remain? In what shape?—for *form* there must be. Can it be that we are translated in some happier state of existence to those brighter worlds above? Eternity! Eternity! word of awe and terror, my soul sickens when I name thee! What, oh! God, is the reward of a good man? Where is his abode? ‘It is there’—said a sweet, silvery voice. I started. By my side stood a lovely female. She was tall, with regularly formed and delicately chiselled Grecian features. Her dark, glossy hair fell back upon her snowy neck and shoulders, with no ornament but one fragrant white moss-rose, in which a rain-drop trembled. Her eyes were of a deep blue, fringed with long silky lashes, and of a swimming softness, yet having that luminous appearance, which seems to search the soul of those upon whom they beam and to express its own—eyes into which one loves to look—full of tenderness, expression and intellect. A simple white dress, cinctured with a thin plate of silver, showed a faultless form. There she stood, slightly bending forward, with both hands clasped towards heaven, looking, indeed, like ‘an angel of grace.’ ‘Pardon me,’ she said, ‘my interruption; but I happened accidentally to pass this way, and surprized to hear a voice breaking upon the usual stillness of the spot, I inadvertently interrupted, at once your solitude and your soliloquy, in the reasonableness of which, you must pardon me,’ she smilingly observed, ‘if I cannot agree. But you are near to our home, must be far from your own, and as it is getting late, you will, I hope, accompany me there.’ Need I say how willingly I agreed?

“We had not gone far, when, at a sudden turn, we quitted the wood and I discovered a cottage rising on a slope of moss-like

grass ; the windows were gothic, and the portico and front part of the house almost hidden by creepers : on one side an old oak threw out its luxuriant foliage, and some beeches towered behind. On a bench under the tree, an old man was reading, whom my companion introduced as her father. Mons. D'Epignay was an emigré. He had been one of the thousands who, in the distracted state of their country, abandoned almost all they had in the world to obtain a life of tranquility under another government, and who retiring to England, after a few years married an English woman and settled there for life.

“ Time passed, months fled, yet found me constantly at Eviotdale. Need I say what took my wandering steps ever in that direction ? how I found out that nowhere was game so plentiful as towards the little wood, nowhere fish so numerous as in the stream close by, yet that my game bag was ever empty, and that the jack either ran away with my line, or that I angled forgetting the fly ? There was a turn in the wood beyond which I could never pass, and that path led to Gertrude. Oh ! moments of happiness how dear ! Age of youth, of hope, of tenderness, of love, how blessed thou art !

“ It was a bright sunny morning, ushering in a day as calm and lovely as ever dawned on the shores of Italy or Greece, or gladdened the souls of all creatures. We were two, Gertrude and I, sitting on a green knoll, which Titania would have chosen for her revels, and which was crowned with one slight acacia, bending under the luxuriance of its gentle blossoms. Loud sang the cuckoo, gaily twittered the lark, while the little unobtrusive wren, hopped busily and cheerfully midst the tangled boughs and bushes. Nature was in her holiday-suit, and while sweetness was inhaled from the violet and primrose, the daisies and other wild children, tinted the lap of

Mother Earth with their various and gaudy colors. The looks of Gertrude were bent upon the ground, the tears were in her eyes, while a pale crimson blush spread over her sweet countenance. Neither moved, neither looked at one another, neither spoke. Shall I say what had been spoken? Yes, words I had uttered, thoughts I had given tongue to, which can only once be felt. Of love I had spoken—of deep, ardent love: of passions that consume, that madden. She had heard me in silence, how eloquent!—then displaced one glittering tear with her taper fingers, and smiled while she gave me her hand, and I pressed it in transport to my bosom. I could have bowed my head into the dust and worshipped her. In truth, she was the loveliest, perfectest creature that ever smiled this life away.

“It was about this time that I first heard Gertrude mention the name of Tremorney. He was the eldest son of a clergyman of that name, residing about twenty miles from Eviotdale, and had, it appeared, admired Gertrude from the time he first saw her, as a girl, to the period when he departed to India with Sir J. K——, whose aid-de-camp he was. Previous to his sailing, he had solicited her hand which she had gently but firmly refused. He was a man, she told me, of talents and acquirements; of handsome mien, prepossessing manner, and good family; but he had, unfortunately, a temper which rendered him more feared than beloved; and though he possessed, in truth, a considerable knowledge of the world, he had, like too many, persuaded himself into the belief that the deference which his acquirements met with from the generality, would be equally paid him by the individual, and that, too, a girl. How little did he know woman! How little did he know Gertrude!”

“It was a gloomy evening in the early part of April. The sun was setting, and we had extended our walk and had entered the forest, as we unconsciously strayed further from the cottage, and

hand-in-hand proceeded leisurely along. How well do I recollect each circumstance attending that evil day, when we first quitted the grounds ; indeed, the lowering aspect of the heavens, and the occasional low, but protracted murmuring of thunder, might have warned us of an approaching storm. But who that has ever known the rapture of that sweet intercourse which banishes every thought but one—who that has ever *loved*, could attend to extraneous objects ? Besides, the umbrageous trees that grew around, excluded us from any but occasional glimpses of the sky ; and so we passed about an hour away, when I was startled by a sudden gloom which spread around us, as if the pall of darkness had at once fallen upon the earth, while one large drop fell upon Gertrude's uncovered head. A blast of wind, a vivid flash of lightning instantly accompanied by a peal of thunder, were followed by a deluge of rain, as if the flood-gates of heaven were indeed opened,—and the night set in. Inexpressibly alarmed, for Gertrude was very delicate, I sought in vain to protect her defenceless, fragile form. The wind, and with it the storm, increased, the tempest roared as it swept madly through the dense mass of trees, while an occasional crash denoted the fall of those, from the roots of which the earth had been already carried away by the water which now ran in streams. We still struggled on, although the lightning was becoming more and more incessant when we descended a small declivity. Never, oh ! never shall I forget the cold feeling of despair with which we found ourselves separated from the road which led home-wards by a swollen and turbid torrent rushing furiously by and sweeping every thing before it. We had passed this but an hour before, a small, trickling brook, meandering among the trees and fragments of rock around with a gentle murmur ; while over it there had been a wooden bridge which had now been carried away.

To add to my horror, Gertrude, who could now hardly stand, declared her utter inability to proceed another step. To leave her in search of assistance was impossible, neither could any have been procured; for from the side of the brook where we were, nothing but a boundless forest extended. Still the blast swept by, the bending firs and pines creaked and groaned, while the boughs crashed, the rain poured with increasing violence, the thunder rattled, and flash after flash glared brightly and unearthly, amidst a darkness like that of the valley of the Shadow of Death. I shouted and screamed in very agony; but it was in vain. I sat down by Gertrude, who was trembling with cold, and endeavoured as far as possible to shelter her feeble form from the pitiless blast, by tearing, with frantic energy, the boughs around and spreading raiment upon them: still there were no sounds or signs of those who were doubtless in search of us, and pressing Gertrude to my heart, I awaited their coming in silent despair*.

* * * * *

“ Another hour passed, the storm had somewhat abated, and at length lights were seen and voices heard. But why did I rise with a weight like lead upon my soul? Why did my oppressed conscience so stifle the throbbings of my heart, as to produce a sensation of suffocation? Why did my eyes burn under my aching temples, while my brain felt compressed, as if cinctured with heated iron, and the blood in my veins boiled with intense excitement, while in phrenzy I cursed myself, my existence, the authors of my being, the very stones and trees around me? Alas! there was heavy, damning guilt on me! Oh the horrible agonies

* The author begs to acknowledge his being indebted for the suggestion of this scene, if it may be so called, to the recollection which he retains of the “Atala” of Monsieur de Chateaubriand.

of contrition and remorse, which I felt at that moment and do feel to this very hour ! Sufferings of the body, tortures, blows, even the stroke of death may be encountered, defied by the brave or the determined ; but not so the pangs of the heart : no, none conquer *them*. I threw myself on my face, tearing up fragments of earth, while I wildly called upon my Creator to blast me with the still vivid fire of heaven. But the lights and the voices approached, and I soon perceived the poor old man, the father of Gertrude, at the head of all that could be mustered, bringing with them long planks of wood, as they had guessed the cause of our detention. They had unfortunately searched for us, first, on the opposite side of the country, having been entirely ignorant of the direction which we had taken. They directed me to a narrow part of the stream, which was now less violently swollen ; ropes were thrown over, the planks laid across, and I lifted Gertrude and placed her in her father's arms.

“ At this time Tramorney returned. His absence, far from having served to wean him from his love for Gertrude, had on the contrary so increased his passion, that he had procured leave to absent himself from India, for the sole purpose of returning to throw himself at her feet, and with the ardent hope of being able by the excess of his devotion to her, to engage her affections. Rumours, too, had indistinctly reached him of the stranger who was hovering near his treasure, his all ; and his easily-excited, but well-founded, jealousy too soon fatally told him that Gertrude was for ever lost to him. Never shall I forget the look of agony, rage and despair, which he cast on us when he first discovered the utter annihilation of his hopes, and, alas ! our guilt. We had wandered not far from the little knoll where first we met, and were standing near a bank which was crowned with dense foliage and a clump of hawthorn bushes. I had never ceased, since that fatal night, imploring Gertrude to hasten our marriage, and

now that she had communicated to me the prospect of her becoming a mother, we had decided that our wedding should take place in the ensuing week ; and turning round, we were on the point of proceeding homewards, when my eyes were blasted by the sight of Tramorney, who slowly emerging from the bushes around, stood looking at us with a countenance which it is impossible to describe. While Gertrude sunk fainting upon the bank, we stood, unmindful of her, glaring on each other's eyes, as if entranced, for nearly a minute. What passed through the heart of each, God alone can tell ; the silence was broken, as with a convulsion of his chest, and horrible imprecations, he rushed forward making for the cottage. ' Not so, Tramorney,' exclaimed I, overtaking him and seizing him by the throat ; ' we part not thus. Cowardly as has been your action, and still more dastardly as your motives and intentions may be, you shall either not live to profit by them or I will not exist to witness their consummation. We will, with your leave, to the defile of rocks and fate and our swords will decide the rest.' Confident in his superiority in arms, his ghastly features grinned horrible satisfaction at this intimation, and leaving Gertrude, who was recovering, to the care of one of the retainers of the family, who luckily passed by at the time, we pursued our way.

" We passed through the village, through many a scene of merriment and care ; the road led from it towards the hills, to which I have before adverted as seen from the cottage. It was the middle of July, the sun that had been so grateful during the cool of the morning, now glared, pouring its burning rays upon a wild and desolate scene, the very picture of sterility.

" In front, and at the foot of the hills, was a valley which led through a range of black precipitous rocks. No verdure or moss, —no water, not a single leaf was visible. The parched earth cracked and opened into huge chasms, to the destruction of the

unwary ; no bird was ever seen there, save the soaring vulture, the very demon of the spot. Gaunt Fear there stalks—pale Death is the genius who presides. As the Dead Sea with its tideless, still, black profundity warns us of the future, by-recalling the fate of Gomorrah, so does this place appear as the very abode of the evil one. Enclosed, as we were, by the burning rocks, the very touch of which blistered the skin, the atmosphere was almost awfully sultry. We proceeded with rapid strides and in utter silence—a silence how expressive !—while occasional glances of unutterable hate, shot from beneath our bent brows—hastening to what should be the grave of one of us. We reached, at length, an angle in the valley. The rugged bed of a winter torrent could be visibly traced down the rocks ; a small reservoir had been dug by pious hands half way up the hill, but was dry ; close to it was a tomb, none knew to whose memory—age had effaced the inscription ; and a small fountain, the water of which trickled unseen among the cavities around, with one solitary tree which owed to it, at once its birth and its existence. Yes ; it was in this scene that we contemplated each other's destruction. Fiercely beat the sun on our bare, devoted heads and flashed from our drawn swords ; every leaf of the tree stood still ; the fountain's murmur, to my senses, stopped—all, all was the picture of hell.

“ We fought, and long. We talk of the ferocity of the tiger, of the cruelty of the beasts of prey, but there is no savageness that equals that of man. As each foiled the other's attempt, there was the glare of disappointed hope, and inextinguishable hatred in our eyes. How we thirsted for one another's life. A wound in my side proved my safety and his destruction. Inadvertently his foot plashed in a pool of blood which had flown from me ; he slipped, and as he fell, I passed my sword through his body with such force, as to break it against the stone on which he came. Oh ! the look of horror, of hate, of

the dying man ! He spoke not, stirred not, but blood in purple streams, flowed from his faintly-moving lips, and gushed from his side, as every throe threatened to annihilate him. He attempted, I thought, to beckon to me ; struck to the heart with remorse, I approached. He raised himself a little, accepted my most tender assistance, opened his eyes, and exerting himself to reach my ear, he slowly articulated—‘May the Almighty God curse you’! and sinking back with a sardonic grin, mingled with an expression of intense agony—he died. I grasped a heavy and pointed fragment of rock ; it fell upon his head, which lay before me, a mass of bones, brains and clotted blood. I hear it yet, that leaden sound of the splitting skull. One eye, too, had been forced almost out of the socket, and seemed yet to glare with rage and terror at me. And there he lay, while his soul ascended on high, amidst a wreath of steamy smoke, fresh from the frothed gore, to that tribunal where I shall stand accused. Every thing became blood—horrid blood. I knelt down to cool my burning brow ; but, lo ! the cool, limpid stream had turned crimson, and I fancied it hissed when applied to my temples ; every tree and stone assumed the hue of fire. My senses became bewildered. I thought I was in a plain, where every thing glared with white heat ; innumerable skeletons and bones were strown around, while thousands and thousands of horrid corpses lay festering and putrefying in the tainted air. Millions of filthy birds screamed and flapped their wings, as they rejoiced with unholy mirth over their horrible banquet ; while the jaws of the dead seemed to jabber in derision of me, as they tore morsels of corruption from their senseless cheeks. And methought that at sight of me—the living amidst the dead—they screeched with alarm and fury ; and by degrees the many took courage against the one, and I felt the air of their wings as they whirled around me ; and suddenly a number left a body which they were busily

devouring, and approached—and, lo! it was Tramorney's. I was in the dominions of Death.

“It may have been months or years, I know not which, when I awoke to a sense of things around me. I felt my limbs strangely confined; there was a damp air which chilled my blood, and the light of day penetrated but feebly, as it lit up the stained walls of the dungeon in which I lay. Yes; I had been mad. I thought that they might have had some pity on me; might have treated me less rudely; might have given me a portion of the light and air of heaven destined for all creatures; for the exhalations of the moist ground had all but killed me. But I learned afterwards, that they had borne with me as long as they could. Gradually they disclosed all to me. Gertrude—Gertrude had died, giving birth to her child!

“For many, many months I spoke not, stirred not—I was helpless as an infant. They took compassion on me, my keepers; they pitied the utter desolation of my heart. They gave me room, they released my bonds, and spoke soothingly to me. I know not what they said, but their accents sounded kind. I was permitted to walk as far as my feeble strength allowed me; to sit and gaze on the skies that still smiled on all but me; to listen to the music of nature; to cull the flowers of the earth, and witness the mirth of that innocence which had for ever left my breast. And one day they gave me a letter; it was sent by *her* father, who until upon his death-bed had never ceased to curse me. She had written it; it is engraven on my heart. Thus wrote she:—

‘All will soon be over, my poor Henry, and in a few short hours death will have parted us. I would fain speak some words of consolation to mitigate thine anguish, dearest love; but my trembling hand and wandering imagination forbid it. She who is hovering on the verge of eternity, now addresses thee calmly. Oh! how calmly! Our crime, Henry, has been great indeed;

but most have I offended the Almighty, for through me came thy ruin and thy sorrow. The trickling drops half efface my written thoughts, which are now, as they ever were, Henry, all centered in thee. Oh ! my love—word of how much endearment, yet anguish !—they have now told me all. It was not that I was neglected, as they at first hinted, that caused thy protracted absence from her who ever adored thee. Not that I ever believed them, dearest ; oh ! no,—not for one instant—I felt *that* to be impossible. I would have perilled my soul upon their falsehood. Still for months my heart, sick unto death, panted to know the worst, and a confirmation of their words, as it might have proved more early fatal, would have been kinder than the uncertainty under which they left me. Yes ; they have told me that frightful tale of guilt and woe—unutterable woe !—and of thy wretchedness and repentance. I know not how I lived to hear it through, but from that day did I feel that this was no longer a world for me. I spoke no more, thought no more save of heaven and thee, and have only prayed to our God, for mercy in a speedy death for myself, and compassion on thee. Alas ! my trembling hand refuses its aid. Fare-thee-well, for ever, my beloved ! we shall meet once more, but it will be in the realms of eternity. May heaven bless thee, my love ! may the God of our fathers have mercy on thee !

‘ GERTRUDE ’

“ Her child, my last darling, never prattled, never laughed, from its infancy till it died. Pale and sickly, it seemed marked from the inauspicious day of its birth, as the early victim of the fell destroyer. How my heart sank within me, as with a bitterness past expression, I watched the daily, hourly ravages of disease which was to deprive me of the all I had left to me on earth ! Mournfully did I gaze on her, as she knelt before me one calm evening, and with joined hands lifted, like a

young cherub, her prayers and thanksgivings before seeking rest. The curling locks that shadowed her fair temples, were softly fanned by the breeze of spring, which brought with it the murmurs of a voice of melody ; while her form bending with all the grace of childhood, was hardly traceable in the deepening twilight. Sweet innocent ! she embraced me, and sought the couch from which she never rose again !

“ It was strange, but I wept not, as I gazed for hours on the cold form before me. I neither spoken nor moaned ; I laughed ; yea, I shouted ; I was convulsed with mirth. I sung joyfully and jeered at the horror-stricken countenances of the few that saw me. And why ? Because I knew that *the worst had past* ; that it was not in the power of heaven or earth again to inflict such misery. What was mere bodily pain to such a wretch as I was ? I scorned it. What was death to one so utterly forlorn ? The only blessing which I implored. Much I prayed to be again made mad. Who so happy as a madman ? For upwards of three years was my reason clouded, and for the whole period did old Ambrose watch over me, even as a father over his child ; at last he ventured on a desperate remedy ; he took me once more to Eviotdale.

“ Years had passed by, when with feeble limbs and faltering steps, I for the last time stood before the formersite of a cottage which was in ruins. The little brook still ran merrily over the sparkling pebbles, the primrose luxuriated on its banks, the sun shone as gratefully, the abundant foliage glittered as brightly, while the sweet flowers and boughs of the acacia bent to the balmy breeze : the old church remained the same, only a little more dilapidated, and densely clasped by the parasitical ivy ; the village was as beautiful as ever ; but my already sinking eyes viewed all around imperfectly and dimly. In the churchyard there were two modest tombstones, raised to the memory of

an aged man and his daughter. Many, many days and nights had been passed in prayer at that spot, when it pleased my Creator to take compassion on his child, and I felt more tranquil, and was comforted.

“ I came to this spot, and have never quitted it. I am now far gone in years. I strive to be charitable to those around ; and as I have few of the world’s comforts, and none of its luxuries, not even my relations wish for my death. I dare not even, in this my old age—I dare not think of my lost Gertrude. Her remains, and those of her child, moulder in the churchyard of Eviotdale. Where is her soul ?”

DAY-BREAK AND SUN-RISE.

BY ALEXANDER ALLANSON, Esq.

The waning Moon, on night’s watch weary grown,
Leaves the now-stirring world to seek repose,
And slumbering Morn, roused as the first cock crows,
Peeps blinking through the curtains of the dawn :
Now the last faint and lingering star has gone,
And to Aurora left the heavenly way—
The golden-tressed harbinger of day,
At whose fair eyes and rosy cheeks has flown
The joyous lark to carol in the skies,
And warble welcome to the lord of day,
Who o’er the level* mountain tops doth rise,
Gladdening the face of nature with his ray ;
High o’er the earth, in majesty alone,
He with unclouded look smiles from his heavenly throne.

* Between Chunar and Mirzapur.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY CAPTAIN CALDLR CAMPBELL.

The morn ! when health is in the infant breeze
That, in its progress o'er the dewy earth,
Drinks joyous vigour from the budding trees,
And steals from every flower, which issues forth
From the green lap of nature, essences
That, in the perfume-mystery of their birth,
Seem, like the spirit of some senseless child,
Born but to flee from scenes so crime-defiled !

The morn ! who loves it not that e'er hath seen
Its first dawn gush from out the gladsome East,
Brightening the banks where darkness late hath been
And making, for the butterfly's first feast,
A light ;—that sheds a lustre o'er the green,
Which, when the banquet-hall's night fêtes have ceased,
Maketh the wax-lights and the rich lamps there,
Burn dim and odious, as a dead man's glare ?

The morn ! who loves it not that e'er hath watched
The thousand varying tints each moment's race
Brings on, and on—as if Aurora snatched
Bright flowers of Heav'n, to scatter o'er the face
Of nature—each one by the next unmatched
In splendid beauty ? Oh ! 'tis sweet to trace
The first faint flush, that ripens till it glows
In deep and vivid light—a living rose !

Voices are sounding up yon glen lapped round
With rocks and heath-clad mountains ; and above,

Breaking the welkin's silence so profound,
The blithe lark lifts its cheerful lay of love :
The shepherd's voice blends with the plaintive sound
Of lambkins, bleating as they onwards move
To browse amidst the windings of the vale,
That lingers sweetly, like a lover's tale.

I love the morn ! I love its opening dyes,—
Its dawn-light dancing o'er the dusky skies—
Its many sounds, each breaking into life
As things that wake us to a pleasant strife
After our drowsy vassalage to sleep !
I love the diapason, sad and deep,
Of clear church-bells that on the Sabbath morn,
Startle the hare from her stolen couch of corn ;
The lark's loud song, rejoicing as it goes—
The quick vibration of the wave, that flows
Unflinchingly, as if its every beat
Laid nations prostrate at its princely feet !

And morn has sights, as well as sounds, that touch
The heart that loves and studies nature much !
The flowers, up-bursting from their cradles green,
Half-anxious, yet half-dreading, to be seen
By wooing dragon-fly, or bandit-bee,
That court them with sly songs, humm'd craftily ;
The apple-blossoms, snowing o'er each bough
With showers that hint where golden globes shall glow ;
The hawthorn hedge, all perfume, like the breath
Of taintless babes, whose first sweet sleep brings death ;
The dewy lea, with gold-cups overspread—
The clover-field, where laverocks make their bed ;

The cressy brook, and broader river's brink,
Where blossoms wild weave a fantastic link
To knit each scene together, and to wed
Each bright spot in an union'd beautied !

The forest, in its hour of spring, when all
The leaves bud forth to hear the cushat's call ;
Or when red Summer brightens every leaf,
And days are clear and long, and nights are brief ;
Or when old Winter from his urn flings out
The diamonds of his treasure all about !
In every season has the forest power
To woo my spirit, and to win the dower
Of praise, all valueless, yet welling forth
From feelings that confess the sterling worth
Of Nature, and her troop of fair delights,
Born both for sunny days and moony nights '

Among the ferns, that cluster in thick ranks
Between the fragrant birches on those banks,—
Below whose shelving sides the mountain-brook
Bustles along, and pries into each nook
And corner, flower-bedight, that hems its way,—
A strange, fantastic form is seen to stray :
Madness is in his mien, and on his head
Its hoary honours age hath whitely spread ;
Whilst here and there the scanty locks of snow
Are tied with scented woodroof on his brow ;
A rushy cap, such as in infancy
We plait for pastime at our nurse's knee,
Is in his withered hand, and o'er him thrown
A garb that, tatter'd, still betrays a form
From which all noble traces have not flown,
Tho' maimed and marred beneath the mental storm.

A maniac ! but a harmless one,—less feared
Than to the simple peasantry endeared
By memory of what he was ;—and all
The cares that o'er his reason flung the pall
Of imbecility. His tale is brief,—
It is the tale of thousands. There is grief
In tracts where we suspect no vein of woe,—
And 'neath the arid waste a fount may flow,
Whose waters shall not meet the eye till time
(That works strange marvels in each age and clime,)
Brings the dread earth-quake, to unlock the womb
That is of living elements the tomb !
And thus, though un-imagined by the crowd,
Grief's secret load his ruined spirit bowed,
And wrongs, unheeded by the many, sate
Upon his bosom like a heavy weight !

He had a friend—he had a wife—both dear,
And both were false, whilst he was all sincere !
And such discovery, hath it not the power
To darken reason in its brightest hour ?
Poor wretch ! he knows not, cares not now to know,
That retribution waited them below ;
For, with the bark that bore them from his home,
They perished, in the storm-struck ocean's foam.
And he, bereft of intellect, drags on
A life of soul-less misery—alone !
Yet not alone, for every living thing,
Beast of the field, or bird upon the wing,
Or rill that runs, or shrub or plant that blooms,
To him a pleasurable shape assumes,
Wherewith in quiet companionship he dwells,
And roves contented o'er his native dells !

SONG TO ALETHE.

By W. F. THOMPSON, Esq.

When first I saw thee beam, Lady,
In opening youth ;
The scene around
Was holy ground,
And this wide earth,
Too bright for mirth,
Became a dazzling dream, Lady,
That yet was truth !

When on that face I gazed, Lady,
That face so fair !
The realms above
Seemed made of love
That left the sky
To light that eye
That blest me, while it blazed, Lady,
Too bright to bear !

When but thy tread I heard, Lady,
The low-light fall,
Of fairy feet
In cadence sweet !
Methought they prest,
My inmost breast,
That fluttered like a bird, Lady,
At its mate's call !

When o'er thy hand I bent, Lady,
That hand so chill !
And trembling felt,
My kisses melt
Its seal of snow
To passion's glow,
My life's long bliss was spent, Lady,
In that one thrill !

And now the world is flown, Lady,
And vanished thou !
But sky and sea
Still speak of thee,
And every star
We watched from far,
Has caught the light that shone, Lady,
On thy soft brow !

Our forms must melt in tears, Lady,
Our forms must melt !
But more we prize
The scathe of ties
The heart has spun
From rapture won,
Than all the pride of years, Lady,
Before we felt !

The temple gleams on high, Lady,
With pomp and prayer ;
Yet there shall dwell
A holier spell
On ruined halls
And mossy walls,
That tell of days gone bye, Lady,
When heaven was there !

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

In one of the fairest provinces of the East, stands a noble palace, the lofty domes and gilded spires of which are the admiration of all the pilgrims who pass up and down the sacred river Kistna, which bounds the gardens. This palace was the residence of a Monarch whose wealth and power were extensive. He had been a warrior in his youth—a brave one ; his fame spread far and wide ; but the beauty of his daughter was still more celebrated. Her clear, transparent skin, through which the eloquent blood flowed ; her large dark eye, to which the *surmah* gave a depth of expression ; her silken lashes ; her jet black locks, which, according to the custom of the country, were twined into a thousand plaits, intermingled with jewels of countless price ; her fair fingers, tinged with a pink dye and covered with rings ; and her cypress form, encircled by a girdle of purest gold, were, like the incense of many flowers, the cause of delight to all beholders. But to Leila all this was pain and vexation. Next to her father she esteemed knowledge, and dearly she prized the precious time wasted in decorating her person. It was her custom at early dawn to steal unperceived from the garden, and with a favorite attendant hasten to the marble temple erected under the wide-spreading banyan tree, the branches of which over-hung the Kistna, and under the shade of which a learned Brahmin was wont to take his seat ; and thither the youths of the city hied to receive the words of instruction from his lips. There the Princess, unseen, drank deep of the cup of knowledge ; astronomy, astrology, and all the wondrous book of nature spread wide before her. But there was one who, enslaved by the fame of her beauty, sat with gaze fixed on the temple which concealed

her ; the flame of love entered his bosom and scorched his vitals, and, as Sadi says, “ he let go from his hands the reins of prudence ” and declared to his father his determination to possess the Princess or die. Purseran was, like herself, an only child ; but she was born to a throne, he had no prospects of worldly wealth, save from his father’s wily wisdom. That father, the learned Brahmin, the instructor of the Princess, had by his knowledge of stars obtained unbounded influence over the King ; and though at the first view he saw naught but danger in the sudden passion of the youth, yet by dwelling upon it hour by hour, ambition sprung up in his mind and he arranged a plan by which he would combine the two passions, love and ambition. He hastened to the Monarch who was stretched on the bed of sickness. In a lofty hall of the purest white marble, cooled by two fountains which always bubbled up, hung a curiously wrought bed of chaste silver, suspended from the ceiling by four massive chains of the same precious metal. No other furniture was there. The marble floor gave back the very echo of the waters—nothing intervened to interrupt the sound. Here reposed the dying Monarch. He who had been a very lion in his strength of power, was now a coward ; the forms of those he had put to death hovered continually around his vision, laughing at him. He called upon the Brahmins for succour and advice ; they told him that having no son to perform his funeral rites, the gods had rejected him from heaven, and to appease their just wrath, he must form a cow as large as life in purest gold, fill it with milk, and present it to the priests. This had been done but the demons laughed the more ! He had then been directed to weigh himself in a pair of scales against the precious coins of India, and distribute the treasure to the priests. After exhausting his treasury, he had found the tormentors still mocking with their horrid laugh. Exhausted and dispirited he had sunk back on his couch in despair, when the learned man entered

with the words of consolation on his lips. "I have," said he, "watched the stars, I have wearied heaven with prayers for you. Ancient is your royal lineage; for centuries your family has ruled the land; brave sons have never been wanting to it until now; the anger of Brahma is against you. Death to yourself and destruction to your kingdom can only be averted by one sacrifice. The King breathed again. Hope revisited his bosom. "I will make any sacrifice," said he; "save but my life." "The Princess," continued the learned man. Dead as was the King to nearly all but love of life, still the father woke within him. "My beautiful child! no; sooner let me perish. I am old, she is young and lovely; spare her, oh, heaven! and let me be the expiation for all." The wily Brahmin then announced to him the will of the deity: that the Princess was reserved for higher honor than a mortal throne, even to be the wife of the god Kistna himself. A bridal feast must be prepared, and then, clothed in a wedding-garment of the choicest kind, and adorned with all her richest jewels, she must be led, with all the usual state of the marriage ceremony, to the river's bank, where a chest lined with velvet would await her, and where the sacrifice must begin at the full-moon, at the highest tide, at midnight. The King, now completely dazzled and stupified, consented. He took a last farewell of his lovely child as, attired in her bridal splendor, she appeared before him and essayed, by every argument of tears and supplication, to turn him from his purpose—in vain. The Brahmin having presented her with a golden cup of sherbet from the juice of the pomegranate, highly perfumed with otto-of-rose, and impregnated with a sleeping potion, gave her his benediction and she was hurried along and laid in a chest; the lid was then closed, a lamp placed thereon, and the chest launched into the current, which the Brahmin knew would bear it high and dry on shore at a certain number of miles down the river.

The poor old King had now deprived himself of every thing : his hour of excitement was over. Helpless and hopeless he was taken from his couch by the Brahmins, placed naked on the cold, bare marble floor, and his attendants were told that the gods had rejected him ; he was an outcast, and no one on pain of their displeasure must dare to approach the royal person or offer him any aid whatever !—he must be left to die the death of a dog ! Silence unbroken, save by the fountains, and the groans of the dying man, ensued. Suddenly a bustle was heard in the outer court and footsteps rapidly approached. The messenger of peace, came in the form of the British Resident. He had been absent from his post during these transactions ; a rumour had reached him, and he came with speed in his step, decision on his lip : he commanded them to raise the dying man, and with his own hands placed a mat for him to repose on. A murmur of disapprobation from the priests created an attempt at resistance among the people ; but he was not to be deterred from his duty. He had already braved death in the noblest manner. Into his audience chamber an armed band had rushed, cut down his body-guard and all around him ; he alone survived. He stood up, and his form dilating with the energy of his feelings, he stretched forth his arm and in the pure language of the court denounced the vengeance of the British Government against the first who should dare to touch the person of its representative. He saved the dignity of his nation and his own life ! Such a man was not likely to flinch now in the cause of humanity : the very attendants, who had before shrunk back, were ready to do the bidding of this “despiser of wrath,” whose zeal was tempered by judgment. Having smoothed the last rough step between this life and eternity to the poor, shadowless King, he took charge of his country until he could receive instruction from the proper authorities, as to the disposal of the throne.

Our young lover had watched with beating heart till the moment when with a loud sound of acclaim, and a full burst of music the chest was launched into the current, now rippling and sparkling under the bright rays of the moon in the plenitude of its power ; he then followed the course of the river, keeping on the left bank, his eye intently watching the precious burthen it bore : he thus proceeded for several miles. The current now ran nearer the shore ; a little half hour more and the prize would be his ! His heart beat rapidly at the thought ; he hurried on until he reached a grove of lofty trees, whose branches, drooping into the water, as if to do homage to the sacred stream, impeded all further progress by the bank. He essayed in vain to penetrate between the trees ; he was compelled to make a detour to the outskirts of the grove.

Some time was lost in seeking a path through fields of rice all flooded with water ; at length he reached the Kistna. His eager glance bent forth in search of his beloved chest ; but nothing like it was visible !—not an object floated on the bosom of the water. The moon had gone down and the planet Jupiter now shone resplendent in the heavens, shedding a pale light on the surrounding objects ; a death-like stillness prevailed ; not a leaf stirred. He gazed upon the distant horizon, hoping it might give back some outline of an object on which to build a shadow of hope. A red streak proclaimed the approach of the great luminary, which, as he gazed, appeared to spring from the bosom of the water and sink into the heavens.

As the day advanced the heat became intense ; there was not a breath of air to cool his burning brow. Overcome by his fears, his despair, his exhaustion, he looked around for something to refresh himself : the trees near him were covered with a rich rose-coloured fruit, resembling a small

plum : he strove to gather some, but the branches hung far above his head : he shook the trees, a profusion of fruit fell at his feet ; he seized them with avidity ;—fair to view, they were nauseous and acrid to the taste. Such is the fruit of passion growing on the tree of life ! Man climbs to the topmost branch with pain and difficulty ; he plucks the fruit so tempting to the view ; he tastes but the bitterness of repentance.

An unexpected fate awaited the Princess : another hand than Pur-eran's had raised that lovely form from the tomb in which she had been so long enclosed. The young Feroz had set out at morn with a numerous retinue, to follow the chase of the deer. Ardent in the pursuit, he, with two intimate companions, had left his attendants far behind. They continued their sport till sun-set, when they captured a large stag and tied him in a grove of trees bordering on the sacred river, which Feroz now beheld for the first time, and with which he was delighted. He stood upon a little bay, formed by the reflux of the current, which rushed in with force and had washed away the earth beneath, whilst the intervening roots of trees which seemed coeval with the river, resisted all its efforts to go further. It appeared a continual struggle between the world of waters and the vegetable world. The current obstructed, fretted, murmured and rolled back to swell the tribute to the ocean. The Prince resolved to pass the night here. Simple as are the habits of the followers of the chase, some cold viands concealed in the folds of their girdles, sufficed for food. One of the far-famed palms of the desert was at hand to supply a refreshing draught. The stem of this tree resembles the human arm, and its foliage, which is one large leaf springing from the summit, is divided into five parts. The Prince drew his dagger and pierced the palm of the imaginary hand of this tree, and instantly a soft, sweet liquid burst forth, of which they drank from a cup formed of the sacred lotus :

he then opened a fold of his turban, and having let it envelope his shoulders, lay down to seek repose.

A vision of a fair creature in the pale calm of death appeared to the Prince in his dreams, fitted before his waking eyes, and rose before him when he woke. The entire stillness which reigned around was soothing: the sighing of the trees alone told that even vegetation was living there. He looked on the horizon, a faint tint of grey proclaimed the approach of morn, and all nature seemed to rouse itself. He gazed out upon the water, a light appeared; it approached—neared the land. He awoke his companions. “What! can this be a spirit walking on the face of the water?” They watched it, and just as it was gliding past, rushed in, seized the chest and dragged it to the shore. To remove the lamp without extinguishing the light—to raise the lid, was the act of an instant. There, in the stillness of the grave, reposed the fair creature of Feroz’s vision. He placed her on the turf, hung enamoured over her, pressed his lips to her cold forehead, rubbed her hands and essayed to reanimate the vital spark within her. “Lovely flower,” said he, “alas! that the hand of fate should write joy and grief alternately in the book of my life. Thy beauty inflames my soul with love, thy silence plunges me into the abyss of despair. Speak to me, smile upon me! Can the prayers and tears of love win thee from the arms of death? Ah! she breathes;—a colour tinges her lips;—she opens her eyes;—she speaks:—it is surely the music of another world; this cannot be a mortal!”

The attendants, seeing their master as mad as Mujnoon with love, and judging there was some extraordinary fate awaiting the fair Leila, resolved to substitute the stag to occupy her place in the chest; they accordingly shut him up in it, replaced the lamp on the lid, and shoved it back into the current, which soon bore it out of sight.

As the Princess recovered from the stupor occasioned by the opiate she had swallowed, she endeavoured to recall to her mind all the events that had occurred. She looked up : the dark, love-beaming eye of Feroz was upon her. " Art thou the god of Gunga, and am I thy bride ?" she exclaimed. " Angel of light," he replied, " I am no god ; I am a Prince in my father's dominions ; but, prouder title, I am thy beauty's slave—command me."

The retinue from the chase now came up and arranged a palanqueen for the Princess ; and when they had had time to consider the circumstances of her destiny, resolved to follow the course of the river until they should again see the floating lamp. In half an hour they came upon a spectacle of horror. Purscran was extended lifeless on the bank ; his dress was torn and bloody ; by his side stood the chest, the lid thrown back, the lamp extinguished and the stag had rushed back to his covert. The treachery was at once revealed.

The Princess now became impatient to return to her father's court, as haply he might be alive to bless his child. Alas ! tidings of woe awaited her. Many and bitter were the tears she shed ; but the voice of love consoled her ; the hand of Feroz wiped away her tears. Our excellent friend the British Resident, had the happiness of assisting at the marriage ceremony of the young and lovely pair. He placed them on the throne and soon secured to them the friendship and support of his Government. And he, too, had his reward, in the smiles of a lovely wife and the caresses of his sweet children.

AROR.

THE GARLAND OF FLORA.

BY SIR CHARLES D'OYLY, BART.

I.

One day, as I sauntered the garden along,
 Enjoying the cool summer breeze,
 The scent of the flowers, and birds in full song,
 And the rich golden clusters that bent the fruit trees ;
 On a sudden a beautiful female I spied,
 'Twas the fair Goddess Flora who stood by my side.

II.

So lovely a form was not moulded on earth,
 So sylph-like and light did she seem ;
 The Heavens alone could have given her birth,
 Or of rapt'rous young lovers the dream :
 Her forehead was crowned with a wreath of fresh flowers
 As bright as when moistened by April's soft showers.

III.

When she opened her lips, breathing sweets all her own,
 So highly perfumed was the air,
 That it seemed the world's roses together had blown
 And centred their fragrance in her :
 I listened as she in a tone quite as sweet
 As linnets, began then her subject to treat.

IV.

Behold, happy mortal, my offspring that bloom,
 By diversified loveliness crowned ;
 See their colors and forms, and enjoy the perfume
 That sheds its sweet odours around :
 Like the gems of Golconda they radiantly cluster,
 And to Nature's dull evergreens add a fresh lustre.

V.

' By mortals their beauty has always been prized,
 Their fragrance by all been expressed ;
 But their properties slighted and functions despised,
 They 're valued but little at best :
 Yet each will an emblem of sentiment show,
 The passions, the feelings, love, pleasure and woe."

VI.

' Ah ! tell me, fair goddess," I anxiously cried,
 " The types that your favorites disclose,
 That I to my Cloe, in innocent pride,
 May reveal them ; — first take we the rose ;
 For whenever I gaze on my Cloe, that flower
 Describes her, so blooming and witching its power.

VII.

' Methinks in the bud, when just bursting its cell,
 Her infantile charms I behold ;
 In its beauties expanded, maturity's swell,
 And its perfumes her sweetness unfold :
 One thing only disturbs me, when thus I adorn
 My fair in the rose's mild guise — 'tis its thorn."

VIII.

Flora smiled as she now her description began :
 " I see some intuitive spark
 Of my system illumines the dull bosom of man,
 But 'tis love who alone shews the mark :
 The rose * in my garland that passion portrays
 And a tribute to joy and delight ever pays.

IX.

" But haste we to others ; connected with love
 Is the heart's-ease, ^b remembrance's figure ;
 Who has owned the warm passion can feelingly prove
 That love gives the memory vigor :
 While the eglantine, ^c emblem of happiness, twines
 Her tendrils around and their virtues confines.

X.

" The wild-rose, ^d timidity's blushing example,
 Oft creeps in the beautiful wreath ;
 And lilies ^e of purity, spotless th' ensample,
 Commingling their soft odours breath :
 And the jessamine, ^f descriptive of feminine charms,
 Around blissful love throws her delicate arms.

XI.

" The white-rose, ^g as innocence, flutters her leaves
 To be placed in the garland of love ;
 And the myrtle ^h with rapture her breast wildly heaves
 Her amorous connexion to prove :
 And the bud of the orange-tree ⁱ struggles to cope
 With her sisters, for she is the emblem of hope.

XII.

" The violet ^j, pressing from under her bower,
 The hand-maid of modesty seems ;
 And the sensitive-plant ^k so expresses her power,
 That advancing she shrinks from love's beams :
 The tube-rose ^l still strives with the iris ^m to join,
 For with loveliness youth is e' er ready to twine.

b Heart's ease—Remembrance.

c Eglantine—Happiness.

d Wild-rose—Timidity.

e Lily—Purity.

f Jessamine—Charms.

g White-rose—Innocence.

h Myrtle—Love.

i Orange-flower—Hope.

j Violet—Modesty.

k Sensitive-plant—Sensibility.

l Tube-rose—Youth.

m Iris—Beauty.

XIII.

' Thus the wreath of affection is clustered, prepare
 To pluck them for Cloe's fond breast ;
 Then whisper their sense in the ear of your fair
 And leave to my system the rest :
 Their charms will afford fresh delight as she bends
 O'er the gift, and their types with their loveliness blends.

XIV.

' Should you meet a coquette, a narcissusⁿ quick bring
 And present her,—its stands for her wiles ;
 A hyacinth,^o too, for inconstancy's sting,
 And a tulip^p to scare her soft smiles :
 Cold-heartedness will in a moment disarm
 A finished coquette of each plausible charm.

XV.

' If you wish with her arts to amuse a lone hour,
 (But beware simple youth of the trial,)
 Crown her brow with red-laurel, 'tis flattery's flower,^q
 And snow-drops—pride takes no denial :^r
 The gaudy sun-flower her ambition will lead,
 And the gay amaranthus^t her vanity feed.

XVI.

' The anemone^u throw to the wanton and wild,
 Ranunculus's blossoms^v if hate
 Or indifference seize you ;—they're easily foiled,
 Tho' the heliotrope^w threatens your fate :
 There's no need for the pink^x ostentation to shew,
 For the bosom will shrink at immodesty's glow,

n Narcissus—Coquetry.

o Hyacinth—Inconstancy.

p Tulip—Cold-heartedness.

q Red-laurel—Flattery.

r Snow-drop—Pride.

s Sun-flower—Ambition.

t Amaranthus—Vanity.

u Anemone—Folly.

v Ranunculus—Indifference.

w Heliotrope—Fatality.

x Pink—Ostentation.

XVII.

“ Should widows assail you, with rosemary ^y crown
 Their tresses, where lilacs ^a have bloomed ;
 For sadness befits them far better you ’ll own,
 (Their husbands but newly entombed,)
 Than the graces in weepers and crape to enchain
 That cry—‘ See me ready to marry again.’ ”

XVIII.

She ended and vanished away from my sight,
 While I her injunctions fulfilled ;
 I plucked the choice wreath with a tenfold delight
 In the science ^{so} pleasingly skilled :
 But I tenderly did it and sought not to rend
 Too rudely the breast of each newly-found friend.

XIX.

My Cloc received it with all the sweet grace
 That from gratified fondness ensues ;
 But when I their properties whispered, her face
 Robbed the flowers of their loveliest hues :
 Love prompted ^{me} my vows and she crowned all my bliss,
 “ Ah ! Flora,” we cried, “ we ’re to thank you for this ! ”

^y Rosemary—Melancholy.

^a Lilacs—Graces.

"MY THIRTY-FIRST BIRTH DAY."

A PSYCHOLOGICAL SKETCH.

By H. M. TWEDDELL, Esq.

"Animum delusit Apollo."—*Virg.*

This is my thirty-first birth day, so I triumph ! I have gained another year upon the enemy ! Without vanity I may say that I am as well in appearance, and as sound in constitution, as I was on the last anniversary of my existence. Yet I cannot disguise from myself the cruel truth, that by twelve short months I have advanced my certain progress towards that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Should the Fates consign me to the silent tomb ere I have passed the meridian of youth and life, in comparison with thousands of better and wiser men, I shall have cause to be thankful for having been spared so long, rather than for grief at being taken away so untimely. I wonder at what age, at what hour I shall die, and to what cause or accident posterity will attribute my decease !

Will the Fates cut the thread of my existence at one single snip, or will my household gods be disturbed by the lamentations of my heir-at-law at the lazy progress of my dissolution ? Let me close my eyes and meditate upon the possible occurrences that may distinguish the last minutes of my existence.

I am alone in my glory, or my misery, whichever it may be. The doctors, three in number, (one a metropolitan with white and flowing ~~wig~~, pig-tail, black silk-stockings and pumps, and in manner the most bland and commiserating ; the other two, country

Sculapians, men of boots and buck skin, with shaggy hair broad lungs and ruddy countenances) have felt my pulse for the last time, and by their sympathetic effusions of grief for the loss of so excellent a patient, have drawn the attendants out of my chamber to listen to their warrant for my speedy transit to eternity.

I am alone—exanimate, but the spirit is still in the flesh though disinclined to speak or to look about me. I am not altogether unconscious of the passing scent. I am lying on my left side, there is a dead cold weight about my heart, my lips are bloodless, there is a glassiness of my eyes, my jaws are stiffening, I breathe with difficulty, my night cap has fallen over my clammy forehead, my cold hands are motionless, my still colder feet are shrinking into a semi-genuflexion, there is a twitching of the muscles of the mouth which does not in any way add to my beauty. I groan, throw up the whites of my eyes, whilst a smart convulsive motion of the tendons agitates my cold right hand. At that very moment the blubbering old nurse, with a pocket-handkerchief on the corner of her eye, re-enters the apartment. She approaches the bed, she takes my hand,—its icy stiffness startles her, she looks anxiously at my face,—my eyelids are half closed, she fancies I am dead, and I indulge her friendly suspicions by retaining my breath. She bends over me, her mouth approximates to mine—good Heaven! how redolent was that old woman's breath of gin and onions! I shrunk from the malaria of her lips, and in another instant I should certainly have dispelled her young dreams of death, if she had not rushed out of the room, screaming and yelping that her poor dear master was no more.

Now comes the honest butler, with funeral face and pace, preceding the whole *posse comitatus* of my household, who were dying to take a last long look at my death-shadowed countenance.

blossoms, and the water-lilly, owl of the waters, shuts her dazzled buds ; the moon wanes in the sky, the hum of men is heard : in a word, it is morning and the peacock screams ; but his clarion falls unheeded on the ear of the Princess : her maidens give their wonted salutation and from without thus sing :—

Wake, ladye, wake ! the early dawn
Woos thy light footsteps to the lawn ,
Naught like morn's early breath can streak
With rosy health young Beauty's cheek !
Forth then its freshness to partake
Wake, ladye, wake !

Haste, ladye, haste ! yon Eastern hill
With its broad shadow shields us still ;
Soon, soon the purpling sky shall blaze
Too fiercely bright for Beauty's gaze ,
No more the fleeting moments waste
Haste, ladye, haste !

Sleep, ladye, sleep ! the fountain's spray
Is glittering in the rising ray ;
And ever, when these fairy streams
Blush in the day-god's dazzling beams,
Her cool retreat should Beauty keep ;
Sleep, ladye, sleep !

Oosha awoke and waking stretch'd her arms to clasp the fleeting vision of the night—in vain : she closed her eyes and sought once more to slumber, but the dear illusion was fled.

The second watch of day was well nigh past when Ceitrrekha, friend, confidante and governante of the Raj-Kuniya, ventured to arouse her mistress. Chitrrekha was a singularly gifted mortal : the *tupussia* and austerities of her father Koosbhannr, the Prime Minister of Shonitpoor's lord, had procured for his daughter many magical endowments, and above all the art of limning in such perfection that the resemblance flowed from her pencil, even as the Vedas from the swift-gliding reed of ancient scribe, long practised to trace the sacred character, are multiplied upon each faithful page.

She alone of all the attendant damsels was Oosha's well-beloved and trusted : she found her still reclining on her uneasy couch, pettish, fretful, bashful. To the entreaties of Chitrrekha, she for a long time opposed but sighs and silence until at length, with averted eye and trembling lip, she told the fatal secret of her heart. " Fear not, beloved lady", said Chitrrekha ; " to tell thy love was thy task ; to find and bring thy lover to thy feet be mine : " she said, then Gunesh and Doorga duly she invoked, her *gooroo's* venerable duties paid, and plied her magic pencil. Of the three *loks*, the fourteen worlds, seven *dweepas*, or nine quarters of the earth, the firmament, seven seas and eight creations, not one form escaped her art : next all the ministers of the Triple Deity, Saints, Deotas, the ten guardians of the quarters of the heavens, with every regal house upon the earth appeared upon the canvas ; yet not among these did Oosha's eager eye find her beloved, the one dear image of her vanished dream. Last of all the lord of sea-girt Dwarka, with all his bold descendants, was presented for Oosha's scrutiny, and a sigh, as Uniroodoo's features met her eye, proclaimed her lover found. " Worthy," said Chitrrekha, " is this youth to woo and wed the proudest maiden of the land, even the heiress of Banasoor ; there is no loftier claim than the blood of Yoodoo the grandson of the mighty Krishn ! Now comfort thee, sweet,

lady, I go to complete my task but soon will return." She retired but quickly re-appeared: vestments broidered with the sacred name of Rama decked her person; the upright *tiluk* on her forehead, the trident printed on her breast, arms and throat; the fragrant *toolsee*-garland on her neck, and a wooden rosary of the same odoriferous plant girding a checquered veil; her crooked staff to rest on, the holy volume of the Bhugvert-gceta pressed beneath her arm, all shewed the Byshnuvee devotee to vulgar eyes, and Chitrekha, bowing to the earth before the timid Oosha, cloud-borne, mounted into the air and vanished in the direction of Dwarka.

* * * * *

It was now the third day since the secret nuptials of Oosha and Uniroodoo, when, leaving her lover still asleep, the Princess timidly ventured to visit one of her wonted favorite bowers in the palace gardens, but soon, swiftly as a bird to its nestling, she retraced her steps and sat to watch him as he slept. Her unaccustomed seclusion had not escaped the observation of her guardians, nor did the sudden impulse which led her again to her beloved lessen their suspicions, and the imprudence of the young couple allowed their conversation to reach the watchful ears of a spy commissioned by the warrior who held the palace guard. Terrified at his own want of vigilance and its consequences, death in tortures, he hastened to the castle, and audience granted, fell prostrate in the *ashtunga*, that submissive posture in which head, arms and breast together touch the earth, and begged his forfeit life and he would speak. "Speak," said the sullen Monarch; "woe awaits the unfaithful minister of my behests, but woe, ruin and destruction light on the bold wretch that dares to

cross the will of Banasoor." The fatal news is told. Banasoor rose, suppressed one pang of anguish for his child, then grimly smiling as with a stern joy to find one being on whom to glut his re-awakened thirst for blood and combat, strode to the outer court ; there, as he turned in haste to leave his fortalice, his eye glanced on the turret on which was wont to float the mystic banner: it was gone, save a shattered staff naught remained to point where once it waved. "Slaves," said their startled lord, "look aloft; where is the gilded pennon of yon tower?" "Three days are past," replied his warriors, "since a fierce tempest arose and dashed it to the earth where now it lies." "It is well; my mace; and see that my bravest bands assemble swift from every side. Treason is on foot. Deity, at length thy word is kept, yet I did not deem that it would be through my child that I would suffer."

Onward they strode. His bands disposed with care around the palace, Banasoor entered alone: silently he crossed the corridors shouldering his massy club, which scarce his Briaren strength had power to wield. What does he see? in Oosha's chamber a youth asleep in fond security and Oosha watching nigh. "No, not now; to slay him in his slumbers were to bring foul disgrace upon the race and name of Banasoor. He spoke; a shriek from Oosha roused her lover, and Banasoor's retiring form shewed all their extreme peril. Within Uniroodoo roused the soul and might of Krishn; uplifting a mighty column of marble, he stood confronting hundreds: undismayed many he slew as whirled the ponderous stone amid his foes; but Banasoor at length, with a noose thrown by his unrivalled skill and strength, disarmed the entangled youth, and Uniroodoo was a struggling captive.

* * * * *

Not alone lay Uniroodoo pinioned on the earth: Oosha was

there; she sat and pressed his limbs with her soft hands, and slackened the tight-drawn bands. Her did the fierce Skundh, base born son of Banasoor, reproach: "What! lost to shame and modesty, dost thou still linger near thy paramour; no *teeka* of betrothment Brahmin-born hath graced thy nuptials; no *swyumbur*, where amid the solemn assemblage of congrate kings thou mightest, with thy parent's sanction, chuse thy mate: hence, shameless, hence." "Skundh!" said the weeping girl, "cease thy bold speech and know me as I am, the bride of Uniroodoo, of Krishn's blood. The meanly born and meanly minded maid deserts her lord impoverished, sick or captive, not so the bride by soul and birth ennobled. True he is not my lord by worldly rites, but promised and bestowed by Parvutee; and shall I draw down foul scandal on my name, heap scorn upon myself and lineage by listening unto worldlings such as thou?" She ended. Savagely the ruthless Skundh seized his defenceless sister, and forced her to withdraw, and Uniroodoo was left alone.

* * * * *

We must now transport our readers to another scene, the shores of the ocean city, Dwarka; where sat with head low bent and mournful visage its lord, the mighty Krishn, bewailing the loss of his grandson, the gallant Uniroodoo; while shrieks and groans from the inner apartments proclaimed the grief of its fair inhabitants. But hark! a shout of joy; who now approaches?—men and women run with eager faces and clasped hands to fall at the prophet's feet. It is Narud, the seer, the priest of Yoodoo's race. "Where, where is our darling Uniroodoo? tell us, oh! Narud, thou alone who canst tell! is he well, and where?" "Dispel your grief; your Uniroodoo lives,—lives in the castle of Shonitpoor, the abode of the dread Banasoor, bound by his unerring noose, but also bound

by the silken meshes of the gentle Oosha's love. It is told, and now his release depends on your own exertion." Wrapt in contemplation the seer went on his way.

* * * * *

Hark to the drum of battle, gods ! what a gallant array ! In the van the long tusked elephants stride solemnly forward, on them are castles filled with eager warriors, their armour glittering in the sun, their pennons waving in the breeze ;—the war-chariots next, and mail-clad horses of every hue careering and curvetting bear onward the battle-axed chivalry of Dwarka's isle ;—and accompanied by clear-voiced bards, reciting the deeds of their heroic chiefs, in the rear follow countless legions of the foot, armed with two-handed scymetars, arrows, shields, spears, falchions, maces, iron-bound clubs to crush the foeman's casque, and searching poniards to reach his mailed breast, all burning to avenge their youthful Lord ; such was the array that, led by stout Bulram, issued from the crystal gates of Dwarka and beleaguered the fastness of the terrible Banasoor.

Great was the wrath of Banasoor, and great his preparations for the field : one body of his countless host he instantly drew out in order of battle under his trustiest leaders, and he himself soon followed with the rest : in all twelve legions wore the standards of Shonitpoor ; in each complete legion were more than twenty thousand cars, bearing their masters to the fight, as many elephants supported these ; above one lack of foot, and horsemen seventy thousand, formed the power of one of these divisions. But first the tyrant sought solitude, and deep, solemn and prolonged were his prayers to Shiva, his patron divinity, to aid and shield him in the coming conflict.

* * * * *

The fight is over, and the standard of Yoodoo floats triumphant on the towers of Shonitpoor. And what a sight did yon battle-field present : rivers of blood from wounded and dying flooded the plain, spouting in fountains even into mid air ; war-chariots bereft of their charioteers floated hither and thither like rafts upon an ocean ; slain elephants reared their unwieldy bulk like rocks above the waters ; headless trunks under the impulse of their fierce career strode staggering through the mass ; like alligators shewed the corpses of the slain ; and here and there obscene animals, vultures, dogs and jackals, pulled snarling at the carcasses ; growling they forsook at times their carnival to strive in mutual conflict : the crow and raven, picking the scarce closed eyes, flew to the neighbouring trees and perched to glut them with their savage feast.

At a distance from the terrible scene of slaughter stood Krishn ; the haughty Banasoor, knelt now a humbled suppliant at his feet : the boon, the ill-fated boon of Shiva, the hundred arms, were severed by the *discus* of Dwarka's lord, and by his grace the abashed yet glad Banasoor, reduced to the ordinary standard of other mortals, had now no object so intensely desired as the solemn completion of the nuptials of Uniroodoo with Oosha.

Silks are spread and garlands hung around, and mirth and revelry reign in the halls of Shonitpoor. Banasoor, its reinstated lord, presides ; on his right the blushing Oosha, on his left her blooming bridegroom. The slaves, both male and female, the silks, gold, silver, flocks and herds, barbed steeds and elephants caparisoned, that the glad father lavished on his girl, what pen can recount ? Blessed with so rich a dowry ; blessed with the consent of their happy parents ; blessed in their mutual firm affection, commenced in affliction, terminated in love, ends the story of Uniroodoo and his Oosha.

PHANTASIE.

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

Thy cheek is wan, thine eye is dim,
 Dull langour reigns in every limb ;
 Can'st thou not break the body's thrall ?
 The mind, the mind can cure it all.

Know'st thou the luxury of thought,
 The joy of fancy over-wrought,
 That rushes over earth and sky
 It knows not where, it knows not why,
 Piercing the outward garb of things
 And diving to creation's springs,
 Then rising freer, rising higher,
 Borne upwards by its wing of fire,
 It revels in the awful jar
 Of all we might be, all we are ;
 Like sea-bird floating on the billow,
 Making the floods of time its pillow,
 Or hanging in the airy cloud
 In native vigor high and proud ?
 Away ! away ! sublimely free,
 The lovely lord of sky and sea,
 For countless hours, for countless miles,
 Till the worn tempest stops and smiles,
 And heaving billows gently play,
 And breezes breathe and pass away,—
 And smooth and soft the fawning deep
 Rocks the bold voyager to sleep !

See'st thou yon fleecy cloud in air ?
 Away ! away ! we'll revel there ;
 Pleased, on its downy breast recline,
 And catch its colors as they shine :
 There, sheltered from the noon-day glow,
 Slow floating o'er this world below,
 Mark ! mark ! with me the shining scene,
 The woods, the plains, the streams between ;
 The mountains bare the valleys green,
 All gliding smoothly by our sight,
 A shifting banquet of delight !

See ! we have touched the mountain's brow,
 The icy chill has reached us now ;
 And fretted peaks of dazzling white,
 And vaulted chambers, arches light,

And caverns hoar
 All frosted o'er,
 And snowy plains
 Where silence reigns,

Burst chilling on the sight.
 Come to the caves beneath,
 See Winter with his wreath

Of purest snow,
 That seems to grow,
 And growing drops
 And never stops,

Still gathering o'er each torpid limb
 That peeps beneath the vesture dim,
 And gliding off the slippery throne
 Wherever he lies of icy stone ;
 Here rests he stiffening in his flakes,
 He never sleeps and never wakes.

Come to the snow-fields, come
Where all is smooth and dumb
Far as the eye can show,
A wilderness of snow
With surface crisped ore
Foot never trod before,—
The same sad, silent scene
Since time and place have been,
Save when the mighty thunder,
His fetters rent asunder,
Goes muttering o'er his path
In disappointed wrath,
His hand of fury dreads
Cold's everlasting heds,
And idly blazing thro' the desert air
Shrinks back within his lair.

Ha ! has thy thirsty soul its fill—
Would'st thou have warmth ? We will ! we will !
Come to the land of shades and showers,
Where kindling earth with freshened powers,
Soft as a maiden from her dream,
Bares half her beauties to the beam,
And brightening, blushing, o'er the rest
Draws the dim verdure of her vest.
Is it not bright, this smiling scene,
This plumed pomp of branch and bough ?
A thousand times the change has been
But never fresh and fair as now.
Is it not soft, this gentle ray
That pours its freshness on the earth,
As tho' the light itself were gay,
To see its deceiving offspring's birth ?

Is it not gay, this wanton breeze
 That kisses every flower it meets,
 And wrestles with the struggling trees,
 The ruler of their hidden sweets ?
 Pines not the soul for something fair
 The prototype of all around ?
 And breathes not in the very air
 A rapture voiceless but profound ?
 Come where the wild young Spring, with braided tresses
 Has gone to stray ;
 Swift, as the fawn her slender hand caresses,
 She bounds away ;
 While birds unnumbered round her beauty flutter
 Where'er she stirs,
 But not a note their swelling bosoms utter
 Can vie with hers :
 Soon, breathless, to the shady dell she goeth
 And chaplets weaves,
 And smiling crowns her marble brow that gloweth
 With the green leaves,
 Then gazes, lost in all the maze of feeling,
 O'er earth and sky
 Till rapture's wildness o'er her spirit stealing
 Shall bid her fly.

Or southward still we'll sail away
 To the full year's maturer sway,
 Where scanty grass forbears to grow, }
 And tardy streams forget to flow, }
 And languid breezes hardly blow,
 And spreading seas of rustling brown
 Wave, tall and stately, up and down ;

Where branches with their burdens stoop,
 And flowers in weary splendour droop,
 As tho' they felt that life was care
 And longed to be, as once they were,
 When early spring around them threw
 The nameless charm that was not true :
 A sickly prime of life and light,
 Where all is dull tho' all is bright,
 Save where umbrageous groves expand
 And darkly chequer all the land
 With spots of peace, on plain or hill,
 Sequestered sorrowful and still.

Come to the mossy cells
 Where languid summer dwells
 In the ever twilight gloom,
 With the violet's perfume
 And the crickets shrilly calling
 And the fountains softly falling ;
 Where she leaves her glossy hair
 And her bosom ever bare,
 Then lays her burning head
 On its soft and dewy bed :
 With the forms before her eye
 She never seems to spy,
 And the voices in her ear
 She never seems to hear ;
 She lies and dreams away
 The stillness of the day.

Nay ! shrink'st thou from the glow of heat ?
 Another change and all is sweet ;
 For see, the season's hope is past,
 Dead, dead and bare ;
 Where harvests were

The stubble flies before the blast ;
The flowers have lost their beauty now,
The leaves hang dead on branch and bough
That turn to sigh and wail ;
And groves, once still,
On plain or hill,
Now roar and quiver in the gale.
Grimly looks down the misty sun
To see the work of him done,
At whose behest
Earth doffs her vest ;
And sad and slow,
With pomp and show,
Of waving woods
And rushing floods,
And lowering sky,
And blasts that fly,
The ancient year prepares to die !

Come to the woods and groves
Where grisly Autumn roves ;
Streaming loose his silver hairs,
Streaming loose the robe he wears ;
With keen and restless gaze
He hurries on his ways,
With ebon staff to shake
The pride of bower and brake ;
Then by the forest's verge
He listens to the dirge
O' the wind among the trees
And shouts for rapture when he sees
The giant arms that toss on high
Flinging loose foliage at the sky ;

On the rocky steeps
 His lonely watch he keeps
 Where the wild torrent leaps,
 And stream to stream he turns
 And drains their scanty urns
 That haply they may swell
 And bury all the dell:
 And when the day declines
 He marks not how it shines.
 But takes his stedfast stand
 And points with outstretched hand,
 Through the dismal shades of night,
 To th' east, where morning's light
 Is doomed again to break
 For the ruin he shall make.

But see the lingering day is spent,
 The shadowy landscape cheats the light,
 Let's hurry back again and vent
 The day's privations in the night.

Oh! lovely night! thou steal'st on
 Seraphic in thy starry dress,
 The brightest sun that ever shone
 Would only mar thy loveliness!

Ah! gentle night! thou giv'st release
 From all the toil that day-light brings,
 'Tis double joy to taste of peace
 When borne on thy celestial wings!

Ah! sacred night! mysterious shade
 Of something else diviner far,
 'Tis thine to bid delusion fade
 And bring us back to what we are!

Ah ! tender night ! the thoughts of woe
 May rise with thee in dark array,
 But sweet it is for tears to flow
 Which thy dark plume can brush away !

KINNOUJ.

By J. M. HARRIS.

Serjeant, 3d Troop 2d Brigade Horse Artillery.

In proud Kinnouj, decay without control
 Hath held his revel, and to greet the eye
 Hath left nor arch, nor column tapering high,
 Nor obelisk, nor shattered frieze or scroll.
 Evening had veiled it in her solemn stole,
 The spirits of a by-gone age came nigh,
 Spectres of time departed flitted by,
 And whispered desolation to my soul.
 Did not some fragment of its structures vast,
 Its kingly halls, its consecrated fanes,
 Guarded by gods, the ruthless grasp evade ?
 None ; not a relic tells the grandeur past,
 Of this, the proudest work that man e'er made,
 Save the red soil of the surrounding plains.

REMARKS ON THE POPULATION OF LONDON.

BY A TRAVELLER.

Among the numerous and interesting objects which attract the attention of an Englishman on his return to his native land, after years of exile in the East, there is not one more prominently striking than that of the dense population of its vast metropolis. The bustle and noise of the city itself, the rapidity of motion of its inhabitants, the air of business, the promptness of action, the independent bearing of each individual of the moving mass, excite his astonishment ; and not less so the happy dexterity, or rather the mathematical precision, with which they avoid running each other down.

How great, indeed, is the contrast to the stillness—to the grandeur of the stillness of the East !—how different this activity to the inertness, listlessness, vacuity of mind and obsequiousness of the sable race of Hindoostan !

Nor is the dissimilarity less marked between our exile himself and the legitimate Londoner ! The former loving the ease and quiet of life ; the latter distinguished for his attachment to the never-ceasing din of the metropolis, the clang and uproar of which, as well as the bustling restlessness of its inhabitants, being necessary for his existence.

It must be confessed that London presents to the traveller and the philanthropist, a mine overflowing with the richest materials for moral and weighty reflections. The various castes that are always there, with their striking and strangely diversified features, offer a wider and richer field for observation than can be found in any other city in the world. Intermingled in the throng are to be seen natives of all climes, speakers of all tongues,

professors of all religions. The disciples of the Talmud and of the Koran, the worshippers of Juggernaut and of Fo !

Noris it rare to witness in simultaneous representation a tragedy, a comedy, a farce, an interlude, a pantomime, in the purest style of theatric excellence—"the actors nature, and the world the stage." There we may behold the parade and splendour of modern days, clothed in all the brilliancy that wealth, pride, and the love of show can procure.

Apart lies prostrate poverty in its various gradations, and with its attendant train of miseries.

"Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light."

Mrs. Hemans.

On one side are congregated creation's fairest flowers ; the noble, the brave, the generous, the gallant, the accomplished, the beautiful, and all that can induce a love of life, and tend to its luxurious enjoyment.

On the other are nature's noxious weeds ; the mean, the base, the unfeeling, the envious, the worthless, the ignorant, and all that can engender a disrelish for our existence.

One moment we elbow a duke, or a minister of state, or possibly, by losing our gravity, we trip up a judge, or the chancellor ! Before us is the Marlborough or the Cecil, the Newton or the Locke of our day, passing onward unknown to, and unheeded by, the throng.

Suddenly we are in contact with a fine moustached military-looking personage, whose spurs alone are sufficient to throw us into nervous agitation. A moment after this, a friend quaintly, but seasonably, informs us, that the hero of our terrors is nobody.

"*On le pave de Londres*" any one may pass for a great man if he have but wit and assurance enough to sustain the character.

How numerous, indeed, are the naturalized automatons who there fret out their lives, within whose craniums, if analyzed, the eye of a gull could not detect brains !

It is this intermixture of worth little known, and of folly in disguise, which renders an intelligent companion so delightful to the stranger in his wanderings through the labyrinth of streets, particularly if the former be gifted with the knowledge of celebrated living characters. In a word, a sort of *auctioneer* of reputations, who can expatiate upon the merits, or expose to us the foibles of individuals, as they are passing by.

If we compare the extent of the population of London with that of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other European capitals ; and at the same time reflect upon the various, and peculiar causes always in action to influence the meeting together of this anomalous assemblage of persons and things, our surprise is soon dispelled.

Considered as the emporium of commerce, the treasury of the world's wealth, the arena of talent, the centre of all that is rich in art, or rare in nature, London attracts every thing of value from the remotest corner of the globe.

The traveller may there add to his knowledge, and the miser to his riches :—it is the market to which the courtier may bring his bows, and the coquette her charms, to most advantage ! And whether we enjoy the caresses and flattering smiles of Fortune or wither under the waywardness of the fickle goddess, it is the place where we may find a companion to share our joys or sympathize in our sorrows. Even that pyramid of bones, a man without friends or fortune, may there live happily enough if he possess the enviable state of mind of him we read of, whose accommodating fancy gave him ideal possession of every equipage and mansion that pleased him. The subject admits of many mixed reflections ; let us dismiss it, however, with a parting recommendation to our exile to be prepared for the

"*pahalum animi*" that will be afforded him whenever his chance may arrive to visit this Babylon of his country, and also to exhort him to look about when there, as he may be assured that wherever he may place his foot, nobles and beauties, heroes and heroins have just stepped there before him.

Chowringhee, November 12.

M.

L' ABBANDONATA.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

There is a love on earth, that doth not die
 With the false, perishable food on which
 It feeds itself; that gone, it doth not fly
 To search for other viands, rare or rich;
 But turns upon the heart, where it doth lie
 (Like worm close settled in the fragrant niche
 Of some bright rose,) gnawing it, till the strife
 Hath forced that fragile thing to flee from life.

There is an earthly constancy that lasts,
 Like the pure snow on Scotland's highest hills,
 Which gleams unmelted, though the hot sun casts
 Its strength around! There is a truth, that fills
 With high resolves the soul, to stand the blasts
 With which dark perfidy weak spirits kills;
 Still stimulating us to bear with all
 The shocks of life that may upon us fall.

She hath been constant through the faithlessness
 Of him, who was her ruin! She hath loved,
 When forced by him to beg, in their distress
 By few compassioned; nay, by most reproved:

Nor when his words grew cruel, loved she less,
 Nor when his acts grew wicked, was she moved
 To leave him, with the many. They could blame,
 When gold no longer helped to shield from shame!

At length he left her, desolate and lone,
 With her own heart to weep in solitude,
 He went—and none knew whither—with the scorn
 Of the bad world, the pity of the good,
 To rest upon his victim. She had borne

Want, wretchedness, reproach, for him, nor would
 Even then desert him, but attended still,
 To watch his steps and soothe his wayward will.

Then, when he fled her, with her name weighed down
 By accusations foul, she toiled and tasked
 Beyond her woman's strength, and years had flown
 In poverty and care. At last, unasked,
 Came wealth. A miser died,—to her scarce known
 Save by report, which said that he had basked
 In fortune's richest suns, nor ever threw
 From his life stores one mite, to pity due.

He died, and left her *all* and she, in vain,
 Travelled through many lands the lost to find,
 Then sought a calm retreat where she might gain
 In deeds of pious charity, and kind
 And gentle actions, solace for the pain
 And grief undying, that oppressed her mind;
 And there she led such life, that all men deemed
 A Saint had come from Heaven, for such she seemed.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed. Yon white-washed cottage small
 With its rich wreaths of roses o'er the wall,

Bowers, and green trees around, and near a stream,
Whose muffled music soothes her saddest dream,
Contains the widowed Rita! Summer there
Delights to dwell; for gentle is the air,
And bright the verdure round it: but 'tis now
The winter season; deep the swan-like snow
Nestles upon the earth, like some white bird
Whose feathery pinions noiselessly are stirred
By the faint breezes! Every bush and brake
A phantom semblance in the moonlight take,
For night, wan wizard! over sea and shore
Reads her high task of necromantic lore,

And alters all things by its powerful spell,
To shapes and shadows curious! In the sky
Gathers a cloud, that tells of tempest nigh,
And ghost-like fogs flit fastly o'er the fell.

Sadly sits Rita, leaning on her hand,
But her heart's thoughts are of that better land,
Where love hath full fruition, hope success,—
And virtue meets reward,—and all things bless!
Yet sometimes, as she lists the strength'ning storm
Beat loudly at her lattice, comes a form
Athwart the dim imaginings that creep
To wake earth's sorrows from their transient sleep;
And all her early love, her passionate pain,
Flits, like a hideous horror, o'er her brain!
—Oh! she hath prayed for him, till tears were mixed
With agonies that every nerve transfixed;—
And all of life's lost peace, and all that lasts
To chase the shade which sorrow o'er her casts,—
All her world's health, and wealth, and hope,—yea! all
Gladly would she resign, could she but call—

Call back that evening wind her '—not for bliss
 Such as her youth beguiled—not for the kiss
 Of passionate endowment,—not for aught
 That weans from higher hopes the human thought—
 But for the holy charity, that craves
 To still or sin's or sufferings troubled waves,
 To lead the penitent, in triumph, back
 To virtue's sweet, though long abandoned track
 And in its wounds to pour such healing balm
 As kind physicians give, to soothe and calm !

“ Where is *he* now ? Perhaps his homeless head
 Feels the fierce storm '—alas ! perhaps he's dead '
 It so—oh ! died the penitent ! She bends
 Her head upon her hands ! The snow descends,
 The sleety shower patters against the pane—
 Toud rolls the blast and o'er the dismal plain
 Darts the red winter lightnings, hailstones beat
 Relently 'gainst the casement from her seat
 Rises pale Rita, and upon the ground
 Humbles herself in prayer ! when, lo ! what sound
 Is heard above the gale ! A deep, sad groan
 Falls on her ears ! another ! and each moan
 Fainter, still fainter turning, follows fast
 Upon each pause of the uncertain blast !
 The pure are brave,—why should the virtuous fear !
 She seeks the door, unlocks it, high and clear,
 Through the revolving rack, the moon bursts forth
 To cheer the desolate glory of the earth,
 Rent by the lightning and the cruel blast
 That raged awhile, but is already past.

Silence ' No sound is heard ; but, ah ! she sees

Prostrate, ev'n on the threshold, what she knows
To be a human form ! Trouble her knees,

And throbs her heart, as to that wretch she goes
To succour, or to save, if yet she may ;
All, all is cold and stiff, a thing of clay !
No breath upon the lips, no pulses beat
In the chill veins, that scarce retain their heat !

Slowly she drags, within her lowly porch,
That lifeless shape, then flies for light, and rings
To rouse her handmaids, then the taper brings.

She gazes on the dead ! Doth the sight scorch
Her eyeballs, that they glare thus wildly ? There
He lies, her heart's deceiver !—and death's stare
Is in his eyes, that never more shall see
'Those orbs, that o'er him rain so grievously '
And aid, that cannot aid, is brought ; for death
Hath stilled that spirit's turbulence ; his breath
Away hath passed, and he no more shall pain
The heart that loved with tenderness so vain !

Within his vest these written words were found :

“ I come to ask thy pardon, and to die,
If that be won, contented, on the ground,

A penitential mourner at thy feet !
Rita, forgive me !” This was all ; no more
Met the unhappy widow's tearful eye,
As kneeling low her holy lips repeat
A fervent prayer for him ! My tale is o'er.

TO A YOUNG FEMALE.

By J. M. HARRIS.

Serjeant, 3d Troop 2d Brigade Horse Artillery.

When morn again o'er hill and fragrant heath,
 Throws her soft shadowy tints, and roseate light,—
 Lifts, with a timid hand, the veil of night
 And blushing at her boldness peeps beneath,—
 When fading on her light the gem divino
 That decks her brow, more radiant tho' alone,
 Than all that burn on night's imperial throne,
 Her early beauties are the type of thine.
 Thine is her aspect gentle and serene ;
 Thine is the placid calmness of her face ;
 Thine is her softened dignity of mien,
 Her modest loveliness, and languid grace,—
 Her purity, her tender look benign ;
 Her sweetness all, but not her coldness thine.

SONNET.

By J. M. HARRIS.

Serjeant, 3d Troop 2d Brigade Horse Artillery.

A dreamer from my youth, my life is bound
 'Mid glorious visions, all to me as true
 As if the corporal sense could feel and view,
 The airy sprites that fancy conjures round ;
 The midnight elves are my companions boon,
 And those bright beings which the mental sight
 Marks, as they float in evening's amber light,
 And those that circle round the misty moon.
 With them I live, in fairer worlds than this ;
 With them I revel, in their bowers bright ;
 Amid eternal beauty, health, and youth ;
 I share their life, of ever-varying bliss,
 And, if imagination be delight
 Oh wherefore seek the misery of truth.

THE CASTLE OF CLUNY.

BY J. MIDDLETON, ESQ.

In the parish of Banchory, in Kincardineshire, one of the eastern counties of Scotland, and about two miles north of the parochial town, stands the Castle of Cluny. From its elevation on the slope of a hill, it commands to a great distance a view of the beautiful tract of country through which the rapid Dee rolls her silvery waters; nor does her stream in any part of its progress flow through scenery more richly beautified by productions of nature or ornaments of art. The numerous country-seats scattered on either side of the valley, vie with each other in the chasteness of their architecture, and sparkling in the beams of a summer sun, look amidst the waving woods like diamonds in a sea of emerald, while at intervals, the river is seen stealing snake-like through the landscape. Such is the scene which the structure above named overlooks—without a single tree to shelter it from the blast, it stands solitary and alone, an

Imperishable type of evanescence.

Its inner walls, unprotected by any roof, which time has long since worn away, are crumbling and broken, while the outer exhibit an astonishing solidity, as if hewn from the rock; nor seem to have aught to fear from the thunder, the lightning, or the tempest. Its form is nearly square, about one hundred and fifty feet a side, and it is of considerable elevation. Towards the south is a large opening, where massive iron hinges, built into the wall on either side, show that there the ponderous door guarded the principal entrance. Towards the base the windows are scarce of width sufficient to afford admittance for the hand, while those of higher elevation are larger and protected by strong iron bars. On the same side, sculptured tablets,

disposed without order, show in *alto* and *basso relievo* the armorial ensignia of its ancient inhabitants, or proclaim their deeds of war. On the crumbling battlements are half-decomposed images of mounted horsemen and warriors on foot in various attitudes, offensive and defensive ; while masque and minaret, in short every ornament which it wears, show the barbarous taste of those times ; yet the whole has an imposing boldness and grandeur.

Above the doorway already alluded to, and springing from the top of the main building, rises a circular structure of about thirteen feet in diameter, and of equal height ; its walls being about four feet thick, and lighted by a small circular aperture near the top. This apartment was used as a prison for such foes as the chief of the clan McInnes—for his was the castle—might capture in battle. From its strength it was named the brazen tower, and although now the hollow walls hang over the central ruin, which its own floor has accompanied, it still bears the name.

Such is the castle with which our story is connected. But how different now the venerable ruin from what it once was ! How expressive of the fleeting glories of man, his hopes, his aspirations, his ambition ! Solitary, drear and desolate, it stands the hoary monument of humility. The merry laugh and riotous revel have given place to the whistling of the winds and the croak of the raven ;—the “ clank of hammers closing rivets up,” to the harsh and boding screech of the owl. The soul that once animated it has fled ; and with the exception of the tradition which I am about to give, no tale, I believe, remains to tell of its ancient possessors.

Neighbouring to the clan McInnes was the clan Cumming ; and between them, at the time of which we speak, peace had for a considerable time subsisted, (a circumstance very unusual

in days of hereditary hatred and feudal jealousy) while various intermarriages had tended to identify their interests. The kindly and close intimacy that existed between the chiefs of the respective clans also tended much to augment and promised to perpetuate the auspicious friendship.

Conrad and Elvira, the former a Cumming, the latter a McInnes, had been from their infancy constant associates. He, open and generous—she, delicate, tender and lovely; while the natural similarity of their tastes and dispositions was strengthened and matured by their intimacy. Young and free from care, their happiness in the society of each other knew no alloy and feared no diminution. The summer light that played around them, as they would sport in the sunshine, was not warmer than their hearts or brighter than their hopes. No anxiety preyed upon their innocent minds, nor did the imagination originate a thought which the lips declined to utter, or the cheek blushed to acknowledge. They enjoyed love in its purity; yet they knew not that they loved, and even when arrived at mature years, they remained in the same happy 'unconsciousness. Delighted with the beauties which nature had profusely scattered around them, they would wander by the murmuring rill or recline on the flowery bank, where in infancy they gamboled; yet no thought beyond the present disturbed the tranquil delight which they felt in the society of each other. The time, however, was now come, when their happiness was destined to interruption, and they to a separation which they knew not how ill they could endure.

“ Ah, love! what is it in this world of ours
That makes it dangerous to be loved? Ah! why
- With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?”

The sudden death of her fond father, whom she tenderly and deservedly loved, left her dependant upon her uncle, a man in every respect different from him she had lost: haughty, tyrannous and cruel, those nobler feelings which prompt to acts of generosity and love, were to him unknown. The honor of his house and ascendancy of his clan, were the special objects of his idolatry, compared with which all others were worthless. The philanthropy which had regulated the conduct of his brother he could not understand, and therefore stigmatized as childishness and effminacy. He had always looked upon the friendship which had sprung up between the formerly hostile clans as a misfortune, and longed for its termination. The true dignity of a McInnes seemed to him to consist in irreconcilable hatred to those whom his predecessors had hated.

His son Murdoch, was much of the same sentiments with himself. Indeed, he had not perhaps an idea additional to the hereditary stock which had descended through several generations, and which was likely to be handed down to his successors with equal purity.

Constituted as the father and the son thus were, it was not to be supposed that the young Cumming would experience much friendship at *their* hands. His affection for Elvira, and its evident return by her, had filled them with jealousy and alarm, lest the blood of McInnes should one day flow in the same polluted channel with that of a Cumming. The first step to be taken, therefore, now that she was entirely under their control, was at once to cut off all communication between them, which would be likely also to cause a general breach between the clans, a consequence they were by no means desirous to shun. The loss of a parent whom she so loved and honored, preyed upon the spirit of Elvira, and brought on a

severe fever. To her who had never heretofore experienced grief, and whose bosom was tender and susceptible, the shock could not be otherwise than overwhelming. It requires time to effect a balance amongst the passions: when they first appear, each in its turn, like the rod of the Israelite, swallows up the rest. She had been all her life happy, entirely occupied with the present, without even a thought of the future, and had made no preparation for misery. There is a stage in life; a limit between the bright sunshine and the cloudy and troubled sky, at which all must arrive, and beyond which all must pass never again to return; where the gilding is stripped and the sober and stern realities of the world exposed to view. At this stage Elvira had now arrived, but to her the change was more than usually serious. It was dreadful to be thus suddenly deprived of him who loved her and placed in dependance on those that loved her not. The disease by which she was afflicted had its mercy however, since for a time it effected an oblivion of her forlorn condition.

When the fever was at its height, it was deemed advisable to exclude from her presence every cause of excitement. Conrad was therefore prevented from seeing her; a prohibition to which, since he knew it to be necessary to her safety, he readily yielded. The reception he met with from her uncle and cousin, however, on the occasions of his visits, was far from gratifying, and convinced him that he was no welcome visitant at the castle. The anxiety alone which he felt for Elvira, rendered that treatment tolerable, against which, under other circumstances, his natural pride and independence would have rebelled.

Now that he no more enjoyed her society, time hung heavily on his hands and his accustomed cheerfulness considerably abated. He had never dreamt that her presence and society had become so essential to his happiness. Its importance to him became

known now that he no longer possessed it. He had never conceived that the beauties of nature to him would fade, and her sublimities lose their master-charm at the absence of one individual. Nor had it ever occurred to him that her smile, though he had ever felt it fall warmly upon his heart, shone on the flowery banks and brightened on the craggy brow of the mountain; but now he found it had been so. When the object of his love was torn from him, then, and not till then, he knew from the wound it caused how deeply she had grown into his heart.

Notwithstanding the coldness of her uncle on his visits at the castle, and the evident enmity which that conduct evinced, Conrad still continued his visits. Not a morning passed, but he started with the light to gain intelligence of her whom he now found so necessary to his happiness; or if it did, the setting sun saw him hurrying along on the same errand.

One evening on the occasion of his visit to the castle the door-keeper refused him admittance with a rudeness and coarzeness of manner, which raised the fiery blood of the young chieftain, and prevented him from immediately recognising the hatred of the master in the sauciness of the menial.

"Impudent varlet!" exclaimed the young Cumming, "make way or I'll chastise thy impertinence."

"Dinna be in sic a flocht; her ain sel kens brawly what she's about. This is the castle of the McInnes and never intends to open her gates again at a Cumming's bidden, an sae my master tells you."

"It is false", replied the enraged Conrad; "he would not dare to do it; I come not as a beggar or a spy to his gates, but to obtain intelligence regarding his ward in whose sufferings I deeply sympathize. Should even the hereditary enmity of his house have revived in him, he cannot be so estranged from

nature as not to respect my feelings. That he authorizes this conduct in you I will not credit; and my trusty broadsword shall at once vindicate his honour and punish your insolence,"—and with the word the weapon flew from its scabbard.

"Twa can play at that", replied, with dogged indifference, the imperturbable Donald, as he rudely pushed the young chieftain from the gate.

They fought, but the youth and dexterity of Conrad were more than a match for the aged porter; who, though he fought bravely, soon lay prostrate at his feet. The clashing of the swords spread instant alarm through the castle, an alarm, however, for which its inhabitants were not unprepared. The young Cumming, borne beyond the bounds of discretion by a vehemence of rage which he had not heretofore experienced, hurried along the passage towards the castle hall. He had scarce proceeded half way when he was met by Murdoch attended by a band of armed followers.

"Seize the sassinach," cried their leader; "we'll teach him better manners than to disturb our peace in this way."

At the command of their chief the troop rushed upon Conrad, who though single-handed against several opponents, bravely and skilfully defended himself, as he retreated through the still unoccupied passage, till arrived at the entrance and favoured by the darkness of the night, he effected his escape from his disappointed assailants. With a heavy heart he wended his dreary way homewards; the thought of what he had done pressed heavily upon his mind; by his own rash act, which he now thought he might have avoided, he had effected a total separation between himself and the object of his love. The very regard which she bore to him might now be converted into a crime; and she persecuted for that in which he alone was blameable. The thought was maddening; the very mountains, he

thought, frowned on him, and the breeze whispered his reproach. Regret, however, was useless, and nothing now remained for him, but to vindicate the honor of his clan and revenge the insult which he had personally received.

Information was immediately given to the vassals of either clan to prepare for battle. The one party was informed, with all the exaggeration of which offended pride and hatred is capable, of the indignity which the clan McInnes had suffered in the murder of one of its number; the other, with more justice, of the insult that had been offered to the clan Cumming, in the person of its young chief. On the receipt of these reports every bosom swelled with indignation and burned for revenge. The ancient animosity that had existed between the adherents of the respective clans, though it had long slumbered was now, as if by the wand of the magician, awakened in madness. Those ties which peace had encouraged, and which had drawn many hearts together in the closest interchange of friendship or love, now crumbled into dust; a single act, an individual day, had stifled all the better feelings of nature, and established the most irreconcilable hatred in their place. The brow that yesterday was unclouded and fair, indicative of the friendship and good-will in which the heart delighted, was to-day sullen and gloomy. The half-ploughed fields were deserted, and the horses stood idle and drowsy in their stalls. The swords that had been turned into ploughshares were reconverted into instruments of death, and nothing but the bustle of eager preparation for battle was now to be seen. Pillage and violence became common; and the most distinguished and successful in the work of devastation was considered, by those embarked in the same cause with himself, the most worthy and meritorious. Those who lately prided themselves upon deeds of charity, mercy and good-fellowship, now boasted

of their animosity, cruelty and acts of spoliage. So rapidly do circumstances change to us fluctuating beings, the very nature of things, rendering that right and meritorious to-day which yesterday was wrong, and nefarious! Those who were most remote from the foci of strength, were thus stript of their all, till retaliation again invested them with insecure possession of property wrested by violence from another. The adherents of either clan now found it necessary to concentrate themselves about the fortresses of their respective chiefs. Thus the blood of freedom and happiness that had long circulated freely through either dominion, rushed back excited and feverish on the heart. The storm which had long been gathering was now ready to burst.

“ Murder bared his arm, and rampant War,
Yoked the red dragons to his iron car.”

It was on a fair morning in June that the collected forces of the clan McInnes appeared in full armour on the banks of the burn of Cluny, whose waters almost exhausted by the summer sun ran feebly along. The landscape around was one continuous expanse of smiling beauty. The cowslip and fox-glove were unfolding their beauties to the rising sun and bending their fair heads as if in silent adoration. The rich shadows of tree and crag stretched far over the plain, forming a pleasant contrast, and blending imperceptibly with the surrounding brightness. The timid hare limped cautiously along, as if even suspicious of its own tread, starting as the balmy breeze wandered through the rustling fern. The lark caroled on lofty wing his morning anthem; and the raven on the summit of his rocky mansion, testified in harsh note his delight at the return of day. Every thing was cheerful, bright and beautiful, save man alone. The very cliffs, that in the gloom of the tempest or through the terrors of

the thunder-storm, frowned threateningly over the prostrate valley, now smiled in liquid gold ; yet man, as if the only being insensible to the bounty of Nature and the beauty of her works, was sullen, gloomy and revengeful. The little army we have noticed, appeared as a stain on the fair face of the creation :—nor they alone ; an extended line of armed men appeared in the distance winding round the end of the hill of Campfield and descending down into the valley. The sun-beams reflected in fitful flashes from their armour, soon revealed them to the quick eye of Murdoch, and his heart exulted at the prospect of so speedy an encounter.

Murdoch was tall in stature and of proportions indicative of great personal strength ; his features also, were regular and well formed, although there was something in the quick and piercing glance of his eye and the heaviness of his brow, particularly repulsive. His father, though not yet too old for war, had been induced in the present instance to transfer the command to his son, whose bravery rendered him worthy of the trust.

“ See, my men,” said the young chief, as he pointed to the approaching clan, “ the enemy which you have to combat. Our long friendship has made them proud, and our patience bold. Let each of you swear to himself, as I have done, that yon sun that smiles upon us from the east, shall not have reached his mid-day course ere you have revenged your insulted honor in the destruction of your enemies. Are we, whose glory and whose honor have been won and maintained in the battle field, to debase ourselves by pusillanimous peace, or degrade ourselves by an alliance with those of whom we have been for ages the dread and the terror ? No ! on my friends ; victory awaits us.”

An unanimous shout of applause responded to his address and proclaimed the approbation and readiness of his followers ; while headed by its impetuous leader, the little army hurried on to take possession of some rising ground which it was his desire

to occupy, and in which he succeeded. The clan Cumming had just reached the base of the promontory when they saw their adversaries appearing upon its summit. They thus found themselves under a two-fold disadvantage, being fewer in number and occupying an unfavourable position, which discovery seemed for a moment to repress their ardour and cast a damp on their spirits ; it was, however, but for a moment. The highland courage, which difficulty and danger serve only to augment, bounded higher at the prospect of the prouder triumph. Their war-like chief, calm and composed, his open and ingenuous countenance rendered even more interesting by the solemn seriousness which the occasion imposed, called to their minds the deeds of their forefathers, the glory which had thence descended to them, and which, honour and duty demanded, they should hand down to their children pure and undiminished. He entreated them to think that from their airy halls their ancestors even now look'd down to witness their deeds in the approaching battle. He reminded them of the vindictiveness of the enemy they were about to contend with ;—that their property, their liberty, even their wives and innocent children would, should victory be his, fall into the hands of one who recognised no right in those whom he had the power to oppress. The cry of death or victory here burst at once from every lip ; and cheered by the martial music of the bagpipe, the Cummings, led on by their brave leader, rushed up the hill against their opposing enemies. The battle joined and the destruction commenced. Scarce a blow was dealt that laid not low some gallant hero. Equally brave on either side, equally resolved to conquer or to die, the slaughter was dreadful. The clash of the claymore, the groan of the dying, and the extorted scream of agony, mingled in horrid concert with the music which excited them in the strife. The ranks on either side were mowed down with equal fatality ; of the hundreds

which commenced the fray scarce sixty on the side of the clan McInnes and forty on that of the other now remained ; and it became evident that the latter must be vanquished. Its venerable sire, whom no persuasion could restrain from the field, was already ranked amongst the dead ; he fell by the sword of Murdoch. Relentless and cruel as he was, he had tried to avoid the old man, who, as if urged by fate, as industriously pursued ;—his life at length answered for his temerity. The foe that Murdoch had sought and whom alone he was ambitious to meet, was Conrad, and he found him now ; no difficult matter, for he whom he sought was equally eager for the rencontre, while the meagre residue of either army rendered recognition and combat easy.

“ Now,” exclaimed the Cumming, his mortal foe standing before him, “ is the time which I have from my soul desired, when thou, the enemy of peace and of him who wronged thee not, mightest expiate by this trusty claymore the injuries thou hast done to humanity, which the dead and dying, the heaving heaps around thee, loudly proclaim, and as loudly call for vengeance.”

“ Restrain thy gabbling tongue,” replied McInnes ; “ words were not meant for the warrior. With him battle is the sentence and death the period. Know that I hate thee, sassinach, and all thy race ; and had the dead and dying, with whom thou seemest to sympathize, each a thousand lives, I would stand by the hour, and smile to see them butchered one by one, so I might make sure of thee.”

With this he struck at his gallant foe, who as bravely defended himself and became assailant in his turn : the fire flashed from their battered brands, and the nearly extinguished war for a moment paused as either party gazed at the furious onset. At length, as if by mutual consent, they ceased and leant panting upon their swords. The battle had re-commenced between their respective followers, and those of the Cumming, diminished to less

than half the strength of their opponents, were forced down the slope. The two chiefs alone remained on the summit ; the storm had passed away, and left them alone amidst the wreck which it had made, inhaling with avidity the delicious breeze that played around them. Their eyes half-averted, half-watchful, scarce permitted their eyelids to perform their wonted office.

Now refreshed, they again commenced : a desperate blow was dealt by Murdoch and successfully warded by his opponent, who now mustering all his strength, returned it ; the flashing blade met the well ordered fence of his adversary and snapped close by the hilt. The Cumming being thus disarmed was, by Murdoch, threatened with instant death should he hesitate to surrender. Though deprived of his broadsword, Conrad had still his dirk, with which, could he succeed in shortening the distance between himself and his now exulting foe, they would be again on equal terms. With a bold and desperate effort he threw himself upon his adversary and seized him by the throat : each grasped his dirk, for the sword was now useless, and a moment more had been fatal to one or both of them, when the followers of McInnes, returning victorious, arrested their uplifted hands. Conrad was disarmed, borne off in triumph and loaded with taunt and insult by the victors. Arrived at the castle of Cluny, he was thrown into the brazen tower and there shut up to wait the pleasure of the conquerors ; thus he found himself at the mercy of those who, he was aware, knew not mercy, and who had never been known to forgive an injury, real or supposed. Not that he feared to endure whatever their vengeance might impose, but there was something in the thought of being exposed to the scoffs and insults of a proud and haughty tyrant, that made his heart sick. The boisterous laugh that ascended at intervals to his dismal prison, told him that he and his misfortunes were the subject of merriment around the wassail bowl : yet the stars shone brightly upon

him, and the moon-beams, broken upon the bars of his grated window, lay scattered on the floor of the cell as if they had been smiles from heaven, of whose sympathy he felt himself possessed, and the consciousness relieved him.

The care and thoughts which his own misfortunes had imposed began at length to recede, and his mind by an easy transition passed to those of another. Elvira, whom the bustle of preparation, the prospect of the coming battle, and anxiety for its probable consequences seemed for a time to have banished far from his mind, now again presented herself. Can she, he thought within himself, be aware that I am here? can she too, be triumphing in my misfortunes? Impossible!—the very thought is blasphemy. Perhaps, (and he felt a chilliness creep through his blood with the thought,) she may now be lying cold and lifeless in her grave. How to learn he knew not; painful conjectures alone remained for him; from none he was likely to see there, could he expect sympathy; while information asked would only expose her to suspicion and subject her to oppression. He knew at the same time that her apartment was near, and he was tempted to try whether a song, which in other days pleased her, might not even now attract her attention; and should she also be tainted with the disease of enmity that affected her relatives, he would the sooner know the worst. It was a strain which the beauties of evening had called forth,—beauties of which the land of mountain and flood can alone boast.

“ How majestic the moon! how delightfully bright!
 As an angel she smiles from on high;
 While yon tall nodding beech, as it bathes in her light,
 Seems to worship the queen of the sky!

“ How soft the repose o’er mountain and dale,
 What a holiness every where reigns!
 Such calm feels the soul of the pure in its cell
 E’er freed, the tri, lit haven it regains!

"The breeze e'en, as softly it steals o'er the plain,
 Seems to fear lest the silence it break;
 And the sigh that suppressedly it breathes, but again
 Lulls the slumber it threatened to wake."

He had not deceived himself; though subdued and indistinct she recognised the song, and the well-known voice fell fresh upon her heart as does the sound of his village bell upon that of him who has been long a wanderer and an exile from his native land. But from whence the pleasing sound proceeded she was unable to conjecture. All around her had observed a guarded silence as to the rupture between the clans, and to suppose that Conrad was in the brazen tower was the last thought that could have suggested itself. It had often been to her a matter of surprise that he had so suddenly overcome all solicitude on her account; she thought it unkind; she had experienced a relief from his visits she knew not why, and she felt uneasy at their discontinuance: nor could she comprehend wherefore, after so long a forgetfulness, he should, and after such a fashion, address himself to her. The strain again recommenced, and her doubts were set at rest.

"How drear is the cell to the heart that is free,
 How idly smiles nature to him!
 The far distant mountains alone who can see
 Nor hear but the owl's boding scream."

The truth now flashed upon her mind. He was evidently a prisoner and the place of his imprisonment the brazen tower, for to no other apartment in the castle could the words

"The far distant mountains alone who can see,"

bear application: yet how he should be there she could not comprehend; she determined therefore, at midnight, when all would be sunk in sleep, to penetrate the mystery; she watched impatiently as the tardy hours crept lazily along,

till the stillness assured her that the proper time had arrived. She now stole gently up to the top of the castle, and timidly and trembling approached the cell. Its door was twofold, or rather it had two doors ; the outer one of oak studded with nails, whose broad heads, running transversely in regular lines, almost concealed the wood ; this closed upon an inner one of iron, formed of strong perpendicular and horizontal bars running through and grasping each other alternately, and at distances of about five inches from each other. On this occasion the inner door was locked but the outer was only secured on the outside by an iron bolt which slid into the wall ; to lock it was deemed unnecessary or rather not thought of, since no attempt at a rescue was to be apprehended. Even this bolt she hesitated and feared to draw, lest the noise might awake the sleeping inmates of the castle, who alarmed for the safety of their prisoner, might doom him to instant death. She listened but could hear no sound within. She whispered, but this well-fitted and ponderous door was impervious to a whisper. Unable any longer to repress her impatience, she seized the bolt, which yielded willingly and silently to her effort, thus considerably diminishing her fear. She now tugged at the ponderous door ; it refused to open ; she tried it again and again but in vain ; till exhausted by the struggle, she sat down and wept. After a pause she again prepared for another attempt : wiping away the tears that coursed one another down her pale cheeks, she laid hold of the bolt and exerting the strength of despair she pulled it back. The rusty hinges creaked loudly and harshly and made her tremble for what she had done ; alarm was almost certain.

The door being opened a flood of moon-light gushed into the prison, and though intersected by the shadows of the bars, revealed to her the well-known features of Conrad. Overpowered by fatigue he had sunk to rest too deep for the noise created by the opening

of the door to disturb. He lay by the side of the opposite wall, his head pillowed upon his arm, his arm upon his folded plaid, his bonnet with its raven's plume, lay beside him; his features were pale and expressive of sadness; yet she thought he looked more beautiful than ever, and involuntarily she knelt down to plead with Heaven for his safety and deliverance. There, with her bright blue eyes turned upwards, her finely-formed countenance pale and melancholy, her auburn hair falling loose and luxuriantly upon her shoulders, and her hands clasped upon her beating bosom, she knelt in the bright moon-light. Her heart was pouring out its eloquent appeal, when she found herself rudely grasped by the arm.

"So, my wench, you seem religiously disposed," said Murdoch; for it was he, who having heard the noise produced by the opening of the door, had ascended to learn the cause. "I shall at least save you the pain of seeing a captive, the object of your devotions," and he stepped up to the door.

The prisoner, roused by the harsh tones of his voice, had raised himself half upwards and was looking to see whence it proceeded. The terrified Elvira not knowing what the threat of the fiery Murdoch portended, threw herself before him.

"Oh, spare!" she cried, as she knelt at his feet, "the unoffending youth!—he is innocent of this!—he knew not I was here—indeed he knew not! Impute not, to him, kind cousin, my silly curiosity as a crime!"

She was forcibly thrown back, and as Conrad sprung forward to render assistance, the massive door closed upon him, and the clang of the lock soon after announced that he was more secure than before.

With a heavy heart Elvira returned culprit-like to her apartment, followed by the taunts of Murdoch. She threw herself inconsolable upon her bed. She felt that she had exposed to suspicion and to danger him whom she desired to comfort and

to save. The cup which she had prepared for solace and relief had turned to poison in her hands. Her innocence and purity of intention were unable to shield her from self-reproach : they would have sufficed for man ; but with woman it is otherwise : with her, sentiment possesses a strength which reason is seldom able to controul.

The occurrence of that evening continued painfully to haunt them both : Conrad was fearful lest Elvira's affection for him (for he could attribute such imprudence to no other sentiment) should have exposed her to the resentment of her guardian and his unfeeling heir : she, with perhaps still more cause, lest her rashness, or rather as she felt it, her crime, should hasten upon his head that blow which she doubted not hung over it. Weeks thus passed away ; the morning brought no cheerfulness nor the night repose. She, closely watched and fearful as she was, had no farther opportunity of visiting his cell and obtaining that relief which even weeping before its impregnable doors would have afforded. Time thus passed with leaden heaviness ; while the care, anxiety and apprehension which she laboured under were wearing her to the bone. With no kindred sympathy to relieve her spirit, which brooded incessantly over melancholy forebodings and painful reflections, she dragged on a life of exquisite misery ; the only interval to which was an occasional ray of hope that she might yet be able to save him should his life be threatened : but even that solace was of short duration and of rare occurrence. It was like the lightning's flash in the thunder-storm, whose light is bold and brilliant while it continues, yet draws closer the veil of darkness as it flies.

One day towards the end of October, she was surprised by the entrance of Murdoch into her chamber ; she had not seen him since the night of her lover's imprisonment, and he was the last person in the world she desired to see.

"Well, Elvira, my father and I have determined to make you the most happy of women."

"Is he then to be released?" and the face of the lovely girl brightened up with that solemn depth of smile by which that joy which springs from highly excited sympathy is particularly characterized. "Indeed I shall be happy and will ever bless thee for it."

"Yes, no doubt; but that is not precisely what I mean: it is something you could scarce expect, to be sure. But pleasure unexpected is sweetest. What think you of marriage, my girl?"

"Marriage?"

"Ay, marriage! you are to be married this day week, and to me too. It's all arranged between my father and me; preparations are making and the guests invited, so cheer up my girl."

"O! Murdoch, but that is rash!—look at these bony arms; these wasted cheeks! Think, too, how poor is that man's gain who wins the hand while rejected by the heart; do but delay a little; perhaps I may learn to love thee. But what of poor Conrad, is he yet released?"

"As for love, girl, that is a thing I never think of; besides it is not necessary before marriage. Marry first and let love come afterwards, that's my motto. Besides the family must be supported. As regards that prisoner there, whom you seem so much concerned about—he who scorns thee, calls thee silly wanton, fit mate for stable-boys, *he will*, as you express it, *be released*."

That the language, the raillery attributed to Conrad was false and slanderous she sufficiently felt. The sentiment so well expressed by the poet was hers.

"I ask not, I care not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art."

Her indignant spirit would have risen in vindication, but the announcement that he would be freed restrained it. She thought

she could read in her cousin's countenance that his words were sincere. She fell at his feet and embraced his knees.

"Do, dear Murdoch, but fulfil thy promise and I will be any thing to thee—thy wife, thy servant, or thy slave."

"The first thou must be, the second thou mayest be, and the third depends upon thyself. As for his release, trouble not thyself. Thou mayest remember, girl, the first of November is the anniversary of my birth, and I mean to usher it in by the performance of a deed *worthy* of the natal day of a McInnes. Urged by her tender intercession, the beloved of Elvira is to be freed. Now, hark ye, girl! when on that day the sun first peeps o'er the hill of Raemoir he is to be hurled from the battlements."

Overpowered by the sudden revulsion of feeling Elvira fell senseless on the floor. Murdoch lifting her up, tossed her upon the bed, and as he walked leisurely down the winding stair, he congratulated himself upon the noble and dignified manner in which he had comported himself towards the wayward and silly girl; he sent up her old nurse to attend her, and thought no more of the matter.

For a considerable time Elvira remained insensible, and when she was at length restored to consciousness, there remained an indecision, a feebleness of the mental faculties, an indistinctness of memory, which afforded her but a dreamy recollection of the scene that had past; it appeared to her that she had dreamed some fearful dream: it was as a dream in its want of connection, but it had some points prominent and clear as reality. In this state she continued throughout the night. Morning came, the sun rose, the air was filled with music, the breeze loaded with perfume: reclining in bed, her cheek resting upon her hand, she gazed out upon the landscape but for her it possessed no interest. Her mind was too busy to

attend to it. The mountains, rising peak above peak into the ruddy sky, and its base richly covered with brown heath dissolving in undulating ridges into the plain, were before her, where the sheep had congregated for the night, and were now spreading out in search of their daily provender,—where also here and there clusters of fir-trees, sown by the hand of nature, studded the prospect with eternal green, and the silvery waters of the rill leaped from rock to rock in sportive playfulness; yet to her all was void of beauty: the agitation which tortured her bosom rendered her unfit for the perception of it.

When she became fully sensible of what had passed, she experienced a relief, a tranquility of mind to which she had long been a stranger, and her spirits regaining their wonted buoyancy contributed materially to the removal of the remaining traces of the fever. To Murdoch the change was highly flattering; he could attribute it to nothing but to the pleasure inspired by the prospect of her approaching union with him, the more especially as she seemed pleased with his society, and had learned to laugh at his rude jests. He doubted not but she loved him. He never imagined the innocent, the single-minded Elvira could deceive, or that any word proceeding from her lips might not have its origin in the heart. He was deceived, however, and she was his deceiver. By no other means could she hope to lull the suspicions which she had roused, and which the tenderness she had evinced for her lover in the interview above mentioned, had served to revive and strengthen; and now that she was resolved to liberate him, she perceived the expediency and virtue of deception and she felt convinced that Heaven would not blame her for it.

In Tibby, her old nurse, she found an useful and apt auxiliary. None railed so loudly or abused so liberally, the young prisoner,

all his race, and every thing that was his ; none seemed to take greater delight in the anticipation of the approaching union and its attendant feast ; and none could jest with more indifference about the fate of Conrad than she. Her husband was confidential servant to Murdoch,—his fidelity had long been tried and was therefore firmly confided in. In his charge were placed the keys of the tower which Tibby could therefore possess herself of when such should be necessary. Elvira, in the mean time, had not been idle, having obtained some rope of which she provided a ladder of sufficient length to reach the ground. The night had now arrived—the night on which Conrad must be saved or perish. The carousal in the castle was maintained till a more than usually late hour. The night was dark, but still scarce a breath stirred, and but now and then was to be seen a lonely star as it shone dimly through the lazy clouds. When silence at length obtained, Elvira ascended to the prison with a beating heart, yet courageous spirit ; she applied the key and slowly forced back the bolt, which it was not very easy to draw. She found herself however armed with more than usual strength. The outer door readily and silently yielded. She now made fast the one end of her ladder and threw the other over the castle wall, then essayed to open the iron door in which she also succeeded, though its hinges harshly sent forth a hollow moan which made the walls around to shake, and sounded as a note of death to her frightened ears. Conrad awoke at what he supposed to be the summons to execution.

“ Conrad awake,” she whispered.

“ Loveliest angel ! is it you ?”

“ It is ; but pause not ; day is fast approaching ; perhaps the creaking of the door may have alarmed thy enemies, and a moment's delay may cause the destruction of us both. Seize this ladder and descend. Retiring to my chamber I shall avoid

suspicion. Take this parting kiss; reply not by words, but fly! Farewell!" And she turned hastily away as she pronounced the last word and left him alone.

"Farewell!" he sighed, as he commenced his descent. "May heaven permit that we soon meet again."

Elvira now returned, and as she leant over the castle and saw him indistinctly in the dimness of night, suspended in mid air, she felt the blood run cold to her heart; but when at length she perceived that he had reached the ground in safety, she raised her hands to heaven and thanked it for its aid. At this moment a rapid step approached her. It was her uncle.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed he in a tone of fury. "Ha! is it thou? Perfidious wretch! thou hast dared to rescue from my vengeful grasp my mortal enemy, and thy life shall pay the forfeit. With that he thrust her into the prison from which she had just rescued her lover, and the doors were shut with a force that made the whole castle shake. The alarm was sounded, but in vain. The young chief was beyond their reach.

Both McInnes and his son were exasperated beyond measure at the treachery of Elvira, the latter more especially. Her behaviour for the last few days had flattered his vanity, and now that he found it had been artfully contrived to lull his suspicions, he was enraged to madness. She was sentenced to suffer in the same manner as he would have done whom she had saved, and that day fortnight was fixed upon as the limit of her existence.

The attendant who had charge of the keys immediately fled; and well was it for him that he did so, else, without inquiry, as to his guilt or innocence, he would have expiated his carelessness with his life. Tibby became more clamorous than ever; she anathematized her husband and railed at her unhappy stars that had chained her to such a traitor. No one in the castle, besides Elvira and her, doubted that he had been leagued with Conrad,

and had assisted his escape; indeed, whenever any began to appear, Tibby was foul of it, with her hints and insinuations which are always powerful artillery in cases of doubt. Tibby's love for the clan and hatred for her treacherous husband were constant subjects of eulogy in the castle—of her sincerity no one entertained a moment's suspicion. Her indignation at the "vile hussy," as she termed Elvira, whom she had heretofore loved as her own child, was expressed in no measured terms; thus she proved herself fully qualified to continue as the attendant of the prisoner, the short remainder of whose life her persecutors hoped thus to embitter.

Elvira, patient in her lonely cell, viewed with indifference her approaching fate. She felt the stone couch upon which she rested, soft and comfortable; when she remembered that he whom she loved had lain there, she would not have exchanged it for the softest down. Her imagination served her with pleasing visions. She would converse with him for hours together; the moon-beam that fell soft and silvery upon the wall, formed itself into his features and smiled upon her, while she smiled in return; and while she imprinted a kiss on the cold stone it felt warm with life, and she thought it whispered to her "Bless thee, loveliest;" and then she would kiss it again, and sigh "bless thee." With fond delight would she gaze upon her name which he had scratched on the wall and under it written his own. She read more in those two words than volumes contain, and felt more lively joy than volumes could have inspired. She added to the inscription;—before *his* name she wrote "dearest"; before her own "poor Elvira;" she sighed "poor Elvira," and she wept as she repeated it.

Thus she passed the time which had been permitted to her existence; the limit was now near at hand, and she regretted it not as she regarded herself. Indeed her life had been to her so wearisome of

late that its continuance could not be enviable and its termination appeared to her more to be desired than feared. She could not help thinking, however, at times on the sorrow it might cause to Conrad, since he would, she was sure, regret his own liberty and life, purchased as they had been at the cost of hers. She was fearful also lest, should he hear of the fate that awaited her, he might be hurried into some act of rashness which might peril his safety, or lead him to destruction, while it could not avail her. She determined therefore not to acquaint him with it until it should be too late to entertain a hope for her rescue. She therefore deferred until the last day that, according to her sentence, she was destined to live. She then despatched her faithful nurse to acquaint him with the doom that awaited her, and with instructions also not to give such information till late at night, an injunction which, however, was scarce necessary, since the distance would occupy the day for the old woman.

Conrad had, since his escape, tried by various ways to obtain intelligence regarding his deliverer, but in vain. He had wandered alone in the valley, and reclined on the mountain's brow for hours together in serious consultation with himself as to the means he should adopt, but all proved inefficient. He had in the darkness of night approached the castle of her uncle, but he could not even obtain a sight of the light which was wont to burn in her apartment. There was an apparent sadness about that dark window that haunted him, yet in what it consisted he could not define,—he felt it, and that was sufficient. He, on the occasions of such adventures, returned more sad than before, yet he could not refrain from their continuance.

On a dark and dismal night about the middle of November, Conrad was seated beside the blazing fire in the hall of his castle. The winds raved through its loop-holes in concert with the rattling sleet that pattered on its windows; his mind was however

too busily occupied to heed the elemental war without. Until his escape from prison he had not even been aware that his father had fallen in the battle where he himself was taken. This coupled with his anxiety for his deliverer made him contemplative and melancholy. Seated in his large oaken chair on the night in question, his head supported on his hands, and looking stedfastly into the fire, engaged in deep thought, he was startled from his reverie by a noise in the court-yard.

A considerable portion of the noise he could distinguish to proceed from the angry clamour of a female; nor did the voice appear to him strange, although he was unable to recognise it with that distinctness which is necessary to association. In a little while the door of the hall was thrown open and Donald, a strong and trusty clans-man, entered, bearing in his arms a refractory burden of rather unusual formation. It was Tibby, who had been found prowling about the castle and was suspected of being a spy. She was struggling violently in his arms, and no sooner had he got fairly in and dropped her on the floor, than with the fangs of a harpy she grasped him by the proboscis, with which, unfortunately for itself in the present instance, nature had but too liberally supplied him.

"You son of a hangman, I'll learn you to treat a poor auld creature like me in this way! I'll punish your snout for ye, ram-scallion that ye are." And she pulled and wrung at the poor fellow's nose most unmercifully as she dragged him along towards where Conrad was seated.

Donald succeeded in rescuing the mutilated member from her grasp, and not desiring to be caught a second time, without explanation retreated from the hall.

Tibby exhausted with rage stood breathless in the middle of the hall. She was wrapped up from end to end with plaids and blankets; a few pairs of stockings were drawn on above her shoes and

tied at distances with straw garters, while another stocking fastened round her neck, kept the double folds of a blanket so close about her face as barely to leave a sufficient opening for herself to see out of, and scarcely sufficient for others to see in—for this, however, she cared but little. Tibby had arrived at years of humility; and even if she had been vain, as like others she had been in her day, now, poor body, the storm would have gone far to cure her at least for the time. The fraction of her face visible was her nose and a small portion of either cheek in its vicinity: the latter were pale as the snow which clung in abundance to the folds of her plaids: the former, was red,—not from any fire at present burning there, for that had been long extinct, but from the heat that it had formerly acquired. When she had a little recovered herself and her tongue felt itself released, she broke out.

“ Here is pretty treatment for a puir auld body like me! who hae wandered through the drift for many a weary mile an a’ for your sake, Mister Cumming. Eh! the son o’ a hangman! gin I had him at Cluny I’d get a hempen gravat for him or see him sent a fleeing as ye should hae dane, Mister Cumming—Eh!” This, which was Tibby’s favourite ejaculation, was pronounced in a tone similar to that with which the donkey usually concludes his soliloquy.

“ But Donald did not know you, Tibby; he feared lest you were some person in disguise come with no good intention.”

“ Nae guid intention, Eh! as gin I had the look o’ a thief or a witch—Eh! But I’ll be upsides wi ye baith for this.”

“ Do, good Tibby, pray, be pacified, and tell me how is dear Elvira? I will see you righted depend upon it.”

“ Ye’ll see me righted,—ye make fun o’t ye do! An gin ye want news ye maun jist gang an get them. You men dinna care a strae for what we poor women suffer see lang’s ye can

hae yer ain en's saird, so gin we want to ken about her ye can gang herself, ye's get naething out me, O' I can tell ye—Fh'!

Tibby now felt the power she had of withholding that, which he desired to obtain, and this tended much to diminish her wrath. She raised herself upwards in conscious superiority and, e'er she had made half a dozen dignified steps along the floor, her indignation had considerably subsided. Women contend only for victory, and their hostility terminates with their triumph. Conrad perceived that the storm was nearly over, and he availed himself of the opportunity. He drew a chair towards the fire where the crackling wood was blazing.

"Do sit down, Tibby, and warm yourself. I'll take care to have Donald punished. You are a good soul, Tibby and always were. Do you remember when you used to fondle me in your arms, kiss me and call me your bonny laddy? and how you would smile at the innocent diversions and fondness of me and Elvira, and say how you would like to be young again?"

The affectionate old creature threw herself into the chair, buried her face in her hands and sobbed audibly.

"Poor dear Jessie!" she said, "she's to die the morn at day light, for ~~ye~~ ye gang. She bids me tell you nae to sorrow for her, but to hae patience an to think o' ye'r meetin' again in the neist warl an sens ye her deun blesein."

The concluding sentence Conrad wanted not to hear. He ordered horses to be instantly prepared, and in the space of a few minutes he was, with six mounted followers, on his way to the castle Cluny, hurrying along through the darkness and storm, regardless of either.

"I will rescue her," he said to himself, "or perish in the attempt."

"How strongly does the consciousness that we are bent on good deeds arm us! Though the night was dark, tempestuous

and dreadful,—such as would have appalled the self-accused and made him shrink within himself in horror,—yet it had no terrors for him; he galloped fearlessly along the slippery and doubtful path, nor arrived at the castle of Cluny till within an hour of day-break. Leaving his followers at a short distance from the outer walls, with instructions that they should, in case of alarm, hasten to his aid, he approached the outer walls alone. In the castle the night had been spent in revel and debauchery, and those who had been able to resist the potency of the liquor were still seated around the table, indulging in coarse converse and boisterous mirth, while others were strewed around it in inglorious defeat. The lights were dimly burning, and the half intoxicated attendants were dozing in the passages. Arrived at the outer gate, he roused the sleeping porter and demanded admittance.

“A plague upon ye,” yawned the man, as he sluggishly approached the gate, “comin’ at sic an hour, fan a’ honest bodies should be i’ their beds; now what may ye want?”

“I am come to see the execution,—the time is near at hand,—the storm alone conceals the rising day! Keep me longer here and your master shall be acquainted with your insolence.”

“A weel, I suppose ye mun hae yer ain way.”

The gate was thrown open and Conrad sprung in. The light streaming from one of the windows fell full on his face, which was well known to the porter, who, with open mouth and outspread hands, stared at him with astonishment: after a pause, some twitchings of the mouth and a quick respiration evinced that he was on the point of giving the alarm. The claymore of Conrad anticipated him and crashing through his brains cleft him to the chin.

The young chief now stole into the castle, and striding cautiously over the sleeping domestics he reached the stair and ascended. As no effort of his could gain admittance into the prison,

his only hope was, when the time appointed for her death should arrive, to snatch her from the grasp of the executioners. He therefore seated himself behind the tower to await their arrival, and fortune favoured him more than he had anticipated. Murdoch, flushed with wine, had felt a desire to see Elvira, doubtless to gain a confession from her before she died, that she would have done well to have followed his advice. He staggered up to the prison, succeeded in opening the doors, and entered. Conrad followed close at his heels. "Well—ugh—Cousin," he hiccuped out,—“don't you—ugh—confess you were very foolish to get in love—ugh—with that sassenach young Cumming? I told”—he said no more,—the broadsword of Conrad terminated his speech.

“One instant snatched his trembling soul to hell,
The head yet speaking muttered as it fell

The suddenness of the scene and the bloody head of Murdoch rolling at her feet, struck with overpowering horror the fair prisoner; she uttered a loud shriek, which made the very castle tremble, and sunk in a swoon on the bloody trunk of her cousin.

There was now no time to be lost, seeing Elvira, pale in temporary death, in his arms, Conrad hastened down the winding stair. Her shriek had alarmed both those in the hall and the followers of the Cumming, who instantly rushed in. Roused so suddenly from sleep or enfeebled by intoxication, McInnes and his followers offered but a weak resistance. Elvira's uncle, whom Conrad met on his way, felt the power of his arm with only his right disengaged and supporting the still unconscious Elvira with the left, he laid the reeling bacchanal prostrate at his feet. His retreat was now easily effected, and he and his followers bore off to safety and to happiness the lovely Elvira, nor did clannish feud ever after disturb that picturesque and now fertile part of the country.

A BALLAD.

A ballad dedicated to the Junior Members of the B. C. S. and intended to have been sung at the Albion Tavern on the occasion of a recent Vice-regal Inauguration Dinner, to the tune of "*Run, neighbours, run.*"

By H. TORRENS, Esq.

I

No, neither sinecure, nor mastership in chancery,
Nor post, nor place, nor pension for a younger son !
Hume, Grote, and vile Lord John have dished our only chance or I
Might help you, but our halcyon days are almost gone ;
A failing bar, a falling bench, and, what must most disgust us, is
No hope for briefless barristers, no hole for Lord Augustuses :
The fact is, dear Sir Robert, (to conceal it were hypocrisy) [tocracy ;
Lord Brougham and Vaux, the man that talks, has swamped the aris-
Thus you may see neither sinecure nor chancery,
Nor post, nor place, avail us now for younger sons.

II.

But (as the boys must eat) let's see what's on the tapis now,—
With army full, and navy dull, what can be said ?
Join the Canadian O'Connell, Monsieur Papineau,
Or Cavaliero Evans's Isle of Dogs brigade ?
Command King Otho's grenadiers (supposing that he's got any,) ,
Or live on hope, and kangaroo near much belauded Botany :
Try Sidney, Perth, Van Dieman, or (I'd have you keep on all an eye)
My cousin Colonel Torrens's new pound-an-acre colony ?
Here then's some hope without sinecure or chancery,
To pick up something decent for a younger son.

III.

Yet 'tis cold comfort, for the price-makes-value principle,
 May suit well-dinnered theorists, but won't suit you ;
 He who eats may argue, but say how is he convincing,
 Who has to prove in person if the *fact* be true ? [that I call,
 You'll send Bill there ?—he must go somewhere—yet, Sir Robert
 Merely making him a victim to economists dogmatical :

[wheedles) treat
 No, with your backstairs interest (than which nothing better
 [street.
 The potentates by patent at the large house near Thread-needle-
 They (worthy gentlemen) *sons* sinecure or chancery,
 Will give you *quid pro quo*, and aid a younger son.

IV.

Yes, Bill must go, for see how great our population is
 With anti-nuptial Malthusites in dire dismay !
 Miss Martineau's preventive check, Sir, now our sole salvation is,
 Yet flesh and blood is flesh and blood say what you may :
 Bill's a clever chap too, and can turn his hand to any thing, come
 Don't forget you can't afford to furnish him a yearly income .
 As Bob, your eldest born, alas ! his cash at *Rouge et noir* gages,
 Let Billy broil in Bundelcund to balance Bobby's mortgages.
 Thus, think no more, my friend, of sinecure or chancery,
 We'll humanise the Hindoos with our younger sons.

V.

Quick, though, be quick, all the youngster's doubts anticipate,
 Heat, tigers, liver, cholera, in that far land ;
 Words, a few words somewhat plausible, will dissipate
 Such trifling fears which never in his way should stand :

If you find your rhetoric unequal to effect or do it
 Hold your tongue, and let your friend the I—H—D-r-ct-r do it :
 He with glance paternal, which unused to gibe or scoff is, Sir,
 Will humbug as sublimely as a trained recruiting officer.

Trust, trust to him (hang your sinecure or chancery,)

He'll dispose to best advantage of a younger son.

VI.

Hark ! only hark ! with what bland and cool complacency
 He numbers o'er the blessings of the great C. S.—
 Tells what they *were*, just perhaps by way of decency
 Allowing now they may, indeed, be somewhat less ;
 “ Still though credit, fame, rupees, and such like things in millions
 Wait for ever on the E—t I—n C—y's civilians : [stone
 If, dear Bill, you keep from debt, you soon may see yourself in
 Immortalised by Chantrey like our great Mountstuart Elphinstone.”

Sure, this is better, Sir, than sinecure or chancery,

Thus to *gudgeonize* at second-hand a younger son !

VII.

“ Then as to fortune why, convinced of this, dear Bill, I am,
 About twelve years will see you home, quite at your ease :
 Since, too, we 've done away the College of Fort William,
 Both marriages and debt are much on the decrease :
 Also we've adopted (lest you should not prove obedient
 When ordered from Calcutta) this most excellent expedient ;
 Writers very oft are packed in palanquins (like cages) straight
 And thus sent off to learn *Oordoo* with some up-country magistrate.”

Sure this is better, Sir, than sinecure or chancery,

Such care ('tis quite parental) of our younger sons !

VIII.

“ All you've to learn are some few dialects, (you'll do it ; if
 You don't, why you're *deported*) in about a year :

'That's for you writers, but such knowledge is intuitive
 In soldier's, old or young—at least that's what we hear : [away
 Ensigns, day by day, poor boys, dragged roaring from their mess
 Forced to rule whole districts, hit or miss, surmise and guess away .
 Meanwhile you, lucky dog, in happy ease your bile expectorate
 As seventh sub-assistant in some excellent collectorate '"]

Who would wish for sinecure or mastership in chancery,
 With such immense advantages for younger sons ?

IX.

[upon it

Here he stops : 'twere time he should, for Billy might look cross
 Had he heard his Mentor by mistake rehearse
 The orthodox Bentinckian creed with Mr. Ross's gloss upon it—
 Here it is for you, though, Sir, in doggerel verse.

" All *but* B. C. S. collectors for their offices sufficient are !

All moonsiffs are immaculate, all judges inefficient are !!

No military favourite (whatever his condition) errs !!!

And colonels of artillery are heaven-born commissioners' !!!"]

Mum though, compared with joys of sinecure or chancery,
 This might turn out discouraging to younger sons.

X.

No, let him have just enough of these and other things
 To mystify, not satisfy, his anxious mind ;
 You'll see 'tis best in uncertainty to smother things,
 As soon as he's in Hindostan the truth he'll find.
 If after all an Indian life Bill be not quite decided for,
 Never mind, at any rate a younger son's *provided* for :
 If averse he feel, when first by heat oppressed or thinned, to it,
[skinned, to it.
 He'll, (take my word,) get used ere long as sels do when they're
 Thus without sinecure or mastership in chancery,
 * Here's excellent provision for our younger sons !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

By W. F. THOMPSON, Esq.

Come, voice of darkness, melancholy sighing,
 Be thou a whisper in my dreaming ears,
 And every airy accent o'er me flying
 Call up its *sorrow* from the waste of years !

And ye, bright watchers o'er creation sleeping !
 Eyes of eternity that never dim !
 Pierce the dread gulph where fancy hovers weeping,
 And light my slumbers with the thoughts of him !

Oh ! brother, brother ! busy days glide o'er me,
 Like a smooth torrent by no barrier crost,
 But night by night thou risest up before me
 The proud, pure being that I loved and lost !

Oh ! brother, brother ! grove and mead and river,
 That saw thee go in early youth's delight,
 Still wave they, flow they, beautiful as ever
 But vainly look for him that made them bright !

Affliction at our parents' hearth is weeping,
 Oblivion watches by our parents' tomb !
 Who now shall call them from their lowly sleeping
 Or light again the ruined walls of home ?

Chilled by the cheerless aspect of the stranger,
 Tost in the formless void of earthly care,
 I thought that side by side we'd breast the danger
 Strong in the love that made us what we were !

Oh ' brother, brother ' how thy accents faltered
 When last I vanished from thy glistening eye '
 I could not deem, howe'er I saw thee altered,
 My pride, my joy, my blessing thou could'st die '

EPITAPH.

Sleep, mighty heart ' tho' all unknown
 Thy talents lived, thy powers declined,
 They could not rob thee of thine own—
 The lofty thought, and feeling mind.

Chained slave-like to the burning soil
 When all the love of life was spent,
 Sleep, mighty heart ' thou could'st not toil
 In this low world and be content.

Thou scorned'st to catch the petty ways
 Of those who think it blas to live,
 Or pander for the paltry praise
 That lesser than thyself must give.

Sleep, mighty heart ! tis well for thee
 To die as none before has died,
 Majestic in obscurity
 Beyond the pomp of living pride !

A JHYNUGGAR TRADITION.

By H. HASTINGS, Esq.

On the banks of one of those mountain streams that take their rise among the Curruckpore hills, separate and at a distance from the chain known by that name, stand two rocky mountains, frowning on each other as it were with a sort of rival majesty. The one goes by the name of Jhynuggar ; the other I believe has no particular designation, but is well known from its vicinity to the one already named, and with which tradition has connected many a wild and romantic tale. Jhynuggar itself is a rocky hill, rising almost abruptly till it forms itself into a sharp craggy apex ; the declivity is rapid and almost impassable, overgrown with bushes, weeds and wild flowers, which spreading luxuriantly up to its brow appear to revel in a congenial element ; at intervals these are but thinly scattered, and huge masses of solid stone can be seen huddled irregularly together one over another. The other hill being less rocky is completely covered with thickets and a variety of small *jungle* ; the acclivity is more gradual, and its aspect less wild and romantic. The valley between is rugged and uneven, feathered here and there by tall thorny bushes and covered wherever it is visible with huge fragments of stone, intermixed with brick and mortar ; which, according to tradition, must have formed, some hundred years ago, a mosque or tower beeking on the summit of Jhynuggar, the remains of which are yet partly visible, barely sufficing to testify that " there the hand of man hath been." .

It was a beautiful and clear afternoon when I ascended the hill of Jhynuggar, and beheld one of the most delightful prospects imaginable. The sun shone cheerfully and bathed the wide scene

in a rich and clear light, rousing and animating the soul and awakening a train of pleasant thoughts. To a great distance the Keel could be seen meandering along, sometimes lost in the rich foliage of topes and trees that stood on its banks, at others emerging again with majestic grandeur and boldly sweeping to the north, where it lost itself in wood and shrubbery. Just on the opposite bank, a little way inland, stands a little round hill, covered with foliage; immediately beneath it is the beautiful little village of Husunpore, with its tiled habitations and groves of bright-green bamboo, washed by the Keel and delightfully relieved by the little hill at its back. Further off in the same direction, are scattered about other little hills, also blooming with verdure. The intermediate country was covered with a variety of crops, among which the white-colored poppy was conspicuous and visible at a great distance. The great chain of Curruckpore hills formed a grand background to the whole scene, and gave it an air of majestic wildness. The most distant points of view could scarcely be less than fifty or sixty miles, and as the eye ranges over such an extended landscape, softened by distance, a peculiar feeling of pleasure arises in being thus able, with one glance, to run over such a vast space and bring the objects as it were close to you. There is something truly delightful in standing on an eminence and looking down on a wide country, diversified by nature and adorned and variegated by the hand of man with villages and habitations, crops, topes, and trees. You feel as if you have left the scene below, the busy toiling crowd, and ascended into a higher and happier sphere; you feel a momentary pleasure in this ideal separation from the world, which however beautifully it lies mapped out before you, is, nevertheless, connected in the mind with hardship, misery and labor. At least these were the feelings that I myself experienced.

To the west an open country stretched away, studded at long intervals with mangoe-groves: the country was low and marshy and subdivided into paddy-fields by small ridges of earth, which to a bird's-eye view, looked like the beds of an extensive garden. Innumerable little tanks and puddles of water were scattered about the plain, bordered with bushes and jungles, the surface of some covered with wild water-weeds and others presenting a clear and silvery sheet to the sun. At the foot of the hill a few miserable huts stood clustering together, tenanted by the Moosur tribe, who derive their sole subsistence from cultivating small patches of land round their habitations. In the distance, as if emerging from the sea, the fanciful form of the Shaktepoorer hill was visible; its summit tipped with a little white pagoda, which gleamed in the setting sun.

A deep stillness pervaded the glen beneath; not a sound could be heard save the chirping of little birds as they hopped about the branches of some thorny bush; or the lowing of a few cattle that pastured below. Not a breath of air fanned the leaves, and as the sun sunk towards the horizon, the valley became gradually darkened

"And not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below."

To the north the country was remarkably woody: many a large majestic tree stood waving its heavy boughs to the evening breeze, variously tinted and wildly blended with the rich foliage of a variety of smaller ones, which imparted altogether a luxuriant richness to the scene. Through this cluster of boughs and leaves a most delightful little bungalow was seen to peep, situated on the banks of the Keel, and, as it were, under the immediate shelter of a majestic old tamarind tree

"The proudest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to live delighted here."

It was indeed a delightful place the quiet and sequestered loveliness of the scene gave it an air of innocence and happiness never met with in the noisy scenes of the busy world

In this neighbourhood the name of Inderdown is particularly famous he is said to have been a great Raja, possessed of incalculable riches, who resided for a considerable time on the summit of Jhynuggar At an early age, it is said, he succeeded to the throne of his father and became possessed of an extensive tract of country in the valleys of Cashmere During his minority the viziers and noblemen of his father's court continued to govern his dominions with moderation and wisdom, and the extensive revenues of his territories sufficed to support his royal dignity in all the pomp of Eastern grandeur On arriving at the years of maturity, he took the reins of government entirely into his own hands, and banished from his councils most of the viziers who with fidelity and wisdom had served his ancestors with the best years of their lives. Being of a licentious and profligate disposition, he gave way to all his appetites each night the dancing-girls were brought before him and with dancing and revelry each night waned away. Morning found him, like the sluggard, turning and yawning in his bed In indolence and riotous living the government of his dominions was neglected, and the neighbouring princes made war on his territories and threatened to annihilate his possessions

Just about this time, it is said, that the Raja in vexation of spirit, and in a fit of jealousy and rage, strangled with his own hands one of his favorite wives, a lovely young female of a sweet and affectionate disposition. The deed had scarcely been perpetrated and the lifeless form of his victim lay yet in his presence, when the most undoubted proofs of her innocence were laid before him. He was stung with the pangs of the bitterest remorse—he raved and tore his hair and made his palace re-echo

with his cries. For some time he abstained from all food, and none of his menials dared approach him—reason itself seemed to totter on its throne. When the first paroxysms of grief and remorse were abated, he became comparatively mild; his faithful philosopher the *Hukeem*, now approached him and with discourses of knowledge and virtue soothed his agitated soul. The Raja, from that period was scarcely heard to speak a word; he became sad and sorrowful: the vision of his murdered wife flitted constantly before his eyes, and sleeping or awaking he was haunted with troubled thoughts and dreams of blood and horror.

He at length formed the resolution of quitting his dominions, and of expiating in exile and solitude, the enormity of his crime. His only daughter, the child and image of his murdered consort, was to be a sharer in his exile and solitude.

Collecting together his few remaining jewels and accompanied by the *Hukeem*, and one or two of his domestics, who were attracted rather by the hope of plunder than from attachment to his person, the unhappy Rajah left his native country for a wild and solitary rock in a far-distant land. The Prophet was his guide. After a long and hazardous voyage they reached the hill of Jhynuggar, the Prophet pointed to its summit and vanished in smoke. The sun had already reached the western horizon, tinged with a rich crimson the summit of the distant Curruckpore mountains, when the Raja, faint and weary, reached the summit of Jhynuggar, with his infant daughter in his arms. He turned to look for his attendants, they had vanished and were no where to be found; desolate and alone the Raja sat himself down on the highest pinnacle of the mountain, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant in the dry wilderness. Having paid his devotions and prostrated himself before the setting sun, and called down blessings upon himself and his infant, he composed himself to rest among the luxuriant thickets

that bloomed on the brow of the hill, watered by the dews of heaven. Wild and indistinct dreams flitted through the Raja's mind; he saw Paradise in the distance the heavenly choir of peries, angels and happy spirits floating about in resplendent light amidst odours and perfumes, chaunting hymns and praises and revelling in celestial beatitude.

The following morning the Rajah awoke and found himself in a sumptuous palace on the brow of the hill. The walls were of the smoothest marble, decorated with gold and ivory and glittering in the beams of the rising day. The lovely young Princess was his sole companion in this scene of splendid solitude. The eagles and the birds of Paradise fed them with their bills and the limpid fountain furnished them with drink. *

In this delightful solitude, under the fostering care of invisible spirits, the young Princess grew up as delicate and lovely as the wild flowers that bloomed around her, unadmired by the eyes of man, unpolluted by his gaze. Happy and alone she wandered about the banks of the lakes, culling the sweet and delicate flowers that blossomed in the wilderness. sometimes she sat at the brink of the water and gazed at her own lovely form in the liquid mirror; at others she laved her delicate little limbs in the crystal element. She wandered about through the purple light of declining day along the lonely recesses of the mountains; she danced and sported to the song of the nightingale; the wild bird as it saw her cleared its throat and whistled its sweetest lay: at night she returned to her dwelling on the hill and in sweet and undisturbed repose the hours passed away. Thus happy in innocence and contentment twelve years had already gone over the lovely young Zadee, when she first felt a void and emptiness of the heart arise out of the solitude of her situation. She continued to visit her favorite haunts, but happiness was no longer there. She sat at the lake, but it was to mingle her tears with its

waters. She responded to the soft playing of the zephyrs, with the sighs of her own bosom. Discontent took possession of her heart. She envied the little birds as they hopped about on the branches of the trees or sung in little groups together. She saw the water-birds as they skimmed about in pairs over the surface of the lakes and pillowed their breasts on its rippling waves. She sighed as she heard the nightingale sing to its mate. "I only am alone," said the unfortunate young Zadee, in the desolation of her feelings; "I only am alone. Sweet, sweet bird," she said to the nightingale, "come and sing to me." The nightingale warbled its softest lay and the linnet poured its sweetest melody. She felt her bosom troubled; she knew not what she wanted; yet poor Zadee sighed.

She looked to the owl as it sat nodding in a nook of the rock. "Thou art like me alone; teach me, wise bird, to be happy in solitude." The owl rustled its plumes, deigned no reply, and darted out into the twilight. She next addressed the eagle as it descended at noon from its home in the skies to enjoy the cool of the vallies. "Proud bird of the mountain," she said to the eagle, "tell me, what lies beyond those hills—is happiness there?"

"Fair form," said the eagle, "happiness is not there: far in the windings of those vallies a shepherd's cottage stands; a youth of form and feature fair as thine own, tends his flocks and in solitude and loneliness his days are passing away."

"Companion of the gods, good, noble bird, tell the shepherd youth a tender flower grows here on the mountain,—tell him, good bird, to come."

The proud bird rose on its wide wings, soared into the skies, and darted off far to the west. The lovely young Zadee followed him with her eyes, till they grew dim with tears; she then ascended the mountain and looked towards the vallies. For many a day

did the unfortunate young Princess bend her gaze to the valley in the west. She saw the eagles as they soared over its skies, she sighed to the zephyrs that blew over the mountains. Her flowers were neglected, the sweet melody of the nightingale was unheard, and her eyes grew dim with secret weeping.

The lordly eagle bore her message through the skies, he alighted in the valleys of Soorooj Kumaun. There lived in those valleys a comely youth, descended from a long line of kings. It had been predicted by the sages at his birth, that his happiness depended on his seclusion from the world and ignorance of mankind until he should arrive at his twentieth year. Fifteen years had already passed over him in this lonely vale, the wild roses and lilies were his sole companions.

The eagle descended and alighted on a crag. "Young man," said he to the Prince, "far to the East a tender flower grows on a lonely mountain, sweeter and more lovely than the wild roses and lilies that blossom in your valleys, rise with me towards my dwelling in the bright abodes and view the lovely spot." The eagle snatched him in his talons and ascended to his native skies. The Prince looked and beheld the mountain shining afar off.

Borne along on the wings of the monarch of the skies, the Prince found himself rapidly wafted through the air, his eyes grew dim and his senses forsook him. When he became conscious of existence, he found himself reclining on the verdant banks of a delightful lake at the foot of the golden mountain. It was Jhynuggar. The pale moon was gleaming over the lonely landscape and the softest perfumes filled the air.

The Prince enjoyed not long this delicious repose. The Rajah descended from the hill and approached him. "Rash being," he said, "darest thou sully with the footsteps of humanity a soil dedicated to innocence and repentance? Hence, rude youth"

He waved his arm and the Prince prepared to depart. The sky became suddenly darkened, and a stunning dizziness seized his brain; when he awoke he was sitting in his silent valley of Soorooj Kumaun, his sheep browsing around him.

The Rajah retraced his steps to the summit of the hill and passed the hours of night in meditation and prayer. The following morning he sought the Princess's apartment. The lovely young Zadee sat at the window gazing in silence at the distant valley in the west; her lap was filled with the sweet-smelling jessamine, and she strung the flowers in a lock of her own dark hair. The fresh elasticity of form was forsaking her; the roses on her cheeks were fast fading away. The Raja looked at her and then in silence he closed the door; from that hour the unfortunate Princess was never permitted to leave her apartment. Through many a day and through many a year the solitary Zadee sat at the casement viewing the distant hills and pouring her spirit forth in songs and sighs.

The Prince in the meantime, guided by the faithful eagle, the companion of the gods, sought the retreat of a celebrated physician. In a distant land over wide spreading seas, far from the haunts of man, in a solitary cave of a craggy rock, the celebrated Hamuck passed his days in the study of knowledge and wisdom; in converse with the stars and in intercourse with the invisible world.

"Prince," said the Sage, as the eagle alighted with his burden, "rush not on thy fate: the lovely flower that thou seekest, in this world can never be thine. Forbear, young man, and think not of the daughter of spirits: her fate is in the hands of angels and of peries; her doom to be enrolled spotless among the virgins of Paradise. And thou, proud bird," he said to the eagle, "depart and venture not again to intrude on the hours of the favored of heaven."

The eagle's eyes brightened. "Haughty fool," said he to the Sage "thou shalt rue thy pride. I hunkest thou of me, me the child and companion of gods, as thou dost of thy own foul companions, the owl and the raven? Remember, vain mortal, I soar where the hurricane is loudest in the regions of storms and of tempests, I watch over the thunderbolts of heaven."

The eagle rose on its wide pinions with the Prince and bore him swiftly along over distant seas and mountains as they reached the third heavens a raven flew by them. "Forerunner of fate," said the eagle, "hie thee to the dwelling in the cave, flap thy gloomy wings and croak thy fatal death-note." The raven made no reply but continued its course, urging its way towards the ocean.

As the shades of evening began to gather, the eagle reached a solitary hut situated on a bleak and barren mountain, where the cliff beetles over the cataracts of the Keel. No flower blossomed on that mountain, and the wildest weed withered under the baneful influence of its atmosphere. A haggard old woman sat clothed in sable vestments, feeding the young ravens as they hopped about her with human flesh, torn from a lifeless form that lay extended beside her. It was the body of the sage Hamuck.

"Mother," said the eagle, as he deposited the Prince on the mountain, "a mortal seeks thy counsels."

The old woman raised her yellow eyes and looked up. "True," said she, "I preside over the destinies of mankind. I am the harbinger of fate; but counsels have I none. Those who seek me, seek their own fate; let them learn from the lips of wisdom to avoid it." And she pointed with her long skinny fingers to the corpse of the sage.

"Draw nigh, young Prince," she continued, "and let me read the mysterious lines of fate in thy open palm." The Prince extended his palm, he was cold and trembling with horror

and affright. The old woman with a bone in her hand traced the lines. she thrice waved the bone over the Prince and muttered a strange form of words. The ravens croaked a melancholy chorus.

"Seekest thou happiness?" she again continued; "happiness thou shalt have,—but at the gates of death."

She opened a black book, that lay in the corner surrounded by toads, and guarded by the prince of vultures with her long nailed fingers she traced lines on the earth and closed the book of fate. The vulture shrieked a shrill boding cry as it hopped upon the book, the ravens flapped their evil wings, and the toads croaked from the corners. The old woman joined with her shrill sepulchral voice.

Suddenly the noise ceased, a raven flew up and perched himself on the shoulder of the Prince. The scene was immediately changed; the hut, the old woman and the ravens had all vanished. The Prince found himself moving rapidly through the air, the raven still clinging to his shoulder.

It was evening when the Prince found himself once more at the declivity of the golden mountain. he looked up to its summit and was ravished at the sight of the lovely young Princess, in the very bloom and freshness of youth. This was the first mortal female he had ever beheld—she a Princess and the fairest of her sex. She leaned over the casement, the roses on her cheeks had returned and the freshness to her lips. She looked at the Prince and then threw herself from the hill. The Prince received her in his arms. The air thundered, the earth trembled, the mountain was shaken to its very foundation, and a thick gloomy smoke filled the valley.

"Lo! above the smoke they hover,
Youth and maid together die,
In his arms the immortal lover
Bore her with him to the skies."

The raven flapped its wings, and was hovering over the mountain ; the eagle pounced upon him from the skies and tore him into pieces.

The palace was hurled from its site and precipitated down the hill ; it scattered the surrounding country with its ruins.

The Raja's zeal of devotion had latterly waxed cold ; his vows were forgotten, and his whole soul was after gold ; he picked out the gems and precious stones that adorned his palace and threw them into a deep rocky pit on the brow of the hill. As he was engaged in his usual occupation, he fell headlong down the well where he kept the gold, and a huge fragment of stone fell over him and closed up the well. His form is sometimes seen hovering about the scene of his death or gliding over the site of his ancient palace. The moaning of the young Princess is heard at twilight by the solitary traveller as he passes that way mingling with the breeze as it enters the hollows and crevices of the rock. The peasant points to the ruins as a melancholy confirmation of the truth of the tradition. The proud but faithful eagle may yet be seen, though degenerated in size, sitting at noon on a crag of the hill.

The above tradition, if not one "within the prospect of belief," is certainly one of the wildest and most characteristic connected with that retired and romantic spot. The most remarkable, though by no means the most uncommon feature in the tradition, is the circumstance of the hidden treasure. It is firmly believed in by the people in the neighbourhood, and however incredulous they may be as to other points, they all agree as to that particular. There are other traditions likewise connected with the place, some fabulous and stupid to the extreme, but all concentrating in the one unvaried theme of hidden treasure. In the wildest & inaccessible crag of the rock they point to the site of the well in which the Raja Inderdawn used to deposit his gold. Like all hidden wealth it is under some magic spell, and

guarded, the above tradition says, by the Rajah himself, but the most popular belief is by a Doosod, a low caste of native usually employed as watchmen of villages.

Certain enough, it must have been the seat of some magnificent building some hundred years ago, the vestiges of which are yet visible, though in the very last state of decay. Large flags and tiles have been dug up from the summit of Jhynuggar hill. The left bank of the Keel, a rough and boisterous mountain torrent, is covered to a great extent with bricks and stones: here and there the paving is yet visible, having been no doubt the seat of some ancient city.

Owing to these circumstances the place has continued to be the strong-hold for popular fictions of the most extravagant kinds, and has many a golden tradition connected with it—a favorite theme with the natives.

Monghyr, 3d October, 1835.

FIRST LOVE.

BY DR. RANKEN.

I would not see thee,—now thy form decays,—
Bereft of all I lov'd in early days.

The long-past hour was dear to me which rent
Young passion's tendrils twining both our hearts ;

But that 'live impress which thy beauty lent
To my fond bosom never thence departs,

Reigning ador'd by recollected youth,
Midst joys re-blooming with no thorns of pain

In visions pure of first-born love and truth
That fly if e'er I gaze on thee again.

Oh ! still life's morning, love, is in thine
Within my spirit, glowing, thus endearing:

Let it endure in this eternal shrine
When earth dissolves and all that nature

MINSTREL'S CONSOLINGS.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

Oh! sneer not at the poet's life,
 Nor deem his dreams a lie;
 'Tis sweet to catch, when clouds are rife,
 Brief glimpses of the sky!
 And sweet to him is phantasy—
 Then do not call him weak,
 If, chiding dull reality,
 He strives relief to seek
 From fancy's wild and wizard throng
 Of thoughts, that find a voice in song.

II.

The dreams that please him when awake,
 That soothe him when asleep,
 Do many a splendid semblance take
 To make him smile or weep;
 And thoughts, in blood his soul that steep,
 Before their presence flee.
 O! trust me, all who fain would leap
 With joy o'er life's broad sea,
 To make the passage swifter seem,
 Had better woo the poet's dream!

III.

Who hath not poetry, hath not
 The feelings which bestow
 A grace upon our mortal lot—
 A sunshine on the snow

Of earthly ill ' And ye, who know
 The poetry of mind,
 May live, perchance untouched by woe,
 But cannot hope to find
 The extacy, the rapture, brought
 By fancy from pure mines of thought !

IV.

The poet is not one who cuts
 His song on every tree ,
 Deep thought, his feeble lips that shuts,
 Oft holds mute mastery
 O'er hand and harp, and prophecy
 Within his spirit dwells,
 Which never may imparted be,
 But locked within the cells
 Of his closed breast, there broods, until
 The chain is snapped that binds his will !

V.

Then bursts the tide of song, as burst
 O'er bulwark and o'er bound,
 The treasured floods, which art hath nurst,
 Till nature, raging round,
 Rends reeling rock and verdant mound,—
 So pours the stream of song !
 And tongueless thoughts a voice have found
 Shall echo loud and long,
 When the high soul, that loved the strain,
 Hath ceased to feel that life is pain !

VI.

Oh ! there are minds, with garners vast
 Of thought poetic stored ;
 Who ne'er their imaged truths have traced,
 Nor spoke the pent-up hoard ,

Of fancies, that no tongue may word—
 No pen may ever show,
 Ideal shapes, profusely stored,
 And ghosts, that come and go,
 Like shadows thro' some 'minster aisle
 When penance turns the novice pale'

VII

Then, sneer not at the poet's lot,
 Nor deem his smiles and tears
 Ephemeral signs, that haunt the spot
 Where falsehood's shrine appears
 Celestial hopes, terrific fears
 Alternate sway his mind,
 Yet, oh! his lyre, where Virtue reigns
 Her altar, if ye find,
 Be sure hath sounds to check the sigh
 That hover round him, when he dies'

EVENING

The orange tree, thick hung in all its bloom,
 And dappled with dew, delicious fragrance throws
 On the rich gale, the brown loquat's perfume
 Floats mingling with the citron and the rose,—
 Now sweet upon the waters 'tis to glide
 Where fall the moon-beams silvery and serene,
 From cloudless ether to the rippling tide,
 A lapse of glory round night's silent queen.
 Lost to the dash of waves and the loud song
 Bursting around, a wild, fierce melody.
 Hark! from the temple tolls the deep-toned gong
 And far and near ascend the notes of holy glee

“ CASTLES IN THE AIR.”

By V. TREGGAR, Esq.

Methought I saw, as in the cloudless west
The last faint light was fading fast away,
Two youthful beings gazing on the sky.
Upon his shoulder, her bright cheek was laid,
And each had round the other thrown an arm,
And close and lovingly their fingers twined.
And thus they stood all silently, and gazed,
Until the day-light faded quite away.
And then they turned, to look, as lovingly,
Upon the starry skies and moon-lit earth.
At length he spoke, such words as lovers speak,—
And her sweet face was raised, and her black eyes
Shot their love-glances upwards into his,
Her lips of coral open'd with radiant smiles,
And she too spoke, in those love-breathing tones
That woman only can give utterance to,—
And then he bent his face, and on her brow
Printed a kiss with love-impassioned lips;
And as her eyes glowed bright with tears of joy—
For joy has tears—he clasped her to his breast,
And prayed to Heaven for blessings on her head.

Methought I saw them once again, but now
That lady's brow more matronly had grown,
And his thin features had become more staid;
But still their eyes, whene'er their glances met,—
And that was often,—for they loved to look

Upon each others faces, and behold
 The love that once was there,—yet undecayed—
 Still spoke of love.

And at her feet there played
 A hisping child,—such as she might have been—
 With her dark glowing eyes, but his light hair,
 Rolling in curls about its neck and cheeks,
 And in her arms a babe, of some few months,
 Gambolled and laughed, returning smile for smile
 And babbled unintelligible words
 Fondly he gazed, and when the artless child
 With gleesome laugh stretched out its little arms
 And lisped, with winning smile, its parent's name
 Fondly he caught it from the ground, and pressed
 Its cheek with kisses

Turning then to her,
 The source of all his joy, he bent again,
 And parting the dark locks from her fair brow,
 With undiminished love he pressed his lips
 Upon her coral mouth and glowing cheek,
 And, while his heart swelled up with gratitude
 To bounteous Heaven for such rare joy as this,
 He prayed again for blessings on her head.

Still once again methought I saw that pair,
 But time had changed in them, all he could change,
 Her once black locks were white as new fallen snow,—
 Her cheek had lost its plumpness, and her form
 The grace and loveliness of early days.
 His too was bowed with age, his eyes were sunk,
 And on his head, a few long silvery hairs

Were all that time had left of his fair locks.
 They seemed all changed, but still within their eyes
 The love, born in their youth, lived unimpaired,
 And now and then burst forth in loving looks,
 And gentle words, and still more gentle smiles.
 Around the couch where side by side they sat,
 Fair youths and maidens, their dear offspring, stood
 Watching each look and listening to each word—
 With one accord those dutious children knelt,
 And begged their parents' blessing. It was given,
 And then their aged parent rose up, and turned,
 With looks of love, to her his life's dear partner,
 Who, with clasped hands and cheeks all wet with tears
 (The overflowings of a grateful heart,)
 Gazed on this scene of bliss. He once again,
 With love as true as warmed their hearts in youth,
 Kissed her pale cheek, and once again invoked
 Heaven's everlasting blessings on her head.

My vision changed, I saw that pair no more,
 But, 'neath the shade by mournful cypress thrown,
 The earth was raised in a fresh grassless heap,
 And those fair youths and maidens, there were weeping,
 And there were tearful eyes, and sighing breasts,
 And quivering lips, and cheeks all pale with woe,
 And women sobbing in each others arms—
 And then I knew that aged pair were dead,
 But even in death, love left them not, for they
 Had left the earth and flown to Heaven together.

SIANZAS

By R. W. HAWKES Esq.

I.

All in the tombs shall hear his voice,
The dead shall then arise ,
The trumpet sounds, hark ! and rejoice,
It echoes from the skies.

II

Shall sounds a summons to the graves,
Which sullenly obey ,
Give up your dead, a voice these craves,
One solitary day.

III.

Poor wretch ! wast thou not taught on earth
Repentance here 's in vain ?
Thine 'twas thou hadst thy share of mirth
Here thou'lt have endless pain.

IV

Is you who chose to do my will
Is endless pleasure given ;
Come then, ye blessed, have your fill,
Come, taste the joys of Heaven !

A TALE OF THE JAVA CLIPPER

BY R. W. WELCH, ESQ.

"Man, dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

"Seacunny, awake the mate to take charge of his watch," said Captain Terror, of the Dutch bark *Devil*, then on her passage from Batavia to Singapore, in an angry tone of voice, to the steersman who had just been relieved from his duty at the helm, and then, turning to a man who was wending his way forward to his berth under the fore-castle, he added—"Back, you scoundrel. Don't think I intend to let you off so easy. I will teach you to keep your eyes open when on duty, and to give me better soundings next time. To the helm, Sir, and take a spell there for the whole of the next watch. What? sleep in the dog-watch! I will give you a salve for your peepers, my hearty, I will."

The mate made his appearance on deck, and Captain Terror, after giving the necessary directions regarding the course to be steered, &c., added:—

"Mr. Williams, I have sent Elysianthe to the wheel, and you will be pleased to detain him there for the next four hours. Keep a sharp look out after the fellow, and if you catch him snoozing at his post, let the tindal show him a trick of his art with the cat-o'-nine-tails. I'll warrant that the acquaintance of the tickler, will keep him awake and warm his back, too, this cold night. What do you think, the fellow actually went

to sleep in the chains, and was in his dreams singing out eleven and a half fathoms when we had only seven and a half, and he would have gone on singing the same tune, I dare say till we were hard and fast ashore, had I not dispelled his visions by a thawl across the shoulders, and by a fresh cast ascertained the true soundings. He had the insolence, moreover, to give me cheek, but I think I have cured him of that for some time at least. I have given him something to teach him better manners, and have spoilt his beauty for him at any rate. For I have stove in two of his ivories, I believe. Good night. Don't forget to call me as soon as the watch expires, for I can't venture on trusting the gunner with a watch in such precarious navigation. I will make a further example of that scoundrel Bysanthe to-morrow, and in the mean time mind you don't shew him the least leniency."

Captain Terror retired to his cabin, vowing that he would keep his promise the next morning, of making a signal example of the man who had excited his ire.

Before proceeding with this narrative, it is necessary to say a few prefatory words respecting Captain Terror, and the incidents which irritated him and gave birth to the expressions with which this tale commences.

In the year 1844 Captain Terror had been appointed to the command of the *Desir*, under circumstances which had created a great deal of dissatisfaction. The former commander had died, when the vessel was on the point of sailing from Singapore to Calcutta, and the individual who was her chief officer at the time, after a due examination, by competent judges appointed by the agents at Singapore, was promoted to the command, subject, however, to confirmation or disapproval by the Calcutta agents. He conveyed the ship safe to her destination, and on her arrival in the harbour, submitted his claims

to the agents and solicited to be retained in the command. However, in spite of the strong recommendations he brought with him, he was removed from his situation, and Captain Terror, who had long been in the service of the agents and was at that time out of employment, was appointed to it. Of course this proceeding caused discontent, and Mr. Williams, the person superseded, only accepted of the situation of chief officer, because by doing so he would be enabled the sooner to reach Java and lay his case before the owners there.

If Captain Terror's appointment created dissatisfaction, his conduct on assuming the command, was in no way calculated to assuage this feeling, but on the contrary speedily procured for him the ill-will of both officers and crew. His demeanour towards the former was insulting, and his treatment of the latter brutally tyrannical. Captain Terror was, in fact, a sailor of the old school,—a strict disciplinarian and one who was of opinion that without a liberal use of the cat, it was impossible to effect the performance of the duties of his vessel, or maintain the order and discipline essentially necessary to ensure her safety.

In private life a more amiable man is seldom met with. A kind and indulgent parent, a tender husband and a warm and obliging friend, he was, for the suavity of his disposition, doated on by his relatives and beloved by his acquaintances; while his pleasant nautical anecdotes, delivered in his peculiarly ludicrous and quaint manner, were an inexhaustible source of hilarity to his domestic circle. But the very nature of the man appeared to change with the element he inhabited. No sooner did he float upon the waters and feel the billows dance beneath him, than his temper was lashed into fury like the surges, and his heart became, apparently, as callous as stone. The evil passions which had lurked latent within him, burst forth with an

irresistible fury, like a sudden volcanic eruption, and woe betide the unfortunate wretch that came within the influence of the lava of his wrath.

For where his frown of hatred darkly fell
Hope withering fled and mercy sighed farewell

The agonized writhing of his victims under the infliction of the scourge, seemed to be quite a feast to him, and his delight appeared to increase proportionately with the degree of annoyance it was in his power to inflict on all under his command. He conceived them

In human action and capacity
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their war who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens and sore blows
For sinking under them

He was, in short, even more tyrannical, capricious and cruel on shipboard, than he was amiable, patient and kind when on shore.

From the day he assumed command of the vessel, he commenced a series of persecutions against the crew, and the return of each day subjected some of the poor fellows to the infliction of the lash by his orders.

The *Devil*, though a Dutch vessel, was manned with Bengalees and officered by Britons. There were, however, four Malacca seacunnies on board, and these men more particularly were the objects of Captain Terror's aversion, and consequently oftenest felt the thong of oppression. The least crook in the seam of a sail, or the slightest deviation of the vessel from her course, brought down on the inadvertent culprit a visitation of his wrath, and dreadful was the punishment that invariably followed. Kicks and buffets with his fists, till his strength was exhausted, were merely the prelude to a flagellation from the flogger that nearly excoriated the back of the offender and if he were ever so disabled by the punishment, no respite (or as

Captain Terror called it, skulking under hatches) was allowed him; to his duty he was immediately sent and obliged to labour till the prescribed hours were past.

Time rolled on and each returning sun brought with it a repetition of the cruelties of the Captain. The crew became dispirited and bewildered. Do what they would it never pleased or satisfied their commander, and at last even the smartest seamen among them became deterred from performing their duty, apprehensive lest they might give him offence, and subject themselves to punishment. Afraid even to murmur, for that was a crime he never forgave, they cursed the tyrant in their hearts, and resolved to desert from the ship on the first opportunity that offered.

After a fine passage of forty-five days, the *Devil* reached Batavia and anchored in the roads at noon; and that very night six of the crew fled from the ship. But remaining concealed in Java,—where the Government are so exceedingly jealous of the influx of foreigners, that they are interdicted from remaining on shore, without previously obtaining the sanction of the police and specifying the time when they intend to depart; and where a heavy penalty is imposed on any inhabitant found guilty of harbouring, even for a few days, one unfurnished with a licence,—was no easy matter. The deserters were, consequently, on Captain Terror's applying to the police, soon discovered, captured and returned to the *Devil*; and their desertion certainly did not procure for them any mitigation of their sufferings. With a grin of savage exultation, Captain Terror received the men as they came over the side with mock courtesy, and expressing his hope that they were well and had benefitted by their excursion on shore, he bowed low as he pointed them forwards and told them to get themselves cleaned and prepared for the "dressing" he intended to favor

them with as soon as the vessel left the harbour. That "dressing" was inflicted, and the wretched delinquents were unable to crawl from their corners in the fore-peak for days afterwards.

A sailor's life is blessed with but few enjoyments at the best. From youth to age, his life is passed in dreary cheerlessness with but few bright moments of short-lived pleasure, which glimmer fitfully on the dark scene, like the faint evanescent glimmer of the fire fly's lamp, and then expire. But the fate of the men placed under Capt. Leiror's command, was more than usually divested of happiness. rarely did a beam of joy burst upon and relieve the gloom of wretchedness in which they were enveloped. Hope had nearly deserted them. One consolation only buoyed up the drooping spirits of the ill-used crew, it was the knowledge that they were shortly to sail again for Singapore, where they might attempt to escape from the power of their tyrant with better hope of success, and great was their rejoicing, therefore when, the cargo being all shipped, orders were issued to leave up the anchor. The vessel proceeded on her course, and for some time even the tyranny of the Captain was patiently borne up with. Deliverance was near, and the harassed and worn-out men did not murmur.

On the eighth morning after leaving Batavia, the entrance of the Straits of Banca was made, and threading her way through the Iucepara shoals, the *Deil* continued, with a fair breeze, to sail up the Straits. In two days more, after narrowly escaping the Carang Hadgee, by unnecessarily stretching over towards it, Mintow loomed dimly in the rear, and on the eleventh morning the double peak of Lingin was seen, far towering above the clouds, side by side, like twin brothers, seeming to hail the approach of the bark, and served as a beacon to guide her on her course over the trackless ocean.

It was evening and a dead calm rested on the face of the sea. The surface of the long ground swell was untroubled by even the slightest breathing of the winds, and the vessel bobbed like a nodding sleeper on the billows, flapping her white sails to and fro with a jarring sound. As night approached, the skies assumed a lurid aspect, and every object was soon buried in impenetrable gloom. Dense vapours sped across the face of the heavens, distant thunder growled hoarsely, the quick lightning darted forth its forked death, large rain-drops fell pattering around, and then came sweeping on the howling blast, ploughing up the azure field in mountainous furrows. The *Devil* bowed beneath the impetuosity of the gale, and was for a while nearly buried beneath the waves. Four hours she warred against the fury of the tempest and baffled its power, at length she conquered. The winds were at last exhausted, and now rocked more gently on the ocean's breast the *Devil* gradually sunk into a state of quiet.

The gallant bark had proved victorious in the strife with the elements, but she had suffered much in the conflict, and every rope-yarn that had been severed, increased the irritability of Captain Terror. He went round the ship, examining every part, and whenever he found a rope in which a strand had parted, he showered a torrent of abuse on those around him, and attributed blame to them for what was the inevitable result of the storm.

The blush of morning streaked the east; with the increase of light the Brothers burst upon the view, and at the close of day the *Devil* was, with a steady breeze, working her way up the entrance of the Straits of Droyan.

Captain Terror kept the dog-watch. The man stationed in the chains had pronounced the depth of water to be twelve fathoms, and after a few more casts it had diminished to eleven and a half, which was duly reported. At this juncture Captain

Terror, as the gunner kept the watch with him, after directing the man to awake him when the water decreased, indulged himself with a nap, from which after an hour, he was, according to orders, aroused by a shake from the gunner, who informed him that the water had considerably shoaled.

"Very good," said Captain Terror, starting up, and immediately after added—"Scacunny in the chains, take a cast of the lead—bear a hand now."

No immediate answer was returned to this mandate, but the lead quickly swung by the brawny arm of the man addressed, was plumped in the water, and having ascertained the soundings he sung out in the imperfect English generally spoken by his countrymen—"An a halup evun."

"There, do you hear that? What made you wake me, then, you fool, when there are eleven and a half fathoms of water? We should have been in time enough, as I told you, if we had gone about in six fathoms."

"You no unstan correctly, Sar, we now getting too little water I tink," replied the gunner.

"Too little water! what do you mean by persisting in saying so? Can't you hear, you fat lubber, that we have eleven and a half fathoms?"

"No, Sir."

"Then, pray, open your jackass's ears a little wider and attend to what he says, while I make that travelling countryman of yours, spread his jawl a little more."

Saying which Captain Terror took the end of a rope in his hand, and stepping on the gun-wale, hit the scacunny a stroke across the shoulders with it, telling him at the same time to sing out a little louder. The man did not remonstrate, but after heaving the lead and again ascertaining the soundings, he once more sung out—"An a halup evun."

"And a half eleven, don't you say?" asked Captain Terror.

"Yes, Sar, in a halup evun," replied the man.

"Then you stubborn grandson of a sea blubber, are you now satisfied that the man says eleven and a half fathoms?" said Captain Terror to the gunner, at the same time giving him a couple of kicks.

"Better you see lead-line mark yourself, Sar. You make mistake, he say shevun an halup."

"He says no such thing, and I am very much disposed to start you for your insolence in daring to contradict me. What do you say, sea-cunny?—have you only seven and a half fathoms?"

"Yes, Sar, only evun an halup."

"Yes, Sir, only seven and a half! You infernal villain, did you not just now tell me eleven and a half? You have been giving me soundings in your sleep. I will knock the life out of you, I will."

"Me no sleep, Sar."

"Not sleep! how came you then to give me false soundings?"

"Me say fus time dit me got evun and halup fathom, and me say nex time me got same wata, and me just now"—

"Said seven and a half, did you not?" interrupted Captain Terror.

"Yes, Sar, me say evun and halup."

"You confess that you gave false soundings, and still you contradict me!"

"No, Sar, me no give fal sounding, me say all along de same ting."

Captain Terror was convinced that the sea-cunny spoke the truth, and that he had misunderstood him, but he never acknowledged himself to be in error. The man had contradicted him, and right or wrong, that was an unpardonable piece of presumption in an inferior. He was commander, and all must pay

implicit obedience to his commands, nor dare to insinuate that he was wrong. He opined that,

Like England's monarch he could do no ill—
There was naught right but that which he did will
Who durst say no if he said what was black?—
If any said so, he would skin his back

In a voice of thunder, therefore, while he churned the foam on his lips with rage, he roared out to the man—"Come out of the chains this instant. Come out, Sir. I'll make you blink your day-lights to some purpose. You give me check, do you? Quick, quick, come out, or I'll shy this belaying-pin at your head and send you to blazes."

The man complied with the order, and soon stood on the quarter-deck, and Captain Terror proceeded to put the ship about. As soon as the manœuvre was accomplished, he turned his attention to the seacunny, and finding that he had gone forward to the waist and was leaning against the long boat, he addressed a shameful epithet to him and ordered him back.

Sullenly and slowly Bysanthe obeyed, and not thinking that he would be understood, muttered a curse in his native tongue. Unfortunately, however, Captain Terror comprehended what he said, and unable any longer to restrain the fury that burned within him, he flew at and assailed him with his fists, and having thrown him on his back, he commenced battering him with his heels, with which he forced from their sockets two of his teeth, and otherwise dreadfully bruised him. Quite exhausted and nearly choked with rage, he quitted the seacunny, and had resumed his station only a few minutes, before he gave utterance to the expressions with which this narrative begins.

Often had Mr. Williams remonstrated with Captain Terror on his monstrous behaviour to his subordinates on board, but his expostulations only served to excite him into fury and induced

him to increase the magnitude of his chastisements, and study refinements in cruelty; tired, therefore, of the ineffectual attempts to touch his obdurate heart with compassion, he had ceased to exert himself in a hopeless cause, and determined, as his appeal to the owners had been unsuccessful, as soon as he had served out the time for which he had taken an advance of wages, to quit the vessel—the arena in which he was constrained to witness scenes loathsome and revolting to his feelings,—where he was forced to brook insults which he would not have tolerated for a moment in any other situation, and for which he was determined to take the earliest opportunity, when he could do so without being deemed a mutineer, to call the Captain to an account. Although he did not murmur, and endeavoured to appear cheerful in the performance of his duty, in order to encourage the crew, he felt most miserable.

“Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Musk hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought he’s hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.”

Too good a seaman to be guilty of insubordination, he strictly, though most reluctantly, complied with the arbitrary behests of his commander, the injunction regarding Bysanthe was therefore implicitly obeyed, and the man kept at the helm.

It was a cold, though unclouded, star-lit night, and Mr. Williams, wrapped in the ample folds of his stout tartan cloak, his head encased in his warm *lâl-topes*, had wiled away an hour of his tedious vigil in the performance of his duty. The ship had just been put about and was standing with a fine breeze on a long tack; he was therefore leisurely pacing the deck, when he heard one of the men under the fore-castle say to his messmate,

“Aug lao, tumbacoo lao, our lao juldee pannes,
Yeak chillum tumbacoo pea ler nye joe kurra koorbanny.”

Which has thus been rendered by one deemed on the forte castle little if it all inferior is a poet to Shakespeare himself -

Bring water quick and fire too and now give me some bric-a-brac
And I'll fill a whiff my heart to soothe and be quite snug,—oh crackles

Ha, ha, you are quite right, old boy, to make yourself cozy while you may it would be no bad joke to follow up the wrinkle and copy your example. Saying thus Mr. Williams thrust his right hand into his breeches pocket, drew out a segar-case and extracted thence a genuine Mamilla, then striking a light with the help of a little embossed silver tinder-box, he ignited it and was soon engaged in waiting its aroma around in rocky volumes.

The breeze, which had been blowing strong and steadily the greater part of the day, was beginning to subside, and the *Deird* sluggishly dragged her length along the water. Mr. Williams had finished his segar and pitched the stump over the side, he whistled a long whee took a look round, and finding from the burnings that it was not yet time to put about and nothing requiring his immediate attention, he seated himself on the foot of the poop-ladder and commenced, in a voice more stentorian than euphonic, and something in the tune the old nag died with, to bawl out the following doggerel —

Oh! a merry life a sailor's is
His life has no alloy,
He gaily roves o'er boundless seas
Each clime affords him joy

Though it separates d from wave to wave,
No dread the tough tar knows
He smiles to hear the tempest rave,
Nor cares how strong it blows

Should his girl be false, or prove a shrew,
Why should his heart be sore?
He'll find a far more kind and true
Upon some other shore

Oh ! a merry life a sailor's is,
 His bliss has no alloy ;
 He gaily roves o'er boundless seas,
 Each clime affords him joy.

" There's a twister for you," he exclaimed, as he concluded, and then continued to soliloquize. " Happy days the sailors had, I ween, when those lines were written. Times have sadly changed for the worse since then. But perhaps some young lubber wrote the verses after all, who, like a young bear, had all his troubles to meet. A sailor no cares, egad ! If he had written no pleasure, he would have been nearer the truth. He should have been here—Terror would teach him to sing to another tune, I think. Merry life, indeed ! Well—"

Here Bysanthe interrupted his monologue, by addressing him.

" Mr. Villum, no your faul, Sar, me know berry vell. Me be tree trip wid you and no catch more den one flog, and dat 'cause me no come off time enop. But what for Cabetan breaking my tooths and pumil me ? Me no habe done no faul, Sar, wha for den he say he seizin me up to-morrow ? Oh ! what me do ? All mans laup my face now, ben he see my tooths laup. What me say my wife when he ax 'bout my tooths Santa Domingo ! my wife and daughta, he laup too. Can't do Sar, can't do ! This business bery bad. Why not he kill me Better you take command, Mr. Villum, an' put Cabetan in cabin till we go Singapoore : all be right then. If you not—"

" Silence, Bysanthe," sternly commanded Mr. Williams. " Never, Sir, presume to address me while you are at the helm you should know better than to do so. If you wish me to intercede for you with the Captain, speak to me when the hanc are piped up in the morning, and I will do all I can to scree you and mollify his resentment ; but now I must not atten to your complaint : and further, Sir, take care you never agai

dare to breathe such routine words as you have now given utterance to, or I will have you put in irons—take care I shall be wide awake after you."

"Me no can ispeak in de morning, Sar."

"Not speak in the morning! Pray why not?"

"'Cause perhaps me gone dead to night, or more worsen."

"What do you mean by saying more worsen? I don't comprehend you."

"Noting 'tall, Sar; only me be got so mouch trouncing, dat, perhaps, me do bery bad."

"Well, well; silence now. I have already listened to your murmuring too long, and I should be highly culpable were I to encourage such language by permitting its utterance in my hearing any longer; so be quiet, Sir."

Bysanthe did not again venture to address his officer; but his dull, unmeaning eyes sparkled with the workings of suppressed rage and agony, and his features assumed a cast of demoniac fury, that impressed Mr. Williams with a feeling of horror. Inwardly the flame of revenge burned intensely, and the man silently fed it with the fuel of his injuries, as he brooded over them. Fearful were the resolves of retribution he tacitly schemed, to retort upon the merciless oppressor, who had mangled and defaced him without the slightest cause.

Time wore on, the watch had expired, and Captain Terror, according to his desire, was summoned from his cot to the deck. Shortly after he assumed charge of the watch, he brought the vessel to an anchor, for the tide had set down the Strait, and the breeze had died away to a gentle zephyr, not sufficiently strong to enable the *Devil* to contend against the stream. The sails were not furled but merely clewed up, and only so much chain was reeved out with the stream anchor as would keep her from so that the earliest advantage might be taken of the

breeze freshening up, to weigh and battle up the current. Bysanthe had not as yet been relieved from duty, and the Captain now turning to him said : " You may go and turn in, you dog. I have given you a belly full for supper, and I will give you a treat for breakfast to-morrow morning, the taste of which, I'll aver, you won't forget for the remainder of your life."

" Ay, ay, Sar ; thank you," was the man's reply, as he walked forward.

Silence now reigned on board of the *Devil*. Her crew, wrapped in the arms of slumber, passed the hours away ; some stretched along the waist, their heads reclining on their arms ; others curled up in some nook under the fore-castle, and more luxuriously inclined, pillowed their heads on a swab or on their folded jackets. Captain Terror had placed his legs on the brass poop-rail, and with his head reclining on the back of his chair, was in a comfortable sleep. Naught disturbed the stillness of the hour, save the gentle ripple of the waves as touching the bows they gently glided past the vessel, or the foot-falls of the portly gunner, as he strode fore and aft the poop, probably computing the gain he expected to derive from the sale of his baskets of Samarang tobacco, or the profit that would accrue from the nine balls of opium, which he had snugly stowed away in the bottom of his capacious sea-chest, concealed by a false lid so admirably fitted, that it had for a series of years deceived the Argus eyes of the custom-house searchers. Occasionally, too, a groan burst from the bosom of some dreamer, as by a restless movement he irritated the wounds, inflicted by the blood-extorting cat. With these exceptions all appeared at peace ; even the watcher on the fore-castle, having assured himself that the Captain was at repose, seated on the cat's-tail, indulged himself with a nap. There was one, however, who slept not—who knew no rest. One

whose bosom burned with an unquenchable thirst for revenge at the recollection of his wrongs, which he resolved to wash out in the blood of the ruthless tyrant who had inflicted them, and make his life the forfeit of his cruelty. This one was Bysanthe. Smarting with his wounds, and nourishing schemes of future revenge, the threat repeated by the Captain, of coercing him still further on the morrow, expedited the perpetration of the deed he contemplated prospectively. Determined not to suffer the threatened punishment, in the quiet depth of the fore-peak he resolved his plan of retaliation. It was to effect the immediate death of his commander, and as a necessary step to insure his own safety, that of the mate; he then intended to run the ship on shore, pillage her of every thing valuable, and with the plunder purchase the protection of some of the hordes of pirates which infest the neighbourhood of the Straits, and enlist among their bands. The crew he reckoned would but feebly oppose him if once their officers were destroyed; and if they did, or if he failed in his attempt on the lives of the officers; he could but die—better far than to tolerate even for another day the brutality of the Captain. Thus having matured his plan of operation, he issued from the fore-peak and proceeded to put it in execution. The air of reckless desperation his features wore, betrayed his fell purpose,

“For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.”

To endeavour to procure arms from the cuddy, would perhaps be a dangerous expedient, as should he be discovered by the servants who slept there, and they create an alarm, his views would be frustrated; he therefore abandoned that idea, and arming himself with a Chinese adze from the carpenter's tool-chest, stealthily crept aft to where the Captain slept unconcerned of his impending fate. His slumber had, indeed,

deepened, and as the seacunny approached he snored. The murderer exulted as these sounds, proclaiming the unwaryness of his victim, reached his ears, for they almost assured him of the certainty of obtaining his revenge.

He reached the foot of the ladder, and watching his opportunity, as the gunner turned to walk aft, bounded on the poop, and before his presence was noticed, reached the spot where Captain Terror was, and shouting triumphantly in his native tongue, "Die! bloody and unfeeling tyrant, die!" he raised the adze with both hands and at a stroke buried the iron in the brain of the Captain. The blow was immediately repeated; and then darting down the ladder, before any alarm could be given, he reached the mate's cabin and inflicted a deep gash on the side of his head; but the cabin not being high enough to admit of his elevating his arm sufficiently, the blow did not, as intended, prove fatal.

Mr. Williams's slumber had been unrefreshing. He dreamt that he was sailing along the coast of Java at sun-set in a beautiful yacht, which glided smoothly on the surface of the watery mirror, fanned by zephyrs, that came through the scented spice-groves on the shore, refreshing the toil-spent mariners with its aromatic odour. Delusive Mirage, presented a thousand fanciful shapes to view, of islands, mounts, rivers and towns, which faded away, or seemed to fly, as the bark approached. A shoal of skip-jacks passed the vessel on their course, leaping up into the air, their silvery scales shining in the rays of the setting sun, and followed by flocks of marine birds of diverse species, that kept uttering their shrill cries as they darted at, and preyed on, the small fry chased out of the water by the larger fish.

The bright waves, as they gently rolled,
Tinged by the sun-beams, seemed of gold,

and, indeed,

So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fury dire in

All of a sudden, a pirate dashed out of a little bay a short distance ahead of his craft, and bore down upon him.

To attempt to fly from her seemed useless. The breeze hardly inflated the light duck sails of the yacht or propelled her on her course, but the pirate appeared to cleave the waters with the dolphin speed. To yield and rely on the mercy of men who knew not the meaning of the word, and took a delight in shedding blood, would be ensuring certain death, Mr. Williams therefore resolved to resist to the last, and at least die bravely, sword in hand, making his foes pay dearly for their victory. Every exertion, however, was made to escape. The sweeps were speedily manned and every stitch of canvas set on the yacht, yet she barely moved, while the corsair came up with her hand-over-hand, booming along and bathing her bows in the dashing spray before her.

The few weapons in the yacht were distributed among the crew, her two small guns were charged up to the muzzle with missiles of all kinds, and armed with a brace of pistols and a cutlass, Mr. Williams, with desperate determination, awaited the coming contest with the buccaneers. Already the iron hail of the corsairs rained about the yacht, and other death-dealing missiles came whistling through the air. Yards, ropes, sweeps, booms and masts were lopped off and carried whirling away, or falling on the deck, crushed beneath their ponderous weight the unhappy mariners below. A shot came humming through the taff-rale, struck off the head of the rudder just below the tiller, and chopping off a leg of the steersman, carried the main by the board. The vessel immediately wore round, and in doing so carried the wounded main-mast over the side—and now the yacht lay a helpless log upon the water.

On came the pirate booming along, and now within pistol shot, her sharp-shooters picked off any of the devoted crew of the bark, who dared to show their heads above the bulwarks. A heave of the sea brought one of the guns of the yacht to bear on her: instantly the piece was adjusted to the proper level, the match applied, and the report of the explosion pealed upon the ear. The smoke cleared up—Bah!—the pirate was unscathed—the bullets had hit but done her no injury. A little while and the pirate coming in collision with the yacht, rocked her to the keel.

On, on they came, that dark and ruthless crew, led by their fiend-like chief,—his eyes blood-shot, his nostrils dilated, his breast swelling fearfully with rage, and gnawing his nether lip. One by one they came, leaping on the yacht, howling forth their whoop of war and murder. Resistance was in vain: like blades of grass were the doomed crew of the yacht mowed down and swept away. Mr. Williams alone remained; and now as the pirates rushed towards him, with savage gesticulations and threats of annihilation, he levelled his pistols and fired, but without effect. His sword availed him not; parried by the practised hand of the chief it snapped like a rotten reed, and a cut across the forehead laid him on the deck. Now seized and bound to the mast, in an agony of horror he awaited his fate. The corsairs clustered around him; some struck him with the hilts of their daggers in the face, till it was covered with blood; others spat upon him, while the greater part laughed at his misery and taunted and jeered him. Their commander waved his hand, and his demonic followers fell back, forming a ring around their captive. Drawing his dagger from its sheath, he gave a hoarse, hollow laugh, which exposed his yellow teeth, and distorted still more his hideous countenance, and his eyes sparkled with the exultation of

his fiend-like heart, as he glowered on his victim. and now brandishing the stiletto over his head, he bade him prepare for instant death.

"Thy prayers, wretch. Be quick. I'll give thee three minutes, and then count three and strike as I speak the third number."

Mr. Williams heard him, but said nothing. His eyes were fixed on the glittering dirk in the hand of the pirate, which was shortly to be soiled with his life-blood.

"One—two—three"—cried the pirate, and at the last word buried the blade up to the hilt in the body of his victim, while at the same time his diabolical crew chuckled, yelled and hooted with satisfaction. Oh! the torture of that blow!

Throughout his frame that madd'ning pain did fly,
And rack'd his soul with fearful agony.

Nearly suffocated, he awoke, just as Bysanthe's hatchet reached his head, and indistinctly seeing a dark figure before him, and still haunted with his vision, he sprang out of bed and grappled with the man before he had time to repeat the blow, and both rolled out of the cabin together and struggling, tumbled over and over, till they reached the larboard aftermost gun. Becoming somewhat aware of his real situation, and informed by the imprecations he uttered, as he endeavoured to free himself, of the identity of his antagonist,—conscious, likewise, that he was not his equal in physical strength, by a violent effort, Mr. Williams cast the seacunny off, and ran up to the poop. Bysanthe followed him to the foot of the ladder, shouting in an authoritative tone, "stop, stop," and made several blows at him as he ascended it, which, however, fell harmless on the wood. He did not pursue him up to the poop, but retreated to the cuddy and took from the arms-rack a bayonet, armed with which and the adze, he secreted himself under the break of the poop.

The gunner, the moment the Captain was assailed, with a celerity quite astonishing in one of his obesity of frame, fled up to the main-top, from whence, with stentorian lungs, he roared out to the crew and told them that they would all soon have their throats cut." He then kept exclaiming, Bhag! bhag! Dako! dako! Dowrow! dowrow! Pukra! lea! Katta! khya! Gulla katta! Bap ra bap! Ma ra ma!

This soon roused the crew, and panic-struck by the sounds they heard, *saue qui peut* was the cry among them, each man endeavouring to outstrip his neighbour in getting aloft out of harm's way, and overturning one another in their confusion and flight. In a short time they were all aloft, (excepting the topass, who had made too free with the steward's rum bottle and now snored off the effects of his potations in the long-boat among the sheep) stationed in groups upon the tops or perched out on the yards, from whence some began to chime in a chorus to the gunner's song, while others clamorously enquired of, and after some time learned from, the gunner, what had happened: but not one moved from the station he had gained or dared to descend to the deck—all intimidated by a single man, or, perhaps, not disposed to save from destruction, by any effort on their part, one who had by his barbarity rendered their existence a curse to them. While Mr. Williams was struggling with the sea-cunny, indeed, some had proposed to descend and assist him, but no one was sufficiently valorous to take the lead in doing so.

The first object that struck Mr. Williams when he gained the poop, after casting off the sea-cunny, was Captain Terror, sitting upright, his arms crossed over his breast, and grinding his teeth.

"Captain Terror," exclaimed the officer, "some of the crew have mutinied, and I believe are led on by Byzanthe. The villain has cloven his head above the left ear."

Two or three rattles in the throat followed Captain Terror's attempt to reply, and then hoarsely and solemnly he uttered—"And so he has mine;" then taking Mr. Williams's hand he slowly placed it on his head. An exclamation of horror burst from the officer, as with a shudder he quickly withdrew his hand from the gaping wound.

After waiting a few minutes, with a belaying-pin in his hand, ready to heave at the head of the seacunny should he endeavour to come up, and striving in vain by threats and persuasions to induce the gunner and some of the crew to come to his assistance, Mr. Williams resolved to venture below to the cuddy and endeavour to possess himself of a sword or musket with which he might the better defend himself. He therefore cautiously descended the ladder, but had hardly reached the quarter-deck, when he felt himself grasped by the collar and simultaneously received a heavy blow on the back immediately under the left shoulder-blade.

For a moment he was paralyzed with the pain of the stroke, but by a desperate exertion he extricated himself from the assassin's grasp and darted forward, closely pursued by him. He thought that his hour had come, for he felt persuaded that he should not be much longer able to elude the attempts of the man to overtake him, as his strength was fast failing him; but at this moment, one, the last from whom assistance could be expected, came to his rescue.

Captain Terror's wounds were mortal—they had rendered him speechless; but he still retained consciousness, and he thirsted for revenge. He observed the seacunny assail Mr. Williams as he ~~was~~ from the poop, and aware of his own hopeless state, darted after and overtook him just as he was in the act of climbing on the long-bout, from whence he purposed to spring on Mr. Williams. Enfolding the man in his grasp with a growl of rage, he threw him back with all his

force, and losing his balance at the same time, both tumbled together on the deck, where they long contended for the mastery—Captain Terror endeavouring to wrest the weapon from the villain, and he striving to bury it in the Captain's throat.

Mr. Williams availed himself of the opportunity afforded him, and while the struggle continued, flew to the cuddy to obtain arms. Having possessed himself of a sword, he was returning to help the Captain, when he heard two or three loud groans repeated in succession, a gurgling sound followed, and Bysanthe, almost immediately after, spurning Captain Terror from him, rose and came towards the cuddy.

All was over with the commander of the *Devil*—the bayonet had been passed successively through his heart and throat—his soul had passed away.

"Cut off e'en in the blossoms of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head."

Concluding, of course, from seeing Bysanthe that the Captain had been slain, Mr. Williams, as the seacunny came towards him, retreated into the cuddy, extinguished the light and stood prepared in the gloom to stab him the moment he came within reach. The homicide halted at the door and called out:—"Mr. Villum, come out, Sar; come out, me say, jus' now. You hear me? come out den instanly. 'Pose you come out, me no kill you; but, Santa Decruze! you no come out ben me call nudder time, me make you all same as Cabetan."

Receiving no answer the man proceeded warily to enter the cuddy. Expecting to be attacked, for he was, by hearing Mr. Williams breathe, aware of his proximity, he cautiously raised his left arm over his head, laid his right across his breast, covering his heart with his hand, in which he held the bayonet, the

point projecting from him in this position with stealthy steps he slowly advanced. The darkness of the cuddy, however, befriended Mr. Williams, as the greater degree of light outside enabled him to watch the movements of his adversary without being seen himself. Bysanthe was now within a couple of paces of him, and thinking to disarm and disable him by a stroke across the wrist, he elevated his arm and struck at him with all his force. The blow did not produce the intended effect, as it fell on the back of the man's hand, on which it inflicted a deep wound : but it effectually scared him, and flying forward, he took refuge on the jib-boom.

Mr. Williams emerged from his hiding place, and by threatening to shoot them if they disobeyed him, compelled the gunner and greater part of the crew to come down to his assistance. The muskets were quickly loaded, the arms distributed and strict injunctions issued, that should Bysanthe attempt to come aft, to fire at him without hesitation. And now in comparative safety, the desperation which had hitherto sustained Mr. Williams, deserted him : his wounds had been bleeding profusely, the hemorrhage continued unabated, and he fell exhausted and fainted away. The vessel carried no surgeon, and was even unprovided with a medicine-chest : there was, therefore, no one capable of administering to his wounds, and no balsam or stiptic to apply to them. For about five minutes he lay insensible, the blood streaming from his gashes, before any one moved to aid him. At length his little Malay servant boy, who had been born and bred in his family, and who looked upon him as a father, went and sopped a rag in brandy and applied it to his wounds. The smarting revived him, and then by his directions, burnt rag and sugar were applied to stanch the wounds.

The dawn of morning exposed a horrid scene to the eyes of the

crew. Stretched on the poop, on a cloak saturated with gore, far round the outskirts of which the red pools that welled from his gaping wounds had reached, and now lay stagnant in coagulated masses,—pale and ghastly as a corse, his pulse hardly beating and his eyes dim and glazed, lay Mr. Williams, his head supported on the lap of the servant boy, who kept weeping and moaning over him. One sheet of blood covered the larboard side of the ship from the gangway to the foremost port, near which lay the stiffened corpse of Captain Terror, defaced with wounds, and the fingers of his right hand nearly severed. Bysanthe sat on the heel of the jib-boom, apparently frightened at the work of death perpetrated in a few minutes by his own hands.

“Gunner;” faintly said Mr. Williams, “whither has that murderous villain Bysanthe gone?”

“He sittin on the je-boon, Sar.”

“Send the havildar and some of the men forward to him with loaded muskets. If he throws his weapons over board and surrenders himself, well; take and bolt him down to the deck alongside the long-boat: if not, and he shows the least inclination to resist, let them shoot him at once where he now sits, without permitting him to obtain a footing on the deck.”

The orders were obeyed: a body of men proceeded forward, and levelling their muskets at Bysanthe, called out to him to fling his weapons overboard and yield, or that they would shoot him. He surrendered at once and was ironed and bolted down to the deck. On being questioned afterwards he confessed his intentions and explained the plan he had contemplated for destroying the vessel and officers. He expressed great contrition for having injured Mr. Williams, prayed that he might recover from the wounds he had inflicted, and declared that if any other mode of securing his own safety after killing the Captain had

suggested itself to him, he would most gladly have adopted it and not have raised his hand against the life of his officer, from whom he had experienced many acts of kindness. The murder of Captain Terroir he said he rejoiced at, for he conceived he had performed a meritorious action in freeing the world of a pest, who made all around him miserable; and that if he were again alive he would again gladly perpetrate the deed. He knew that he had forfeited his life, and he was prepared to die.

In his wounded and disabled state, Mr. Williams for six days navigated the *Devil* through the intricacies of the Straits; on the seventh she made her port. The authorities were immediately made acquainted with what had occurred during the voyage, and Bysanthe was made over to their charge. He was tried and condemned to death; but not being a British subject, and his crimes having been committed on board of a Dutch vessel on the high seas, the authorities did not think themselves empowered to put the sentence into execution. He was accordingly sent to Java and made over to the Dutch Government, with a statement of the evidence that had been deposed against, and the sentence passed on, him. The Dutch Government, however, thought that there were many extenuating circumstances, and that he was not deserving of death; he was therefore condemned to receive a hundred stripes, be confined for one year, and then be banished the territories of his Netherlands Majesty for life. The first part of the sentence was put into execution, and the man was imprisoned; but after the lapse of five months he was liberated, along with several other prisoners, on the anniversary of the Dutch King's natal day, and banished from the land. A few months after this he was seen employed on board of a vessel sailing out of Penang; but the commander being apprized of his identity, he was discharged, and has not since been heard of.

Mr. Williams obtained the command of the *Devil* ; but he married shortly afterwards, and retired from the profession of a mariner. He has become a respectable merchant, and his settled in Sumatra with his wife and children. The *Devil* is now commanded by a Dutchman, and is still justly styled the Java Clipper.

PATRIOT STANZAS.

I.

The ranks of the hostile are crowded,—
 The slavish may crouch in their fear ;
 But the brow of the free is unclouded,
 His day of proud triumph is near.
 The mild may be goaded to madness ;
 The wise, and the good, and the brave,
 May witness with shame and with sadness
 The arts of the base to enslave ;
 But proud Liberty cries, with a soul-stirring might,
 “ Shall my children yield tamely their freedom and right ? ”

II.

No ! Tho' many are servilely bowing,—
 The coward, the courtier, the slave ;
 Yet still there are hearts that are glowing,
 And hands that are ready to save.
 Away then, the slanderer's reviling,—
 Look to England, beyond the blue wave,
 See the brow of the true Briton smiling
 On the cause of the free and the brave ;
 While Liberty cries, with approving delight,
 “ Stand firm, my loved children, for freedom and right.”
India, 1823. R.

LINES ON A LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.

By SIR CHARLES D'OYLY.

I.

What is a lady's scrap-book like ?
 'T would puzzle many a one to say
 Tho' turned about in every way,
 What odd similitude would strike :
 So many charms to court the glance,
 So many beauties to enhance,
 So many bits and odds and ends
 Of serious poems, satires, songs,
 Epics and lyrics, and ding-dongs,
 Mixed up with doggerels by her friends :
 With drawings which the eye allures
 And specimens by amateurs,
 Etchings and lithographic prints,
 Engravings from the ancient schools,
 Patterns of tables, chairs and stools,
 And to the young beginner—hints.

II

There are so many strokes of wit,
 Connundrums, riddles, epigrams,
 With outlines of fat cows and rams
 And many an oriental bit,
 That, as the teeming pages turn
 Hopes of fresh joy the bosom burn,
 And novel matter bursts upon
 The mind, which from the varied text
 Looks for fresh beauty in the next :
 And lively eyes go roaming on

Like summer butterflies, that rest
 A while on flowers they love the best,
 Then fly to others for their honey
 And playfully, at times, repose
 On cowslip, violet, or rose,
 Narcissus and anemone.

III

Then what's a scrap-book like, I pray ?
 Olio podridos of the Dons,
 Fish, flesh, and fowl and greens at once,
 To give variety full play ?
 No ! tho' the *taste* may be invited,
 And *pallets* tickled and delighted,
 The simile will not accord ;
 The book's a dish whose various merit
 Is cooked by intellectual merit
 By wit and humour amply stored :
 The olio's tasted and approved,
 Soon quells the hunger and 's removed,
 But leaves sad legacies behind,
 The other feeds and satisfies
 The reason, classic taste and eyes
 And dwells for ever on the mind.

IV.

Is it then like Calcutta balls
 Or series of re-unions, where
 We meet the witty, sage and fair
 Within famed Garstin's massy walls
 Crowding together to behold
 The young, the sprightly, and the bold ?
 The naked truth, by fashion shewn,
 Or modesty's retiring grace,

The maiden's blush or rouge-stained face
 Cummingling in attraction's zone ?
 Or view th' elastic figures thread
 The mazy dance with fairy tread
 Displaying dancing master's skill
 In waltzes if mamma permits,
 (The kitchen dance is left for cits)
 Or graces of a French quadrille ?

V

The simile will not apply,
 For though variety unfolds,
 Its beauties in abundant shoals
 They only court the wandering eye
 Which feels a momentary pleasure
 In lightsome step and agile measure,
 Tho' nature guides, or mimic art ;
 A studied air, a painted cheek
 Or native grace one language speak
 And equal novelty impart :
 But soon the wearied vision turns
 From such monotony and learns
 How impotent are all such sights
 To gratify a glowing mind ;
 They please but leave no charm behind,
 No permanent delights.

VI

A lady's scrap-book then compare
 To blooming beds of scented flowers
 Or blushing aramanthine bowers,
 Graced by the goddess of their care ;
 Hesperian gardens where there grows
 In golden clusters from the boughs

Delicious fruit without their dragons :
 Where, too, the luscious grape expressed
 Instill soft rapture to the breast
 Sparkling in chrystal flaggons ;
 Or both these similes combined
 Where every sense its bliss can find
 And revel in indulgence ;
 Where every bud is found to bloom
 And scatter wide its rich perfume
 Warmed by the sun's refulgence ;
 Where fair Pomona loads each tree
 With autumn's rich fecundity
 But not her chilly blast ;
 In short where every joy is found
 Where endless pleasures dance around
 The elegant repast.

WE HAE WANDERED OW'RE THE HEATHERY
 HILLS.

By CHARLES DEARIE, Esq.

We hae wandered ow're the heathery hills,
 When baith o' us were young ;
 We hae listened to the laverock's lay,
 As cheerfully he sung.

And I hae held you to my breast,
 And doated on your words ;
 For they were sweeter far to me,
 Than a' the songs o' birds !

We hae seeket nests in the hawthorn hedge,
In the gloaming calm and still ;
And meikle wondered when we saw,
The sparrow's craft and skill.

And monie a posic hae we made,
O' flowerets fresh and fair ;
And a' our hopes and fears were aye,
Ae mind, and but ae prayer !

We hae sat by Kelvin's snowy banks,
For monie a summer's nicht,
The stream was running at our feet,
Above the moon wa' bricht.

Wi arms around ilk ither's waist,
And cheek laid close to cheek,—
Our hearts were fou o' love and joy,
So fain we could na speak !

That was to us a gladsome time,
But we are parted now,—
And I na mair may see your face,
Or kiss your snowy brow.

But ne'er till I lie down and die,
Will I forget the days,
When we wandered ow're the heathery hills,
Or sat by Kelvin's braes !

THE NAMELESS BROOK.

BY CAPT. C. CAMPBELL.

I.

I was not born by sacred fount,
Near classic stream, or storied well ;
Nor doth the page of fame recount
The titles of my native dell :
But oft 'twas mine to wander near
A burn which had the hills forsook ;
I ne'er shall see a rill so dear
As was that nameless brook !

II.

Brown, as if eastern suns had tinged
Its waters, rushed that mountain stream ;
By heath and alders thickly fringed,
That took a rich and regal gleam
From autumn's vivid suns,—for then,
When school-boy holidays were granted,
I sought my sister's highland glen—
'Twas all the joy I wanted !

III.

Fornighty's wilds, Fornighty's woods,
Were rife with spells of bliss to me ;
I found within their solitudes
A strange ~~enth~~ralling mystery !
It bound me then, it binds me still
To nature, beauty, thought, and quiet,
Nor hath the world had power to fill
My heart, with love of riot !

IV.

But chiefly by that nameless brook
'Twas my delight to sit and think,—
To ponder o'er some ancient book
That told, in many a wondrous link,
Traditions of the fearful past,
Which made me tremble to behold
My ghastly features wildly glass'd
Within that streamlet cold !

V.

And, as the gloaming darkened round,
I've lingered with a longing dread,
And feared, yet wished for sight or sound,
To cross me from the buried dead !
Oh ! mine was many a gobhu dream,—
And swarms of busy thoughts, like bees
Hovered across that brown hill stream,
And clustered 'midst the trees !

VI.

Since then I've been thro' many a land,
And witnessed mighty rivers run,—
I have panted on an Indian strand
And quailed beneath an Indian sun ;
But, in my heart, I better love
The highland glen I have forsook ;
Oh ! Fortune ! Give me yet to rove
By that dear nameless brook !

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING MUSCAT.

By R. T. HODGSON, Esq.

I will not pass without one note of praise
Muscat's deep cove, and all the rocks that raise
Their towering tops around the tranquil bay,
Whose shaggy sides, such lengthening shadows throw
O'er the smooth surface of the waves below,
As serve to check the sultry rule of day.

How oft at noon I've climbed the dizzy height
Of yon rude cliff, to watch the lingering light
Of Eastern sun-sets, tinged with their rays
The glorious vault of heaven, the barren peaks,
Surcharged with colorings of their varied streaks,
They seemed to lift their rugged heads in praise.

Their noble outlines in the twilight hour,
Seemed by the might of some mysterious power,
To loom more largely to the gazing eye ;
Their aspects mellowed with the lambent light
Of day's departing orb did then invite
The soul to muse on scenes beyond the sky.

The scene bore signs of God's all-potent sway,
The rocks that grandly stand in fair array,
The setting sun's most tender brilliancy,
The dim blue distance fading into gray,
The city's faint-heard sounds, the silent bay
The tide that flows on to eternity !

Amid this a scene, how oft I've loved to mark,
The cove beneath where ships with outlines dark
Dotted the bay, and in confusion blent
The different flags that spoke of various climes
And various nations ; while night-bird's 'gan their chimes,
And stars begemmed the purple firmament.

And ere I leave thee, wild and glorious bay,
The friendly muse a tribute brief would pay,
To Seyd Bin Calfaun, noble heart and true.
Few of thy people, Arab, have I seen,
Whose speech was honest or whose acts have been
Such as would charm an English heart to view.

But thou ; thy word was honor, thy pure soul
Was free and stainless, even as the roll
Of summer waves that wash thy rock-girt coast ;
Thy heart was large though limited thy means,—
Thy spirit worthy of thy native scenes
And such as proudest lands might proudly boast.

Farewell, Muscat ; my journey nears its end ;
I touch on India's climes, where no dear friend
Will greet and cheer me with a smile of joy,
No hand fraternal, no sweet sister's smile,
Will hours of exile cheeringly beguile,
Or charm from life its poison and alloy.

THE HINDU CONVERT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLITARY TRAVELLER.

Unawares

The God of Christians melts the obdurate heart.

Corneille.

It was at Cannanore in the year 18— at the close of a fine day, that I rambled to the banks of a river. The beams of the setting sun were melting away in the western horizon, tinging the clouds with the hue of the rose and pink. The birds had retired to their bowers of repose ; the *shama* seeking the darkest, the most solitary retreat of the woods, poured forth her liquid notes to relieve the overflowings of her own little heart ; and platoons of parrots flew in wavering train towards their retreats. The moon was gently climbing up the deep blue vault of heaven, while one star and then another broke forth in the firmament. There was a repose in the scene that surrounded me which I was unwilling to disturb. I rambled on until I came to a spot on which nature seemed to have lavished her choicest blessings. It was a spot which Petrarch would have chosen for his retreat in preference to his Vancluse, and Claude Lorraine would have gloried to transfer to his canvass.

So enraptured was I with the scene that I was almost lost in a reverie, when I started on beholding a slender female figure gently glide from the thicket. She was a Hindu maid, and drest, according to the fashion of her country, in a loose piece of silk, which waved to and fro and rustled in the long grass as she passed. I stood fixed to the spot, as if chained by the fascination of a spell. I followed her motion and saw her approach the brink of the stream, which though rapid was so calm and transparent that the moon and all the host of stars lay pictured in it. The breeze, which played softly as the sighs of youthful love, scarcely ruffled its glassy bosom, and one with a poetical turn of

imagination might have said, it feared to disturb the Naiad of the stream. She now timidly committed a little floating lamp to the mercy of the crystal waves. The tide soon impelled it, and it seemed almost sinking, when she shrieked; again it gleamed and her features brightened with the light of hope and confidence. Alternately hope and fear animated and depressed her as the lamp rose and fell. It now glided down and grew fainter and fainter until it dwindled away in the distance. She then returned with joyous steps, and disappeared in the thick-foliage. I felt a depression on my heart—I was sorry that I had not followed her, to steal another glance at her face, for she appeared exquisitely beautiful. I altogether looked upon her,—not as I have looked on a lovely woman,—but as I have looked on a lovely picture! I felt a sensation creeping through my frame as strange as it was enrapturing. It was certainly not the feeling of love, for I was not to her as a lover, brother, or friend. It was a pure, novel, spiritual feeling, such as few can feel, and still fewer describe!

* * * * *

It was lately my lot to pass through the same part of India again. It was after a long absence, and I determined to revisit the spot which was so mysteriously connected with the being who haunted my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night.

wandered, as I had done before, admiring the works of nature, until I came to a very large banian tree. The mighty giant of the woods covered with its shade an immense extent of land. It was with feelings of awe that I beheld this wonder of an Indian forest—itself a forest!

As I rambled through the labyrinth of its thick-foliaged colonnades and verdant arcades, I saw the girl again! A thrill, a shock like that which the solitary traveller feels when a flash of lightning gleams across his path, pervaded me. She was sitting at

the door of a neat palm-roofed hut, lulling a sweet infant to repose. A fine, healthy, middle-aged man watered the small garden that bloomed before the solitary dwelling; domestic happiness seemed to reign within, as every thing was mild and simple without. Indeed, so mild and simple, that it seemed the very paradise of poverty. I approached the man and he respectfully saluted me.

I addressed him in the Tellinghee language, expressing my wonder that he should build his hut beneath a banian tree, and live so far removed from the busy world. What was my surprise when he replied to my interrogatory in English; telling me that since the world could give him nothing nor take away any thing, he thought it best to live secluded from its heartless vices,

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot !”

His speaking in a language so foreign to the natives, excited my curiosity to know the history of his life, and above all, as I thought the fair creature who had laid so strong a hold on my feelings would come in for a share.

“Come inside my humble hut,” said the man, “and you shall hear an account of my life, which has not always been so happy as at this moment.”

I moved into the rustic habitation over which peace, contentment, and love had folded their wings. There was that calm and quietness within to which we attach the idea of a happy home; and a cleanliness for which the natives are not very remarkable. I sat down on a low stool and cast my eyes around. In one corner was a grass mat, and a cocoanut-shell *hooka* and a brass *lota* occupied a conspicuous place in another. “Sir,” said he, “taste of my frugal fare ere I commence with the history of my life.” Here the young woman with gentle footsteps came in with a quantity of mangoes, plantains, and cocoanuts. I showed my reluctance to taste without his joining me. He then sat down, and folding his hands begged

a blessing. After having tasted what was set before us, and drank the delicious juice of the cocoanut, my host set about fulfilling his promise.

"I am by birth a Nambuddy. At an early age I saw the girl who is now the sweet partner of my life. She was more lovely than the budding rose, more bright than the morning star! Her father was a proud, avaricious Brahmin of the Nambir sect, who thought happiness consisted in the possession of wealth. Nature had made her lovely and she improved her gifts by a sweet temper. According to the custom of her country she was closely concealed in her room. Never shall I forget the day when by a lucky chance I had a glimpse of her; so beautiful, so delicate, that she might have formed a model for a painter. Her light steps, her slender waist, her raven hair, her smiles radiant as the rainbow, and, oh! as for her divine eyes, her soul seemed to live in them. Oh! what heart could be insensible to such charms! I had long sighed for an object to whom I might speak with confidence, to whom I might impart my hopes and fears, and she realized my wildest imaginings. There was again something of adventure to trace out who this being was, for she seemed to me like a rich jewel hid in a casket. I contrived and achieved my purpose. If I had before admired her personal charms—the shrine without, I was now more than captivated by the spirit within, so pure, so sweet, so enthusiastic, that you would have thought her the child of fancy. Our love engagements were carried on at first by stolen interviews, which became the sweeter for the theft, till at length the father discovered them. Having been all his life the sordid slave of gold, his heart was devoid of all the better qualities that exalt human nature, and no other passion had place in his the love of wealth. He speedily put a stop to our—but young love will achieve its triumph in defiance of

all opposition. In spite of his argus-eyed vigilance, we met in thickets and solitary woods ; and it was beneath the spreading branches of a *pepul*, whose leafy dome seemed a temple where our vows of love were plighted.

“ The old hierarch (for such he was deemed,) to secure her, determined to unite her to the son of an opulent native of a high cast ; but the girl turned a deaf ear to his proposal. In fact she endeavoured with all the eloquence in her power to dissuade her father from adopting so cruel a course ; but seeing at length no alternative left, she concluded by assuring him that she would no more see me.

“ At this time some officious, good-natured friends informed me, that she had given her consent to be united, and had already betrothed herself to my rich rival. The news was appalling, and fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I raved and wept for a season like a feeble child, and at last determined, since I could no longer hope for an union with her, to abandon a country, which from the remembrance of past scenes was now become any thing but agreeable.

“ I set out and travelled through the greater part of the Malabar Coast. I made a tour through Tellicherry, Calicut, Paulguat, (which lies near the wild and unfrequented route of Trichoor) Aleppe, Quilon and other minor provinces in Travancore. I then traversed Candapur, Honawar, Carwar in Canara, had even penetrated into the fastnesses of the Coorg mountains, ranged the forests of Mysore, visited the scenes rendered sacred by the exploits of the illustrious Sivajee,* and numerous other places until I arrived at Bombay.

* This renowned chief is equal, if not superior, to any of the heroes of Grecian or Roman antiquity. He consolidated the Mahratta power, which defied the strength of the Islam Emperors, and at one time ruled even the destinies of the British empire in India.—Vide Captain Grant's History of the Mahrattas.

“ Here I became acquainted with a Protestant Missionary. He taught me to read and write the English language, and instructed me in the eternal truths of that religion which emanates from above: spreading before me the glorious gospel of the blessed Saviour, he pointed out to me the awful mysteries of the Christian faith. I heard him with silent respect; the truths were too strong for me not to be convinced, and I became a proselyte. He was a righteous and philanthropic man, but, alas! his days have been numbered. I was beside his couch when his spirit passed from its tenement of clay to the house not made with hands! His last sigh was scarcely audible, for death had no sting for him. Religion, like a young mother, with soothing voice, softly lulled her child to rest.

“ Years, many years had rolled away and I was completely exhausted with travelling

‘ The world’s tired denizen,
With none to bless me, none whom I can bless,’

as one of your English poets says. I returned once more to Cannanore, to visit the scenes of my early days—the sacred spots which were ever present in my solitary wanderings. It was spring when I entered my native country. Nature was full of life and gaiety; the trees had put forth their tender leaves: the languid plants reared their drooping heads; the bursting bud and the expanded blossom filled the winds with fragrance; the *minah*, inspired by love, chaunted her epithalamium of joy, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. But man! wise, valiant, god-like man, once borne down by adversity, or frozen by the winter of age, he alone revives not with the sunshine of spring!

“ From my boyhood I have been an ardent admirer of nature. My chief pleasure was derived from the contemplation of her sublimities. On a beautiful evening I was

wandering in the sequestered part of a deep wood. The moon, full and radiant, was careering in the high heaven, shedding her silvery light through the intervals of the trees. All was still and calm, above, below and around, save the sudden breath of a wind, which whirled some leaf for a moment, and then sunk to repose. Doubtless, Sir, you know the rapid changes of an Indian atmosphere? The sky that smiled so full of tenderness, beauty, and love, all of a sudden frowned with dark and angry clouds; and ere I could advance far enough, the echoing thunders bellowed, the forked lightning seemed to split the heaven, and the heavy rain poured like another deluge! The birds filled the air with hideous screams, the beasts of the jungle roared like the ocean, and the mighty spirit of the *tuphaun* rode on the wings of the wind, bending and levelling in his course the giants of the forest whose growth had been for centuries!

“ I had no alternative but to seek shelter in a cavern which was dedicated to the goddess Mahadeo. The traditions of the country place the antiquity of the cave, so far back as the 30th year of the reign of the happy Shalivanam.* At the season of the annual festival, the Synasees† flock from all parts of India to this mountain temple, for you must know that the duty of celebrating the ceremony is confined to them. At other times of the year it is deserted, and left to the green-pigeon and the owl; and so it was now. My soul was bowed down by the spectacle that met my gaze within—it was indeed awful and grand. The solid rock was scooped out and supported by massive pillars of the mystical number twenty-seven.‡ A large

* This was a great ancient king. The natives of the Malabar Coast date their era from him.

† Hindoo mendicants or ascetics. A Synasee generally lives secluded:
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.—*Parnell*.

‡ The cube of the sacred number three—i. e. Brahma, Sheva, Vishnu.

torch, fed by consecrated oil, fitfully gleamed before the frightful image and partially showed the gloomy extent of the venerable cave. Beneath the sacred roof, a solitary maid knelt before the lifeless diety, It was Luckshme. With cautious steps and palpitating heart, I paced the magnificent dome. She arose from the posture in which she was, and passed across without casting a glance towards me. I followed her, and the sound of my footsteps made her turn round; she immediately recognised me and uttered a loud shriek! After she had recovered from her surprise, she communicated to me that she had come there to offer her petition to the goddess Mahadeo, for the safety of her lover, and that this was not the first time that her orisons ascended before that altar. More than once on the night of the new moon had she launched her floating lamp on the pellucid bosom of the stream, to know the fate of her early love! But as often had hope mocked her, like the delusive *mirage* that cheats the parched traveller. If the light glided down and disappeared in the distance, she retreated with joy kindling in her bosom; but if the treacherous wave extinguished it, she departed pale and melancholy as the moon, to bewail like Jephtha's daughter.

"Need I tell you that from henceforward we often met. When the sun had cast his parting beams on the tall palm, that gracefully waved its fan-like foliage, and the tamarind trees had closed their leaves, we met in the grove that skirts the brook, and an universal stillness prevailed, save when interrupted by the strains of the *shama** or the distant music of the waterfall, whose very sound shed a refreshing coolness in the sultry summer nights. She would, while reposing on my bosom, sing the songs I loved to hear, until the moon,—the beauty of heaven, the

* This is a livelier and sweeter songster than the poetic *bulbul*, which is scarcely known on the Malabar Coast.

glory of the stars,—appeared in the highest concave of heaven, giving us warning that it was the noon of night. Many are the nights we thus passed together; time then winged away sweetly but swiftly, yet I dared not reveal to her my change for the better. One day in an unguarded moment I said: ‘Luckshme I am the same ardent lover, but not the same man.’ This roused her curiosity, and when I revealed to her the change of my ancestors’ religion for that of the living God, she recoiled from the idea of touching a Christian as from an adder.

“I will not detail to you the arguments I urged to induce her to renounce the idolatrous worship of her country. Suffice it for me to tell, that in a short time I wrought a complete change on her heart. The happy moment had come when she was to embrace the religion of the Holy One!

“I offered her my hand and my heart with it, and she accepted it in preference to all the wealth her rich father had bequeathed her. She forfeited her caste for me, and was doomed by the fanatical Brahmins to be an outcast; with none to eat and none to drink with her! Wherever we went our friends fled from us, lest they should draw on them the odium of the ignorant priests. We were hated and shunned even by the Pariah*—the lowest of the low. We felt that we could not be happy amidst the slavish prejudices of custom and the odious vices of society. The tiger, the hyæna, the copella, appeared preferable associates to man, who smiles and smiles, and secretly plots destruction against his fellow-man. We have experienced enough of the bitterness of the world, and have therefore, like stricken deer, taken shelter far from the haunts of busy life. And to bind our warm affections to this spot, we have hallowed it with the sacred name of home!

* The most impure caste.

"In these solitudes we have learned that best of all philosophy—the philosophy of the human heart, and can now with composure look down on the contempts and taunts of the world. I have a meek and loving wife, whom I love and by whom I am beloved. If I am glad, she is the partner of my joys; if sorrow clouds my brow, I press her fondly to my bosom, kiss the cheeks which I loved to gaze on when a youth; and in her returning chaste embrace forget all my afflictions! I think I may now safely say, I am a happy man! And Heaven in the fulness of its mercy has blessed me with an infant, the sweet image of its mother."

Here he paused, and I rose to depart, thinking how a despised and persecuted Christian can defy all the vanities and follies of the world, and find peace and happiness in the barren desert, and in the bosom of a loving wife.

THE MARINER.

By J. M. HARRIS,

Serjeant, 3d Troop 2d Brigade Horse Artillery.

Oh! worn and weary,—battling to the last,
 Wreck'd mariner in deadly peril brave;
 Now borne to seaward by the furious wave,
 Now on the stony shore all bleeding cast.
 Bold man, till the returning wave be past
 Cling to the crags, and tho' the breakers rave
 Cling, and perchance escape thy wat'ry grave,
 Despite the madness of the midnight blast.
 Christian! like him against the tempest shock,
 Through storms of sin to struggle for thy soul,
 Amid the overwhelming passions strife,
 'Tis thine, to strive for the celestial rock
 Which God himself has shewn thee for thy goal,
 To cleave to faith, for thy eternal life.

THE BOOK OF MEMORY.

BY W. H. STACY, ESQ.

In vain I turned the classic page,
 The lore of many a vanished age,
 In vain explored those sacred tomes
 O'er which the "enthusiast's" fancy roams ;
 No learned fire, no holy glow
 Arose to light my hopes below,
 But creeping fears of future ill
 Stole thro' my lonely bosom still—
 Sleep sealed my senses, and there seemed
 To rise one book before mine eye,
 A book o'er which I've often dreamed,
 'Twas thy sweet volume—Memory !
 Yet seldom had my heart till then
 Hung o'er its page with less delight,
 And seldom will its pulse again
 So strangely beat as on that night.
 I raised its first and fairest leaf,—
 It told of childhood's earliest hours,
 The notes, indeed, were few and brief
 But all were garlanded with flowers—
 Just like those sunny southern birds*
 That live on flowers' ambrosial dew
 Till (such the raptured traveller's words)
 Themselves become ambrosial too !

* Le Vaillant, speaking of the "Sugar birds," says that they live upon flower dew and that when opened "their flesh exhales an ambrosial perfume." See his travels in the Cape of Good Hope.

Next mirth had shed her influence
O'er boyhood's leaves ; yet many a stain
Was lightly marked, which innocence
Had quickly blotted out again—
Sweet days, without a care or sigh
Without a pang, without a sting
When every hour that glided by
Brought some new joy upon its wing.
Then manhood's page came bright with hope
And early love, dreams fondly traced
Like flowrets on a sunny slope
By future storms to be effaced :
And Friendship's hand had thrown a charm,
A fairy brightness round each scene
Made up of hues so pure and warm—
I sighed to think what I had been !
I turned the next ; 'twas somewhat wet
With tears, and in the hand of care
I found it noted that regret
Had wept o'er early follies there ;
Yet still I hoped the rest might be
Unstained by folly's withering touch,
But as I turned, I blushed to see
That there, alas ! were hundreds such !
And who can hope to find life's book
Untainted by regret and care ?
Go, let him for such sweet leaves look,
He'll sigh to think how few they are !
He'll sigh to think how oft the cup
Of promise to his lip drew nigh,
Yet ere the draught could be drank up
Some folly dashed it rudely by.

There was one page o'er which her lamp
 Had shed around its hectic gloom,
 Like night-fires thro' the charnel-damp
 Or sun-set o'er a new-made tomb ;
 And o'er that page affection's pen
 Had fondly traced a mother's name.
 I turned the next—the next—yet then
 'Twas still the same—'twas still the same
 For 'twas a theme that memory loved
 To linger tenderly upon,
 As morning waves are lightly moved
 Long after the night storm is gone.
 I looked for notes of nearer years
 But all the rest were blank and bare,
 And these so dark, that memory swears
 She will not write a record there.

BÁL.

By A. ALLANSON, Esq.

' If I beheld the sun when as it shined,
 Or moon when walking on her path of brightness,
 And e'er my heart was once enticed to lightness,
 Or e'er my lips to kiss my hand inclined,
 Then should I have denied the God above !"
 Thus said the pious Job in times of yore,
 When every mountain top streamed with the gore
 Of sun-devoted victims—every grove,
 Resounded with the worshippers of Bál,
 Saying, Oh ! Bál, hear us !—when there was none
 To answer with responsive voice, they all
 Thén leaped upon the altar of the sun
 And cut themselves with knives till the blood run
 In streams about them,—mad that none would hear their call.

THE BEE.

BY SIR CHARLES D'OYLY, BART.

On the ripe pouting lip of my Cloe, when sleep
 Had shrouded the maiden's bright eyes,
 A volatile bee, a rich banquet to reap,
 Alit and regarded his prize.

He took the moist lip for a rose-bud, the leaves
 Surcharged with the dew of the morn,
 And her soft balmy breath (still his fancy deceives)
 For a zephyr that blows o'er the lawn.

Now fresh from her slumber the maiden awakes
 Unconscious that danger is near,
 She feels the bold insect, and hastily shakes
 From her lip the intruder with fear.

He flutters a moment, unwilling to part
 From the hopes of so blooming a flower,
 But tho' forced to resign it, he had not the heart
 To shew her his venomous power.

"Away, busy creature," my Cloe now cries,
 "How dare you disturb my repose;
 Does my garden, where flowers in clusters arise,
 To your taste no temptations disclose?"

"Are my meadows that shine with profusion of hues
 Insufficient your hunger to stay,
 And can you, distracted, in preference chuse
 Here to idly your moments away?"

The bee thus replies, " for my error I grieve,
But the fault is in nature, not me ;
If like rose-buds she forms pouting lips to deceive
Why blame the mistake of a bee ?
" Yet still I could swear that those tempters would yield
Of honied delights a rich store
If, Cloe, you'd let me, (my pardon once sealed)
Again the dear treasures explore."

DEATH.

By T. B. SMITH, Esq.

This life is but a little span,
A quickly fleeting breath ;
And cloud-like is to mortal man
The solemn dream of death !
Alas ! 'tis terrible to die,
To close the glazed and ghastly eye,
Decline for aye the drooping head,
And sleep amid the silent dead !

And few, oh ! few, can calmly meet
Death's stern approach at last ;
For Life, with all its ills, is sweet ;
We fondly mourn the past !
And hope its flatt'ring comfort brings
To life the spirit ling'ring clings ;
All loath to leave a world like this,
Although for one of promised bliss !

For 'tis a dismal thing to die
 Whilst nature shines serene ;
To see the clear and bright-blue sky
 And groves so glad and green ;
To hear the birds so sweetly sing,
Or see them sport on wanton wing,
Yet know, that with the setting sun
Our course must be for ever run !

And mournful 'tis, alas ! to leave
 The friends who've long been dear ;
To see them 'round our death-bed grieve,
 And shed the heart-wrung tear !
To think we must for ever part,
From those who still have shared our heart,
Whilst they, through many anxious years,
Must mourn us in this " vale of tears !"

And other thoughts still shed a gloom
 Around the bed of death,
And make us fear the dreadful doom
 That steals away our breath !

For then, alas ! regret, remorse,
Assail us with redoubled force,
We sadly think of mispent time,
And many an unrepented crime !

And while to life we eager cling,
 Its last hour fleeting fast,
Great God ! it is a bitter sting
 To *feel* it is our last !

'Tis sad to part with life's last breath,
To meet the cold embrace of death,
And let th' immortal spirit brave,
An unknown world beyond the grave !

An unknown world beyond the tomb !

Oh ! few can quite controul
The doubts and fears that shed a gloom
Around the parting soul !
For few, in life's last hour, oh ! few
Can all the past with care review,
Nor yet from death's embraces shrink,
But calmly of the *future* think !

And yet repentance, timely made,
May soothe the thoughts that sear ;
And bright religion lend its aid
To calm each doubt and fear !
And death should not the spirit grieve,
For if with faith we trust, believe,
Hath not a God of goodness given
The hope of happiness in Heaven !

NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

By BABOO KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

I.

'Tis night ; her sable shades enshroud
The world, that ere long bright
With every hue and beauty glowed.
Gilt with the solar light.

II.

The sounds of busy life no more
Assail the quiet ear,
But silence deep is reigning o'er
This sublunary sphere.

III.

The moon, in radiant beauty clad,
Assumes her throne of light,
While circling round, like courtiers glad,
The stars are smiling bright.

IV.

The heavens like a mirrored dome,
The wide earth seem to span—
Of angels bright the blessed home
And final hope of man.

V.

How beautiful the moon-light gleams
Upon the river's breast,—
As on the sorrowing soul the beams
Of bright hope often rest.

VI.

The waters like a sheet immense
Of molten silver spread,—
No breeze disturbs their calm intense,
But all is hushed as dead.

VII

There is a pure, resistless charm
In stillness such as this,
That makes the inward bosom warm
With holy love and bliss.

VIII.

It gives to contemplation sweet
A zest, that's almost fear,
Which tells the humbled heart how fleet
Are things that life endear.

THE BURIAL GROUND—CALCUTTA.

BY CAPTAIN T. J. TAYLOR,

Madras Cavalry.

I have ever enjoyed a ramble amid tombs, and in travelling in my natal land, I never passed a day, seldom remained even an hour, in any strange town or village, but what my first, often my only ramble, was to the old church-yard. How many an hour have I thus spent in communing with the past, and noting the touching tributes of affection to beauty, youth or virtue,—from the lowly board beneath the dark yew's shade, to the marble decoration on some cathedral's wall. The feeling was strong within me in early youth : it is not the less strong in 'confirmed manhood ; and accordingly few days had passed after my arrival in Calcutta, ere I found myself at my old vocation, a wanderer amid the tombs. It was the hour of even, calm, clear, and beautiful, as even is amid the tropics. The sky was without a cloud. The lightest zephyr fanned the neighbouring trees. The sun was fast descending below the horizon, but its beams were still resting on the loftier pinnacles, like " the blessing of hope made visible." I have since seen the cemetery under very different aspects—at the sun-burst of morn—again at noonday—anon when fog and mist hung heavily around, thus rendering the gloomy only gloomier—and once by moon-light, when that sweet planet shone brightly o'er the scene, making the very tombs look holy.

The great Protestant burial ground of the capital of British India, is situated at the extreme east of Chowringhee, the misnamed village of palaces, at the junction of Park-street with the Circular Road, about two miles from the city of Calcutta. It consists of two considerable enclosures, each of which is

walled in, but separated from the other by the high road. The larger enclosure is surrounded with a row of lofty cassarinas, which, sighing mournfully as they rock to the breeze, form no indifferent substitute for the elegant yet funereal cypress, "that only constant mourner o'er the dead." The whole work is of comparatively recent erection. Few tombs are to be found of older date than half a century, while the far larger proportion are of the last thirty years. Prior to the formation of this cemetery, Europeans were usually interred in the small ground adjoining the old Cathedral, in the neighbourhood of Tank-Square, but which has recently been ploughed up, its surface levelled and most of the monuments removed.

Viewed from whatever quarter you enter, the great cemetery of Calcutta presents a remarkable aspect. Monuments of all sizes, of the most eccentric and incongruous forms, are strangely huddled together, without order or arrangement. The capacious cupola, the Egyptian obelisk, the marble sarcophagus, the lofty column, the sculptured form, the Ionic temple or a Gothic tomb. Every known order,—every imaginary order of architecture, of every shape and size, are here found in juxtaposition. Each cycle appears to have enjoyed its own peculiar fashion. The area has been periodically extended, and a new range of tombs rises adjoining those of a former age, and yet each seems worse than the last. Many are sufficiently gorgeous, offspring, may be, of bloated pride, and some are of huge dimensions. Yet amid these, where are those simple votive offerings of affection which we contemplate with such pleasure in our church-yards at home, the simple slab, the rude yet homely poesie, the short but touching quotation from scripture?

I paced up every walk,—I traversed in succession every portion of both enclosures, and two things struck me as remarkable. First, the entire absence of names eminent in the

elements of war, the arts of peace, or the paths of science, of literature or religion. On the greater portion of tombs of both sexes, under a certain age, were one set of phrases, and beyond such age were another set! I read them till I was tired, and the monotony almost painful. They recalled no memorable tale of either olden or modern time, no scenes of passion, or poesie, or power. All was cold, tame vacuity. Each individual had lived a certain number of years, had died, and seemed to have left no record of existence, other than perhaps a child or a tomb. I doubt if another cemetery could be found, presenting so large a collection of immemorable inscriptions. "Senior or junior merchant," "Factor," "Member of medical board," "Branch pilot!" never in another land was such strange cacophony emblazoned on a tomb! Yet of these there is abundance, with officers of the army of every grade, and the several classes of law, and medicine, and commerce. But where will you find the poet, painter, sculptor or historian—the mechanist or statesman? For such you may search the cemetery of Calcutta in vain. The history of that city is void of chivalry or romance. It may have been the scene of wise councils, of commercial enterprise, of vast fortunes lost and won, but it has not been the ground of great historic actions; and its most celebrated association in memory is with its Black Hole, a tale of very vulgar horror. It boasts of no classical recollections. It is celebrated for its ditch. Its sphere would seem to have been the concentration of mediocrity, "the Paradise of middle men." It is moreover, singular, that within its precincts none of our celebrated British Indian characters are entombed. It is not so with the other Presidencies. It is not so even with some of the minor towns of Hindoostan. At Ghazepore lies the great and good Cornwallis; at Gwallior the Secretary Webb; at * * * Sir Eyre Coote; in Guzerat General

Goddard; at Meerut Ochterlony; at Madras Munro; at Trichinopoly Heber; at Tanjore Swartz; at Bombay the gallant Hardinge of the San Fiorenzo; at Goa the illustrious Portuguese De Gama and St. Xavier, the latter magnificently shrined in silver, bronze and alabaster;—in Calcutta none.

There is even a romance about the little fishing village of Anjengo, which is wanting here. It is the birth-place of Sterne's celebrated Eliza: but who known to fame has been born in Calcutta,—who has died there? Who of thy past generation, who of thy present citizens will be immortal? who remembered a quarter of a century hence even within the precincts of thy ditch? But I am digressing. Return we to the area of tombs. Many bear inscriptions more or less long and prosaic, more or less inflated, too often recalling to memory the celebrated sarcasm

"When all is o'er upon his tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been."

Some are, moreover, in verse, but the muse of H. M. P. has not inspirited the grave-poets of Calcutta, and it must be confessed that although their strains may be sufficiently pious, they are but moderately poetic: they may betray some feeling, they likewise display a good deal of doggerel! I shall presently subjoin a few of the best.

The other circumstance which arrested my attention forcibly, was the almost entire absence of tombs of the old. Nearly the whole of this vast host of monuments were of the young and middle aged, from sweet seventeen to five and thirty, thus prematurely cut off in the midst of strength, vigour and beauty. I did not see ten tombs of men above sixty. I did not recognize one above seventy: three there were of women past that respected age, and one of eighty years complete; but the immense majority of females had fallen victims in very early youth. Some of my

readers may perhaps remember the Count de Vidua at Calcutta. Shortly after his arrival in this country, some person remarked to him, how singular it was that in an Indian ball room there was such an entire absence of old women. "Ma foi!" exclaimed the gallant foreigner, "le cas n'est pas embarrassant. Que voulez vous qu'on fasse? C'est que les jeunes gens sont bien conservées ici, et les vieilles femmes se conservent bien ailleurs." The remark, *mutatis mutandis*, might with equal felicity be applied to this saddened spot, the cemetery of Calcutta. "Les jeunes gens sont bien conservées ici, les vieilles femmes se conservent bien ailleurs."

On one occasion, after wandering through the grounds some time, I remarked a hurdled railing of rough sticks; I approached to ascertain its purport, and found it raised to protect from any incautious footfall the ashes of some humble dead. It was evidently no new grave, but the grass was cut close, the weeds rooted out, the earth sloped gently o'er the mound, the rude hurdle neatly and carefully entwined; and there was about that simple tomb an air of piety and love, I sought in vain amid the piles around.

In England such an incident would not be uncommon: in Pere la Chaise perhaps an every day occurrence: but in this country it certainly was an unusual one: for in India the corpse is no sooner laid in the grave than it appears to be forgotten, and neither the tear of feeling nor the hand of affection bedew or decorate the sward, 'neath which the parent, the child, or the relative reposes. An Indian cemetery usually seemeth the very essence of desolation. All appears as forlorn as the grave o'er which you pass—the tombs untended, the enclosures not weeded, the walks even unswept.

Why is it thus? Why is it that those we have honoured and esteemed and loved in life, so soon as they are delivered to the

worms, appear to be forgotten? Are our thoughts and feelings so entirely wrapped up in the living that we can think of none other? We worship the rising sun, we revel in its meridian glow, and must we, when robed in dying majesty it has descended below the horizon, must we then forget it? Must the past fall from our memory, and we dream only of the present and the future? I fear me it is so. In India there may be hope—there may be expectancy—there may be fervour—there is no gratitude! The moralist may mourn o'er this unhappy truth, but the statesman heeds it little, for the great Mazarine long since affirmed that hope and expectancy were much greater ties on the human mind than gratitude. The world has progressed some centuries since that aphorism was uttered, and succeeding ages have but proved its truth. At least, I know that it is so in Ind.

The oldest tomb I could find was that of Mrs. Francis Berander, wife of the first missionary of Bengal. It bears date 1773.

The number of tombs characterized by good taste is extremely limited. Beyond the mere tablet of inscription there is but little marble, and of sculpture there are but two specimens deserving of notice. The one, a monument of the Honorable Mrs. Bruce, 1798, contains a handsome slab, representing in the centre a funeral urn, around which two females are seated weeping, while an angel rises from it and wafts its flight towards heaven. The other is that of a medical officer. It represents him seated under a cocoa palm in the act of raising and supporting on his knee the head of a wounded traveller. Above is inscribed

“Blessed is the man who provideth for the sick and needy.”

The monuments of Colonels Wood and Blacker, the one a Madras Cavalry Officer, “distinguished alike for professional ability, for public zeal, for private worth, and manliness of character”—the other a distinguished Bengal Engineer, are

handsome. They are both alike, being simple columns, 24 feet high, of finely-wrought Chunar free stone, and have been erected to their memory by their respective brother officers. Near these, the shaft, so rudely snapped in twain, tells of the blighted career of a brilliant being,* cut off in the heyday of life and joy, by a fall from his horse. Anon, an affecting monument—'tis thine, young gallant Graham, killed on thy sixteenth birthday, A. D. 1800, when engaging a French privateer in the Ganges. Here, the lofty pillar tells of thy virtues Parrymore, "a friend to all, save to thyself the only exception." And there, stands a beautiful and simple column erected in memory of a child. It has been partly injured by time, and still more by accident; but from its summit depends a singular creeper, whose fibres and tendrils entwine it like the ivy, making holy the ruin and binding up the fragment its own root hath made. There is yet another—the model of a Grecian temple. It is open on all sides, its roof and pediment solely supported by Ionic pillars, and sufficiently extensive to contain seven vaults. In the centre rises a small altar with niches for marble tablets. As yet only two infants repose beneath its shade. The whole work is exquisitely finished.

I must here insert such inscriptions as appear to me either elegant, appropriate or quaint.

The Latin inscriptions are few. The two following alone merit notice. The first is simple and gentlemanly, inscribed on a plain marble tablet :—

Henrici -
Jurisperiti hoc monumentum hic posuit
Frater ejus Allen.

The next is a sepulchral panegyric which reminds one forcibly of " Berkeley's every virtue under heaven." It is inscribed

* Captain Prinsep, Bengal Engineers.

after the most approved fashion on a marble slab, on an elegant sarcophagus. The name is immaterial, the date still more so.

Hic sepultus jacet
 * * * *
 Ad lenitatem quam erga uxorem
 Ad amorem quem erga liberos
 Ad liberalitatem quem erga socios
 Ad urbanitatem quam erga omnes
 Ille habuit nihil potest accedere
 Hoc marmor uxor multum mœrens
 Posuit ————— &c.

The following is short and quaint:—

This memento to John Brown,
 Is erected by a few
 of his friends.

The next reads somewhat satirical.

Sacred
 To the memory of — ætæ 49;
 Who died — after a residence
 In India of 32 years,
 During which he honestly followed
 His duties as an Attorney.

Did any one ever doubt that an Attorney was otherwise than honest—that such a characteristic as honesty should be ostentatiously emblazoned on his tomb?

Of the following poetic effusions, which I have selected as the best specimens of Calcutta cemeteric poetry, it is requisite to say but little; the reader will observe that they cannot claim any very high order of merit.

TO PATRICK MOIR, ESQ., SECRETARY TO LORD MINTO.

Soft on thy tomb shall fond remembrance shed
 The warm but unavailing tear,
 And purple flowers that grace the virtuous dead,
 Shall strew thy loved and honoured bier.

TO AN INFANT, ÆTAT 3 YEARS.

Sweet flower farewell—too fair for earth,
Brief space to us thy charms were given;
He who bestowed thee knew thy worth,
And took thee to himself in Heaven.

ON MISS ———, 1803, ÆTAT 17.

You whom from sympathy or sorrow led
Shall roam these mansions of the sainted dead,
Pause to lament Maria's early bier
With patient grief that loves the lingering tear;
For grieve you must to virtue if a friend,
And weep if pity hath a tear to lend.
Then ponder thus: "Ere nature sunk to rest,
When her departing breath her joy expressed,
When her last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to her soul its glad assurance gave?
Its hope in death—its triumph o'er the grave!
The sweet remembrance of each spotless day
Hushed all her doubts and shewed to Heaven the way."
This truth confessed, pray humbly at his shrine
And her eternal raptures may be thine.

ON MISS ——— ÆTAT 19.

On distant shores from kindred rest removed,
Here rest the ashes of a maid beloved—
Who grace to virtue—taste to knowledge joined,
And sense and temper happily combined.
With warm affections and devoutly pure,
Her faith was steadfast and her hope secure.
Secure her bliss where her best thoughts were given;
She fled from earth and gained her Saviour's Heaven.

ON ——— ÆTAT 61.

Dissolved in earth, in sad remembrance end
The social ties of husband, father, friend;
Yet these survived shall truth preserve to fame
The chaste memorial of an honest name,
And to ages bear his worth approved,
Who died lamented as He lived beloved.

ON

Yes, I must weep! though Reason oft in vain,
Bids my fond heart its heaving sighs restrain,
And oft suggests to my afflicted mind,
That earthly virtues heavenly joys shall find.

Go then, dear shade, thy just reward receive,
Faith bids me trust, though nature bids me grieve;
I bow submissive to the will divine—
Mine is the sorrow—be the glory thine!

The last visit I paid to the cemetery was at the close of the rains, which had been especially heavy. Their ravages were everywhere visible; whole temples had decayed, arches been undermined, domes fallen in, columns overthrown; and the young bamboo or wild *neem*, with feathery branch or graceful foliage, and the banyan with its giant root, were alike sprouting luxuriantly from the prostrate ruin. Alas! alas! in this destroying clime how short a period elapses, ere the memorial raised by the child to the parent, by the wife to her lord, or the lover to the lady of his love, must perish before the force of elements. Oh dust, decay, sad teacher of the value of all human vanities!

In one corner the enclosure had been recently extended, the ground levelled, the rank grass cut down. A new range of vaults had been dug and faced with masonry, ready for the reception of death's next victims, and on an adjoining pillar stood a gaunt adjutant, a hideous carrion bird, that oped its huge bill, flapped its wings, and looked as if it were the Demon of Evil brooding o'er this charnel spot. The recent rains had more than half filled the open vaults with water, and as I looked in and saw them green and livid, I shuddered and turned aside, for the "wet grave" of New Orleans, with all its horrors flashed vividly on my imagination. I retraced my steps—I have never entered that grave-yard since.

Calcutta, May 5, 1836.

A SONG.

BY SIR CHARLES D'OYLY, BART.

I.

With Jessy when last, by the moon's silver light,
I tasted the joy of a calm summer's night ;
Enraptured I urged her to dwell on the scene,
'To mark the mild planet in beauty serene.
" Sweet Jessy," I cried, " ever cheerful and gay,
Oh ! thus may our lives pass unclouded away.

II.

' Yes ! bright as that orb which illumines the plain,
Love's planet shall over our destinies reign ;
And still, as together life's troubles we share,
Its light shall dispell every sorrow and care.
Sweet Jessy, my love ! ever cheerful and gay,
Oh ! thus may our lives pass unclouded away."

III.

I paused to observe the sweet maid I addressed,
Joy beamed in her eyes and heaved wild in her breast ;
The glance her affection and innocence proved,
How truly she trusted, how fondly she loved.
" Sweet Jessy," I cried, " ever cheerful and gay,
Oh ! thus may our lives pass unclouded away."

IV.

While we gazed on the prospect the moon sunk to rest,
Soft veiling her beautiful beams in the west ;
' Oh ! thus, lovely girl, may we peacefully close
A life of affection in heaven's calm repose.
Sweet Jessy, my love, ever cheerful and gay,
Oh ! thus may our lives pass unclouded away."

LINES—HOMER.

BY V. IRICHAU, ESQ

I've heard of hearts that, cold as Zembla's snow
 Ne'er swell with pity, nor with friendship glow,
 Where, bound in ice, benumbed each feeling lie
 And honour's voice, if heard, unechoed dies
 So closely wrapt in apathy's dull chain,
 That even beauty sighs or smiles in vain

Such there may be yet do I know full well
 A word of power, a wonder-working spell
 That, though their souls be ice, their breasts be steel
 Can pierce its way through all and make them feel
 Can free each virtue from its iron chain,
 And make their hearts be human once again
 HOME is that magic word! and endless shame,
 On him whose bosom bounds not at the name

I and of my birth! although my feet no more
 May pace thy fields, or wander on thy shore
 Though ne'er again my brow may feel thy gale,
 My lips no more thy fragrant breeze inhale
 Though brighter sun and stars, and clearer skies
 Than thou art blessed with meet my tearful eyes
 Though all the offerings I can bring are tears,
 And fading hopes, and ill foreboding fears,
 Tho' sorrows' flowers mix with the wreaths I twine,—
 Be thou the idol still, on memory's shrine
 The *kiblah* of my heart, where'er I roam,
 Heaven bless thee till my last for ever home!

THE DREAM—A BURLESQUE.

By G. R. P. BECHER, Esq.

' A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'

Byron

Having discuss'd a rich nor scanty fare,
And put a night-cap warm upon my pate ;
I sought sweet Morpheus in my snug arm-chain,
First stirring up the embers of the grate.

Beneath a waving cassia's shade recln'd,
While gentle music stole upon my ear,
And fragrant flowrets balm'd the murm'ring wind,
That fann'd the pearly dew-drops blooming near,

I saw a form from out the thicket's verge,
With stealthy steps approach my verdant bed,
And as it near'd, with silent caution urge,
A gentle fawn in silken bondage led.

I knew not which could claim the chiefest grace,
For each in form and symmetry might vie ;
But hers alone ! that bright and lovely face,
Dark blue and spirit-stirring eye.

I gazed again, entranc'd too much to move,
And watch'd the airy gambols of her fawn,
Its deep black eye, on her whose winning love
Caress'd and fed it from its earliest dawn.

But no ! that eye, tho' fond and speaking true,
The graceful form—its blithe and merry gait—
Match'd not with hers, whose soft and lovely blue,
Beam'd in its love, and spark'led in its hate.

Another form, close 'velop'd in a cloak,
From 'neath a large and spreading burgud's shade
Emerg'd, and as its coarse and hallow accents broke
Upon her ear, he laid his rough hold on the maid.

Then such a shriek, as pity's chords awake,
Burst from her frail and aspen-trembling frame,
While striving from his iron grasp to break,
She wildly, faintly, called upon my name.

With tiger crouch, I sprang upon the wretch,
And plung'd my dagger deep into his breast ;
Stretch'd forth my arm, her sinking form to catch,
Then woke. The reader now may guess the rest.

* * * * *

I'll tell ; but then I warn ye do not smile !
'Twill only serve to rouse my dormant ire ;
Press'd to my heart, I held " my poor dog Lisle"
And found the " poker buried in the fire."

A FRAGMENT.

BY SIR CHARLES D'OYLY, BART.

I saw her drooping like a stricken flower,
 Her eyes suffused with tears, which gently stole
 Between her taper fingers, as they press'd
 Her high and pensive brow ; and now a sigh,
 Deep-rooted, from her heaving bosom poured
 Its murmuring plaint, scarce heard. Oh! what has moved
 So piteously the gentle maiden's grief ?
 Alas ! those tears, those sighs and pensive looks
 Are caused by hopeless love !—— a love that stole
 Within her bosom imperceptibly,
 And, e'er she could th' insidious passion check
 Enthralled her guileless heart——and hopeless too,
 Since from the favored object of her choice
 No murmur of a mutual love e'er breathed.
 Yet he had sought her out at festive ball,
 Danced with her, sat beside her, gazed intent,
 And, when at home, would the long mornings pass
 In interesting converse. What but love
 Could warrant such a preference ? What but love
 Could lead him to her door ? He was not blind
 To the sweet welcome he received, nor deaf
 To the soft tones of her melodious voice ;
 He knew (for love a thousand secrets tells
 By looks when silence reigns) how well she loved
 And yet he never seemed to think of love !
 She pleased his fancy ; 'twas agreeable
 To pass his time with one whom all admired ;
 'Twas pleasing too, to see himself preferred

Before the host of youths that pressed around,
To watch her sparkling eye when first it bent
On him its anxious look,—and joyous trace,
High mantling on her soft and pallid cheek,
The blush of true affection, tho' its hue
But for a moment lingered. * * * * *

'Twas but a dream—a passing dream. I wronged
The youth I loved, to think he had deceived
The fairest of God's works—a lovely woman ;
But doubts are over—truth lifts up the veil
Of painful mystery. How looks she now ?
When at her feet, in extacy she sees
Her lover fondly sueing for that hand
She would have given with that richer gift
Her virgin love, had he the blessing claimed ?
In one short fleeting moment all her grief,
Her hopes and fears, her agonizing doubts
Are all in blissful certainty dissolved,
And there is nought to wish for. He has sped
Like a true knight and won the glorious meed
And now they are betrothed :—a gentler pair
For manly worth and playful tenderness
The world ne'er saw.

Calcutta, June 12, 1835.

A FORLORN PRINCESS'S DITTY—A BURLESQUE.

By G. R. P. BECHER, Esq.

Oft at the twilight's silent hour
 I've watch'd the sun reclining,
 And sat in yonder rosy bow'r
 My wayward fate repining,
 That while my maidens all around
 Have lovers got in plenty,
 My beauty's charms no mate have found
 And I'm alone—at twenty.
 But surely it was never meant
 Such charms should e'er be hidden,
 And thus my days in sadness spent :
 I won't do as I'm bidden.
 At 'eve, when all the gallant train
 Of youths pass gaily by,
 I'll choose some kind and handsome swain
 And strive to catch his eye.
 I'll watch the casement all day long
 And play my light *sitar*,
 And wile him with some merry song
 To ask me from papa.
 And if papa denies our love
 I'll run from home quite slyly,
 He shall a second *Mujnoon* prove
 And I another *Leilee*.

THE POETRY OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY THE LATE H. L. V. DEROZIO, ESQ

Is human life not full of poetry ?
The common sounds we hear, the sights we see,
Are they not born of human hopes and fears,
Are not their offspring thoughts, and smiles and tears ?
These are the mystic elements of life,
And these with holiest poetry are rife.

Enamoured, we the moon's mild glories drink,
And hold communion with the stars that wink
Enwearied with the vigil they have kept ;
Nay ; we have heard, the minstrel's soul hath wept
Even o'er the fragile flowers that breathe and blush
On every bough ; the very grass we crush
At every step, with rash un pitying feet,
Hath waked the heart to music strange and sweet.
But MAN has thoughts to which he giveth form
In words, that sometimes thunder like the storm,
And sometimes like the brook's melodious flow
Melt into song : and he hath hopes that glow,
Visions of glory that ethereal be,
Dreams whose least part is immortality,
And whose embodying is divinest bliss ;—
Is there not poetry most pure in this ?
Aye ; human life is truly full of all
That beauty and that magic which can call
Imaginations more proud and glorious forth,
Than all the stars of heaven and flowers of earth.

THOUGHTS ON THIRTY-FIVE.

"Ehew! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur Anni."

Horace.

When, at the fiat of relentless Death,
Some faithful, well-tried friend resigns his breath,
How felt his loss our bleeding hearts declare,
And love inscribes his best memorial there.
With chasten'd fondness Memory's glance surveys
The kindly intercourse of earlier days,
While asks tormenting thought, our tears between,
'What future friend can be what *he* hath been?'
But years to Time's great vault full quickly glide,
Their claim as friends unheeded, or denied ;—
With cold, unfeeling hearts we see them die,
Nor grace their epitaph with tear or sigh :
A new-year's welcome peals the merry bell,
E'en still while vibrates its precursor's knell.

And yet, methinks, if e'er Reflection's mood
Should sway our hearts, and sadden for our good ;
If e'er the buoyant heart,—tho' rarely prone
To merge it's gladness in a sober tone,—
Should woo the temper that from musing springs,
And breathe *Æolian* murmurs from its strings ;
It is when time appears to us, as now,
With one more furrow stamp'd upon his brow,
One mute memento, added to the past,
In proof that time himself must die at last.

And, oh ! sweet Poesy ! if aught of mine
E'er breathed of fragrance borrow'd from thy shrine,
If e'er the wish to realize thy power
Hath won from idler things one fleeting hour,
Now may thy spirit aid me, while I strive
To pay its dues to dying Thirty-five !

There, where his fading blaze illumines the west,
The world's great lamp is sinking to his rest,
But seems to linger, ere his parting ray
Shall seal once more a dying year's last day.
'Tis past :—one distant streak of shadowy red
Just faintly blushes where his glory fled,
And when again his rising beams appear,
Those beams will dawn upon another year.
Meet time for musing this !—the waning light
So faintly struggles with th' approach of night,
Creation's outline, to the straining eye,
So dimly mingles with the air and sky,—
That sympathetic mind, to nature true,
Arrays each object in her shadowy hue
And flies from grosser thought, and present themes,
To Memory's map, and Fancy's airy dreams !

And do the scenes that Memory's grasp employ
Reflect no hue, no character but joy ?
Doth all her pen has registered as yet
Suggest no thought that savours of regret ?
Bright hours, I ween, have shone, upon the past,
And Mercy's hand has screened us from the blast,
And few, how few ! the sorrows we have known,
Save those which wilful folly made our own !

But still, the silent retrospect of years
 Reveals full many a fount of former tears,
 For who of men, if truth's plain rule he keep,
 Can say he knows not what it is to weep ?
 Bereavement's pang, the triumph of the grave,
 The loss of those we would have died to save ;
 The thought that tears, howe'er sincerely shed,
 Are useless tribute to the cherish'd dead,
 Whose worth, ere heav'n such task too late had made,
 Our best regards imperfectly repaid ;—
 This anguish many a heart hath bled to know,
 And Thirty-five hath legacies of woe.
 His cruel work is done :—his coming heir
 Our links of love may sever, or may spare,
 O'er coming hours a sunny hue may cast,
 Or try to rival the afflicting past :
 But *more* belov'd ones can he spare, or take,
 Than they who now our fondest mem'ries wake !

Ah, no ! My Mother ! years have glided by
 Since thy pure spirit sought its native sky ;
 But in this heart thine image they have left
 As on that day which saw me first bereft.
 In fancy's mirror oft thy form I see,
 And grateful mem'ries dedicate to thee ,
 And now, when truth's clear whisp'rings this suggest,
 "Thou, too, art one year nearer to thy rest,"
 'Tis sweet to think such lesson will incline,
 If rightly used, my spirit unto thine.

Nor these our only sources of regret,
 For Conscience will not that her slaves forget :

And oh ! what varied chronicles of ill
 The ample book of her remembrance fill !
 Perverted talents, blessings misapplied,
 Man's praise of virtue by his life belied,
 The stains of sin with transient sorrow wept,
 And vows, how lovely ! had they been but kept.

How few th' irrevocable year have spent
 With much to boast of profit or content,
 More fit to leave their tenement of clay
 Than when with promise dawn'd its opening day !
Then thankful thousands blessed the gracious power
 Whose patient love had spared them to that hour,
 And vow'd with more than hollow words to show
 How deep the gratitude they joy'd to owe.
 Another year hath flown :—to Heaven once more
 Is due that praise we proffer'd it before ;
 Those vows,—where are they ? Thirty-five, declare !
 In vain I ask, for “ Echo answers, where ? ”

But, in the retrospect by Mem'ry made
 Find we no light to mitigate the shade !
 Tho' to the year whose record we inscribe
 Their misery's birth-day trace a countless tribe,
 * What myriad hearts his vanish'd moments bless
 For bliss till then they panted to possess !

And shall the moral Muse, in plaintive verse,
 The varied sorrows of the past rehearse,
 Yet borrow naught of thankful rapture's gleam,
 To light her page, when Mercy is the theme ? “ .
 Not so :—for hope fulfill'd, for fear dispell'd,
 For countless good bestow'd, and ill withheld

For aid, in hour of trial, from above,
 For blessings lavish'd upon those we love ;
 For life through many a lurking danger led,
 For tranquil spirits, and for daily bread ;
 To Him, the source of every good, we raise,
 So memory prompts,—the grateful note of praise.

Thus far the Past, with pain, or pleasure fraught,
 Hath fill'd awhile the busy realm of thought,
 But now the Future holds the mind in thrall,
 Wak'd into life at vivid Fancy's call.

Her beams the sunny hues of hope assume,
 To pierce that Future's intervening gloom ;
 For, oh ! she gladly strains her eager sight,
 To trace a long perspective of delight !

Why should her gaze on darker prospects dwell ?

Enough of shade on Memory's picture fell :—

Why should ideal woes her care engage ?

Enough of tears have blotted Memory's page.

Whom hath affliction tamed, to that degree,

He will not ask if balm in Gilead be ?

What heart so tun'd to grief, so callous grown,

It asks not, hopes not, for a happier tone ?

But they,—if earth hath such,—whose life has been,

Through the long past, one calm, unclouded scene ;

Should hail with chasten'd joy the coming year,

And temper confidence with wholesome fear.

Not ours the sceptic apathy of those

Who crown'd with good, are careless whence it flows,

And boast to bear, with pride unused to bend,

Such ills as destiny,—*their* God, may send.

Far other, worthier thoughts our bosoms sway,

We know whose hand bestows, and takes away ;

Fain would we keep whate'er his love supplied,
But fear foresees such wish in love denied :
He gave,—we thank him : if he take, we still
Would bend our hearts submissive to his will.
Here, tho' excursive thought her dream prolong,
Lies the true end, the moral of our song.
In vain that dream forestalls the coming hours,
As *we* would paint them, were their colouring ours :
Bright tho' we fondly feign their every hue,
'Tis but a fleeting mockery charms the view
E'en thus her mantle o'er the future flung
Delirious Hope, when Thirty-five was young ;
But ah ! his chequered chronicles attest
How oft he changed it for a plainer vest.
Sweet Hope ! tho' time, with blessings in his train,
Hath prov'd thy promise not entirely vain,
And in the year whose advent we await
May haply spare thee a severer fate,—
Can what he gave, or yet may give, fulfil
The perfect measure of thy ardent will ?
If not,—and wisdom act her part aright,
Now will she train thee for a lowlier flight,
And teach thy chasten'd energies to live
In patient trust of what His love may give,
Who paints with beauty every flower that grows,
And on the birds their daily food bestows ;
Who, if our confidence his love repay,
Will care for us, since worthier we than they.

Yet nought avails it that in pensive rhyme
The Muse indites the elegy of time ;—
That now, in sorrow for the bygone year,
We hang our votive chaplet on his bier,

If what his parting hour hath taught the mind
Die with his death, and leave no trace behind.
What tho' we sing thy requiem, 'Thirty-five'
But cold regard we paid thee when alive ;
Allowed thy moments unimproved to fly,
Nor mourned our folly till the last was nigh.
If for such purpose, Heaven our lives should spare,
Oh ! may we better treat thy coming heir ;
His worth, at every step, more clearly see,
And pay to him the debt unpaid to thee !

LAICUS.

Madras.

THE END.

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